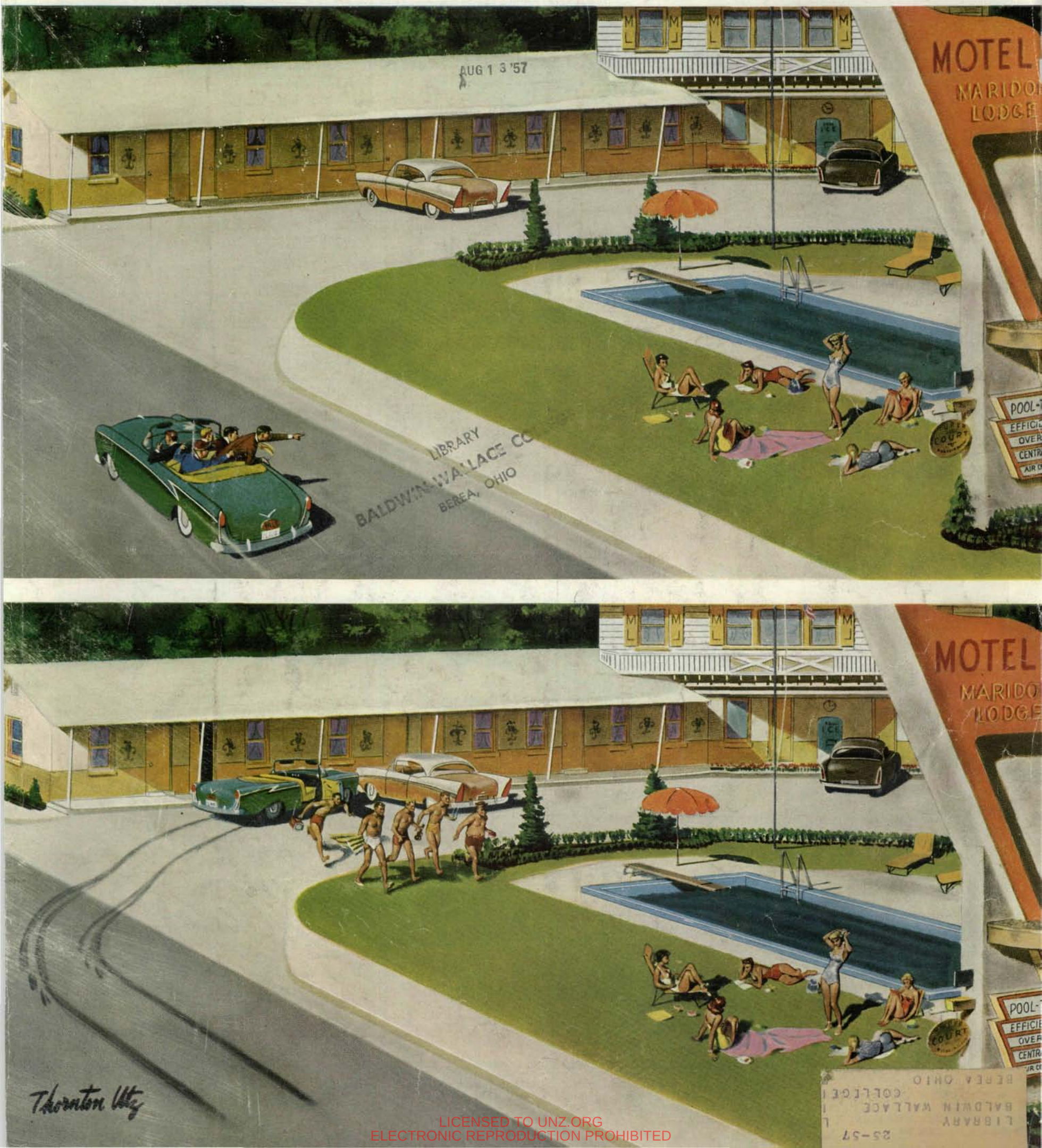
The Saturday Evening
POST
August 17, 1957 – 15¢

I Call on Julie London
By Pete Martin

BERNARD BARUCH TELLS HIS OWN STORY



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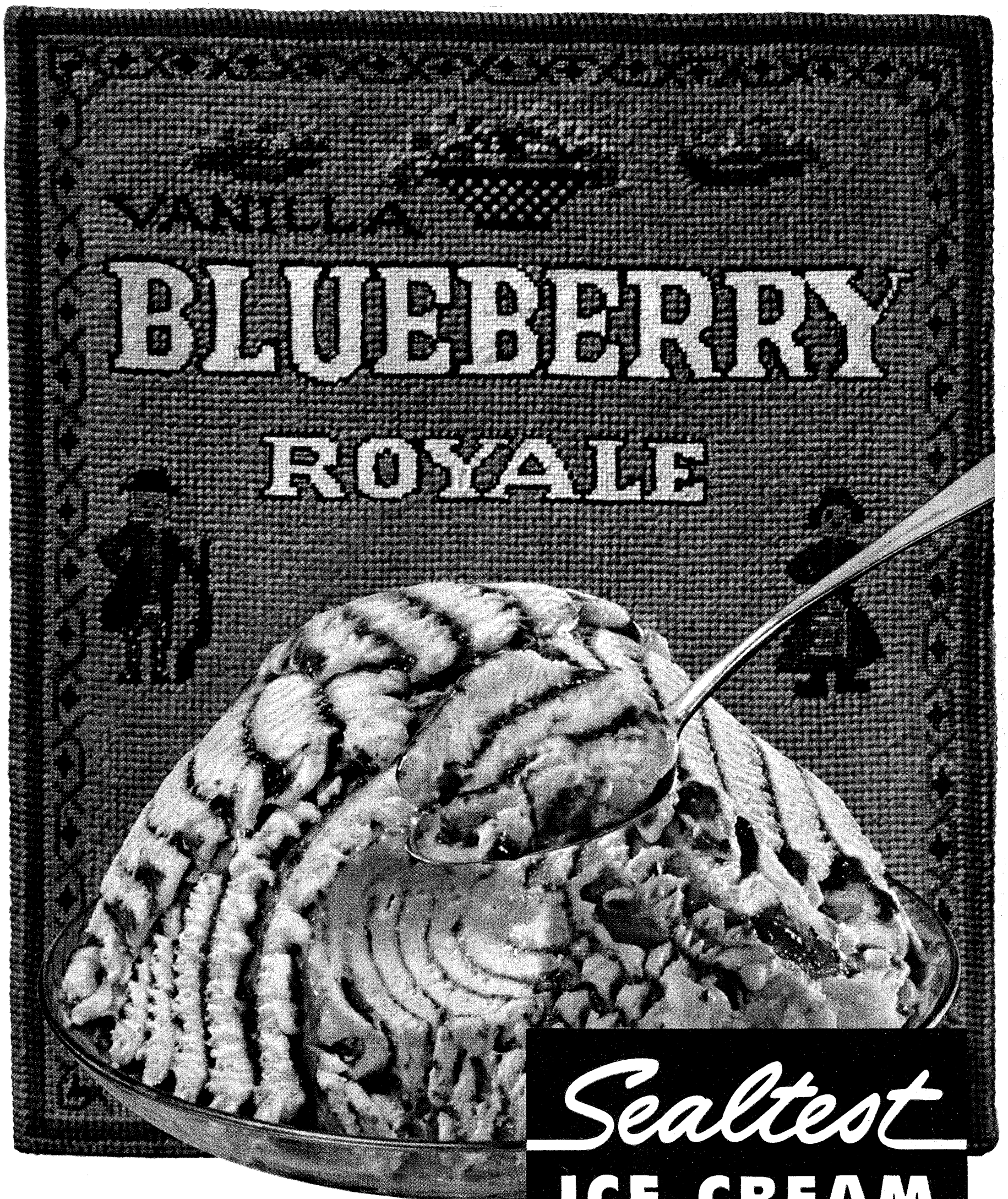

Sealtest ICE CREAM

Here's another dream flavor that's "the best you've ever tasted." All the old-fashioned goodness of plump juicy blueberries smothered in sweet rich cream.

This dream-come-true is at your Sealtest dealer's NOW. GET SOME TODAY!

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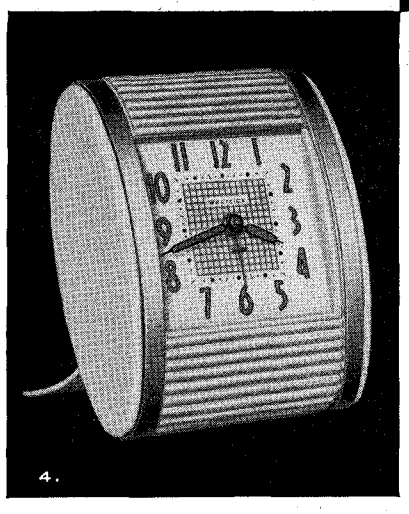

1. WRIST BEN. Smartly styled for an active life. Shock resistant and anti-magnetic. Has sleek chrome finished case, stainless steel back. With plain dial (shown) **$6.95.** With charcoal luminous dial, **$7.95.**

2. COQUETTE. She'll love this dainty "Full-time" watch. And *you'll* love finding these luxurious features—waterproof and dustproof*, shock resistant, anti-magnetic, stainless steel back, high-styled black luminous dial—for just **$12.95!**

3. JUDGE. Has the features of far more expensive watches. Water, dust and shock resistant; anti-magnetic. Superbly designed to look right for classes or sportswear or dress. Luminous dial. **$12.95.**

4. TRAVALARM. Famous gift favorite at new low price! Shutter front, easel back protect clock for traveling. Luminous dial, shatter-proof crystal. Ivory with gold-color trim; black with nickel trim. Now **$7.95.**

Prices quoted do not include tax.

**Stays waterproof and dustproof provided original seal is replaced if opened for service.*

FOR GENTLE REMINDERS FROM LEFT-BEHINDERS

Westclox has the gift!

These are bright young gifts. Can't you just see them on the campus? Can't you almost *hear* them? "Take a few minutes to write home," they're whispering. The clever little alarm clock has a special message. It closes like a clam for traveling, flips open for desk or dresser—quietly ticking, "Mom thinks of everything!" And day in and day out, the handsome "Full-time" watches speak of your thoughtfulness. Yes, these Westclox are gifts you really *share* with your young people... every hour of every day they're away.

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...dependable as the day is long

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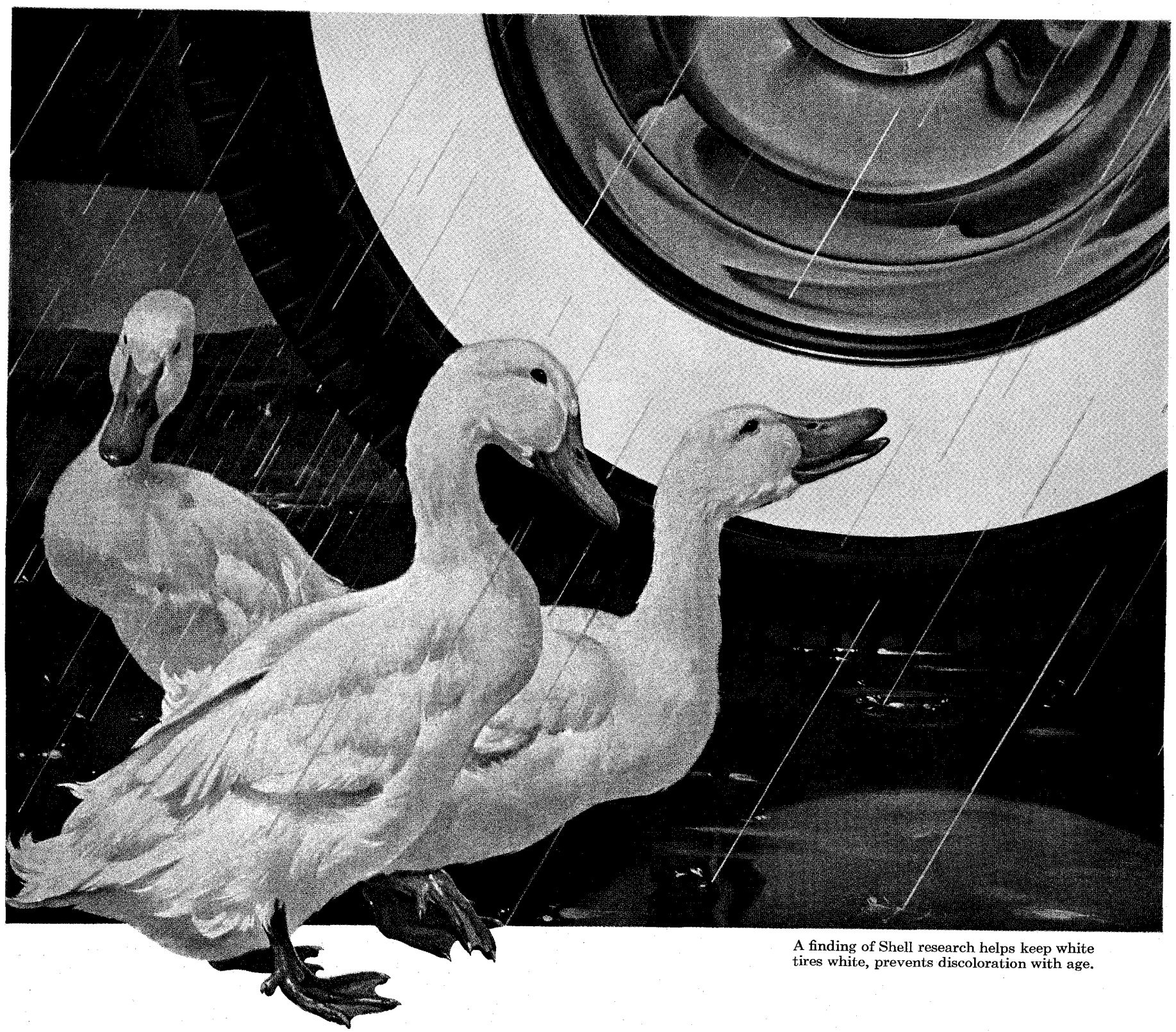

A finding of Shell research helps keep white tires white, prevents discoloration with age.

New rubber development keeps whitewalls whiter!

Soon motorists who like snowy whitewall tires will find it easier to keep them that way. Shell scientists have a new way to offset discoloration.

Strangely enough, one of the chief reasons rubber discolors lies in a material that is vital to today's long-wearing synthetic rubber tire—*the plasticizer*. When used in the body of the tire, ordinary plasticizers can actually penetrate the thin white sheet of sidewall rubber and darken the surface. To solve this problem, Shell's scientists developed Dutrex 33, a new non-staining plasticizer.

Not only will Shell's discovery fill a need for tiremakers, but it also comes to the aid of other rubber manufacturers. When Shell Dutrex® 33 is used in light-colored rubber, from refrigerator and washing machine door seals to children's toys, the rubber stays bright and new looking, won't stain other surfaces.

Dutrex 33 is another example of Shell leadership in petroleum science. Because of achievements like this, you are sure of finding better products and services wherever you see the Shell trademark.

SHELL

Shell Research leads to better products—more for your money

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

See the young automobilists out enjoying the grandeur of the scenery. Scree-e-e-ek! Boy, was *that* a fast stop. It will be tragic if the young ladies, who no doubt have been correctly reared, won't speak to these perfect strangers, but anybody who wants to worry about that is some worrier. There's an extra girl, so one of them can be chaperon; and that isn't likely to happen either. To get down to what did happen: the girls are friends of Thornton Utz's daughter, Wendy; Mrs. Utz posed them; Thornton gazed at them from across the street on a ladder; and the Sarasota, Florida, police amiably kept astonished motorists moving past the unlikely scene. Eliminating palm trees and adding a car from a Connecticut university, Utz named his painting "Roadscape near Anywhere, U.S.A."

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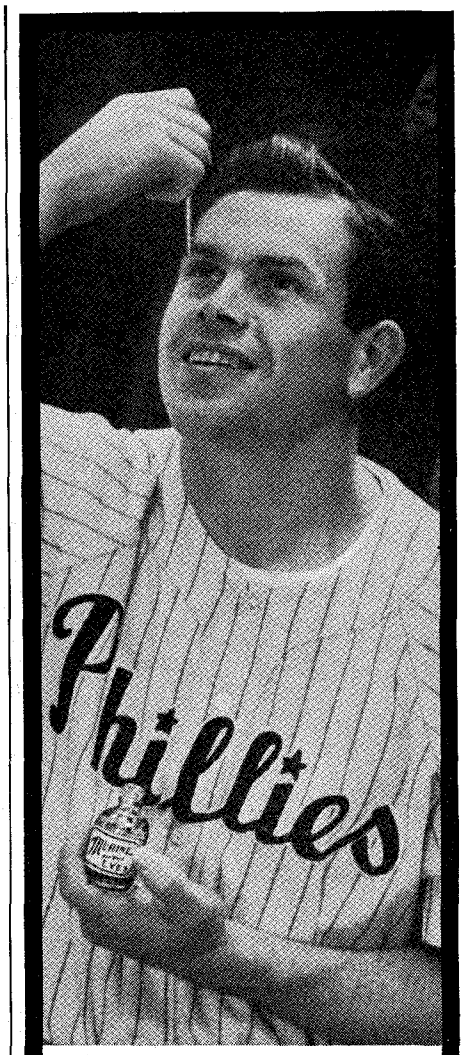

"How I use Murine to rest my eyes"

ROBIN ROBERTS
Star pitcher,
Philadelphia Phillies

"There's nothing like that cool, clean feeling Murine gives my eyes after a hot, dusty ball game," says Robin Roberts. Good trick for comfort in any job. Next time your eyes feel gritty or tired, soothe and relax them with gentle Murine. Just blink two drops in each eye. Great way to rest them! Helps make work go easier. New *unbreakable* dropper.

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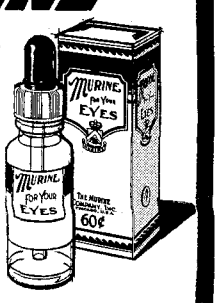
*for your eyes**



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Letters

Who's Murdering the Language?

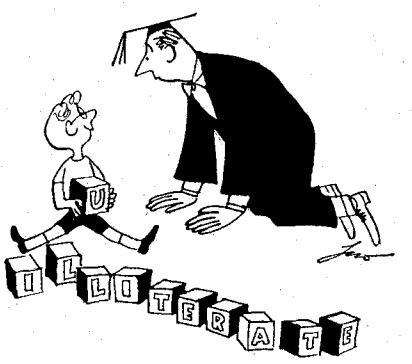
Dear Sirs:

I have just finished Lord Conesford's YOU AMERICANS ARE MURDERING THE LANGUAGE [July 13]. I am surprised but pleased that you have printed it; no doubt the storm of dust thrown up by outraged orators and "educationalists" will engulf you (the scrambled metaphor is not undeliberate). I especially include those "professional" educators who are constantly "implementing objectives" and committing other acts of linguistic homicide (or, just plain killing honest speech).

ORLAN L. SAWEY
Professor of English
Harding College
Searcy, Arkansas

Dear Sirs:

I don't think that Lord Conesford should be too concerned about future generations of Americans using "long" words. Under the present method of teaching reading in this country, most of



our graduates today barely know their ABC's. If they are addressed in words of more than two syllables, they seem to go into a state of shock!

MRS. MARY T. LUCAS
Plainfield, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I assume that millions of people will go ahead saying "if" when they mean "whether," and "infer" when they mean "imply," using nouns for verbs, and making other glaring errors; but I am glad that, at least, the trend does not proceed without protest.

R. R. HOLLOWAY
Brownwood, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for publishing the article by Lord Conesford. He is right.

RICHARD F. WOLFE
Forest Grove, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

As an Englishman resident in the United States it seems patently obvious to me, though not to Lord Conesford, that English and American differ widely, and that is is futile to demand that British and American usage should conform to one pattern as dictated by Lord Conesford. The different cultural patterns and environmental conditions prevailing in the two countries obviously produce differences in language. Moreover, "breakdown" is meaningful and this is the supreme test. Pedantry can do as much as vulgarity to pervert language.

ALAN M. REES
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Lord Conesford belongs to a minority group called Purists who will not accept the fact that language is controlled by usage as well as by heritage.

JOHN S. CHAMBERLIN
Utica, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Some of the words he pillories were coined to express new ideas. Motivation is a technical word in the vocabulary of psychology with a specific meaning different from motive. Mentality, correctly used, implies measurement or classification of mental ability; the word mind does not have this precise meaning. Ideology refers to political or economic dogmas; the near-synonyms faith, doctrine and belief suggest religious or moral creeds. And packaging is needed to describe an evolution in retail marketing which has brought us up the long road from the costermonger and greengrocer to the supermarket.

NEIL B. REYNOLDS
Scotia, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Lord Conesford seems to forget that language is made not by critics and scholars, but the common people who use the language. They are the ones responsible for "the noblest language in the world." We Americans are not murdering the language, we are changing it; and change is what keeps a language alive.

DAVID E. WETMORE
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Lord Conesford bases his criticism of the American use of the English language on the mistaken idea that Americans speak English. The underlying structure of our language is English, but the "Tower of Babel" would be more apt. One might as well criticize the Anglo-Saxons for their corruption of the language of their Norman conquerors.

MRS. ELVEN L. WILLIAMS
Kittanning, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

As a lover of Ronsard, du Bellay, de Vigny, et al., I quibble with Lord Conesford's statement that ours is the language of "the greatest lyric poetry."

LESLIE MCANENY
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

After great stress on the beauty of monosyllables, and deploring our love of polysyllables (he's so right! I'm with him!) Lord Conesford then scores the use of "pay off" as a substitute for "proved profitable"! (Two syllables as against five.) Do let's be consistent, Lord Conesford!

E. HILL
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Anent Lord Conesford's plea for simplification and purification, I suggest that all educationizers activate as of hereafter the following motivation for English instructivation:

You get there bestest with the
leastest words.
Nouns, adjectives and adverbs.
Short and clear are now most prized
By the eruditionized.

FRANK J. BURKS
Santa Barbara, Cal.

(Continued on Page 6)

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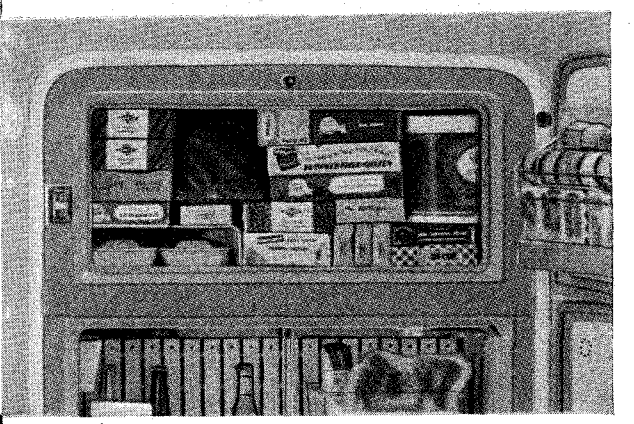
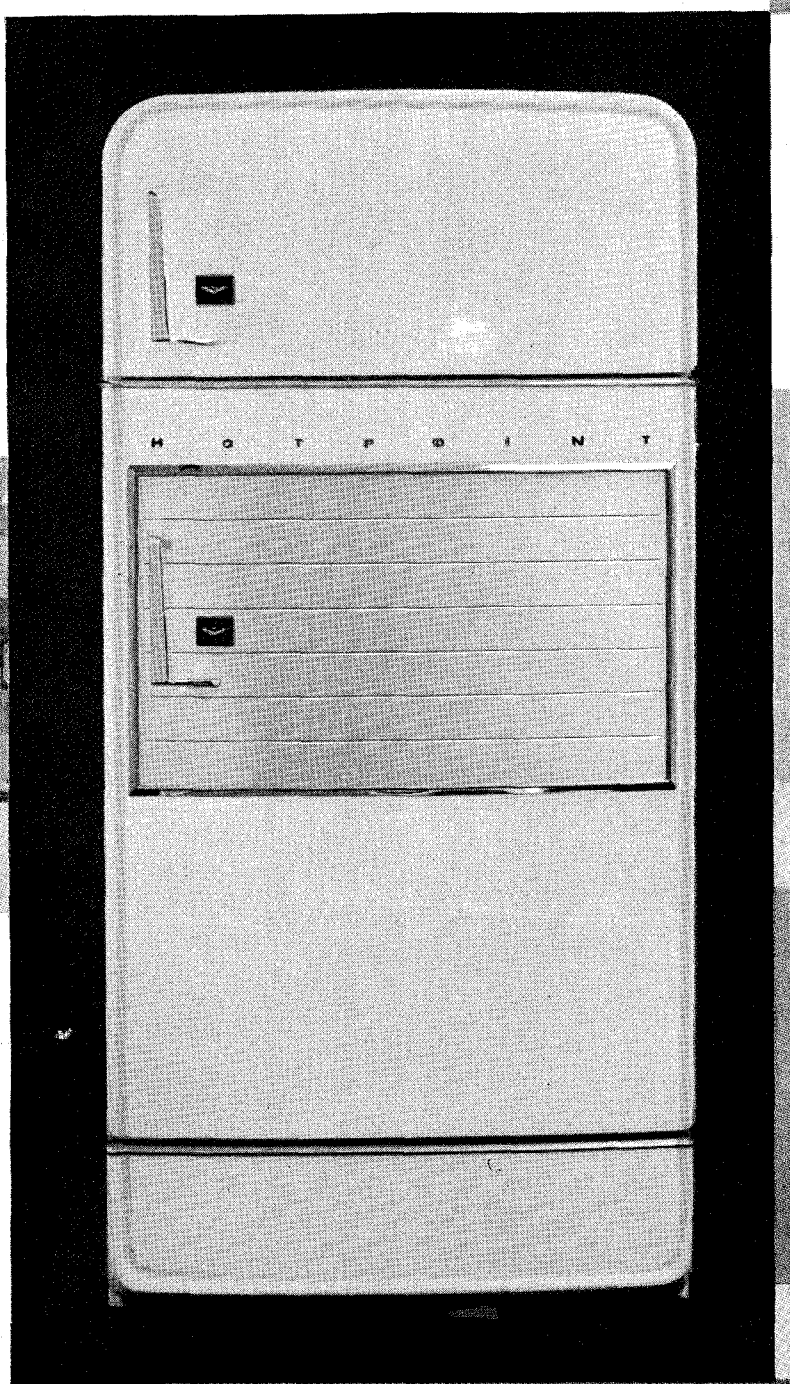
2-door beauty you can live with

Hotpoint's new beauty that won't go out of fashion ... built-in ease of cleaning ... 4-way shelves that personalize your foodkeeping ... and over 20 square feet of usable shelf area



The big 91-pound freezer really freezes—Constant cold freezes your foods quickly, keeps them solidly frozen up to a year.

Rich in aluminum, to serve you best—Lasting beauty, freedom from rust, extra strength, 4-times-faster cooling.



4-way shelves personalize foodkeeping—They glide in and out, adjust up or down, put foods squarely out front.

"House-clean" inside it often as you like—Everything slips out easily. No out-of-the-way cracks, no fastened-in pans or covers.

Clean under and back of this Hotpoint, too—Touch the toe-brake, roll the cabinet out easily—to dust, mop, wax, or decorate.

YOU'LL LIKE LIVING with this new Hotpoint 2-door—so beautiful to own, so beautiful to use. Always plenty of shelf space ... and always the right place for everything. There's extra room in the big Dairy-Stor and in the deep door shelves. Fully automatic defrosting. The new Safety Latches are smooth, quiet, child-safe. Your choice of 4 luxury colors or gleaming white.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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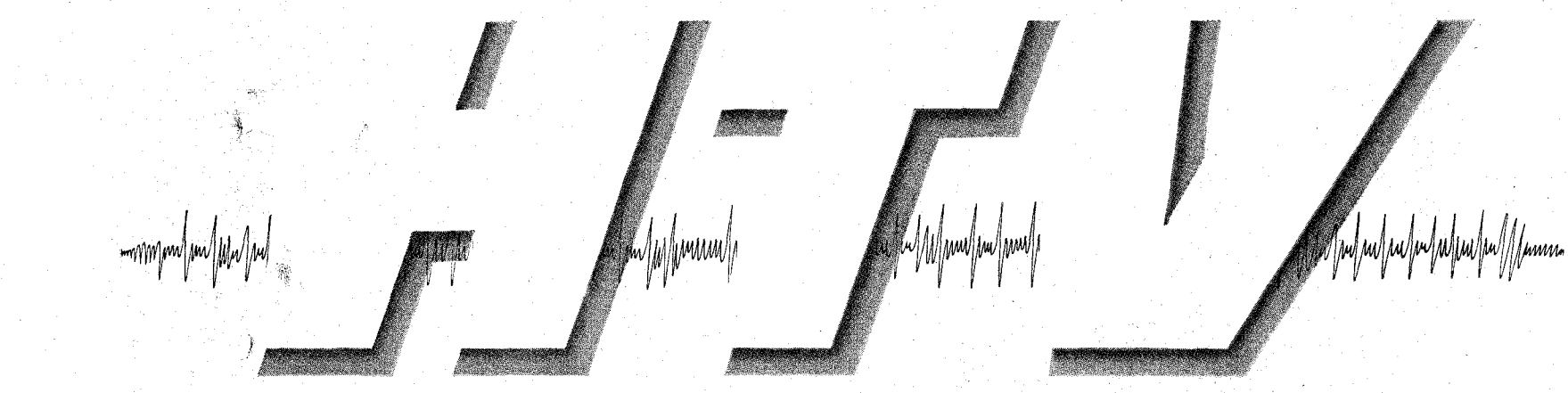

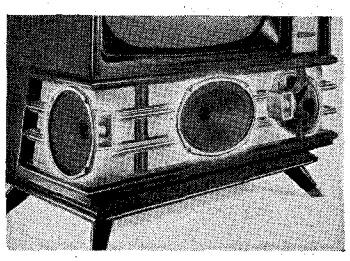

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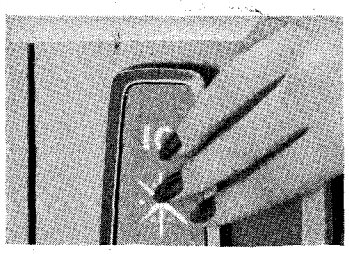
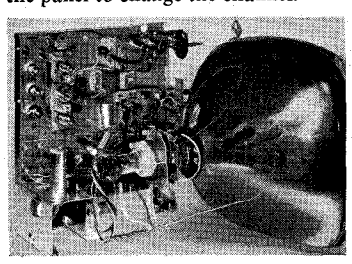
World's first 3-speaker, wide-diffusion sound system in TV. No blast, no blare . . . you feel you're there. You must hear it to appreciate the difference.



NEW HYPER-POWER TUNER!
So sensitive it needs no dial at all. There's a bare panel where you'd expect a knob to be. You simply touch the panel to change the channel.



NEW HYPER-POWER CHASSIS!
Last word in advanced design. Circuits with power to spare. And all the power you get, *you keep!* Every circuit panel is dipped in a permanent sealer.

...a picture so much better it demanded a new kind of sound!

You need power to make a picture clear and bright!

You need power to give you true, natural sound!

You need power to bring in distant channels . . . to knock out interference, ghosts, flutter and snow.

That's why electronics engineers have worked for years to put more power into television receivers. Now Philco has found a way to add tremendous power to TV reception.

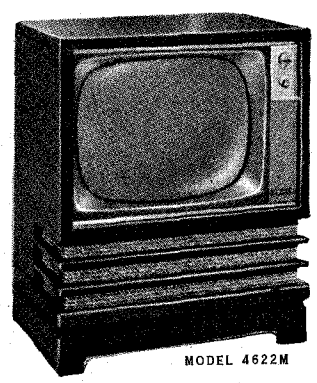
It's called Hyper-power . . . or HTV.

You'll see the difference Hyper-power makes the instant you turn on a new 1958 Philco HTV set. The picture is better, clearer, more powerful than any you've ever seen. Philco Hyper-power television gives you reserve power... power to spare. When you see Philco Hyper-power pictures, you'll see why HTV demanded a new kind of sound . . .

Wrap-Around Sound!

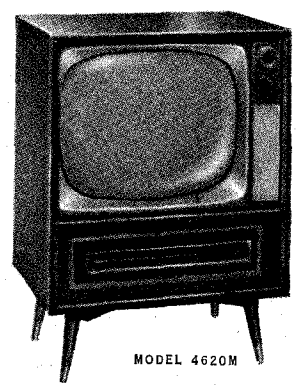
Wrap-Around Sound is a new experience. Three separate harmonically balanced speakers, one in front and *one on each side* (a design exclusive with Philco) create a feeling of presence you've never before enjoyed in a TV set. Every note, every voice inflection comes through natural and true, whether you prefer the volume high or whisper-low.

See and hear new, powerful, dependable Philco HTV. There's a complete choice of stunning new cabinets, fine woods skillfully crafted and polished. You'd expect HTV to cost more, but it doesn't. You can own a big-screen Philco HTV set for only **$179.95!**



MODEL 4622M

MAGNIFICENT CONSOLE. Wrap-Around Sound system. Phono-jack. Simplified tuning. Hyper-power chassis. Big 262-sq.-in. picture. Swivel casters. Mahogany finish wood cabinet. $279.95



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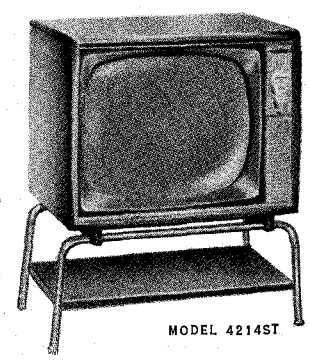
FULL-SIZE SWIVEL CONSOLE. Hyper-power chassis. Big, bright 262-sq.-in. picture. Spectacular Acoustic Lens speaker for full fidelity sound. Mahogany finish wood cabinet. $259.95



MODEL 4214ST

CAROUSEL ENSEMBLE. Ultra-modern swivel table ensemble with roomy decorator shelf. Exclusive Sound Out Front. Hyper-power chassis. Automatic tuning. Remote control optional. $249.95

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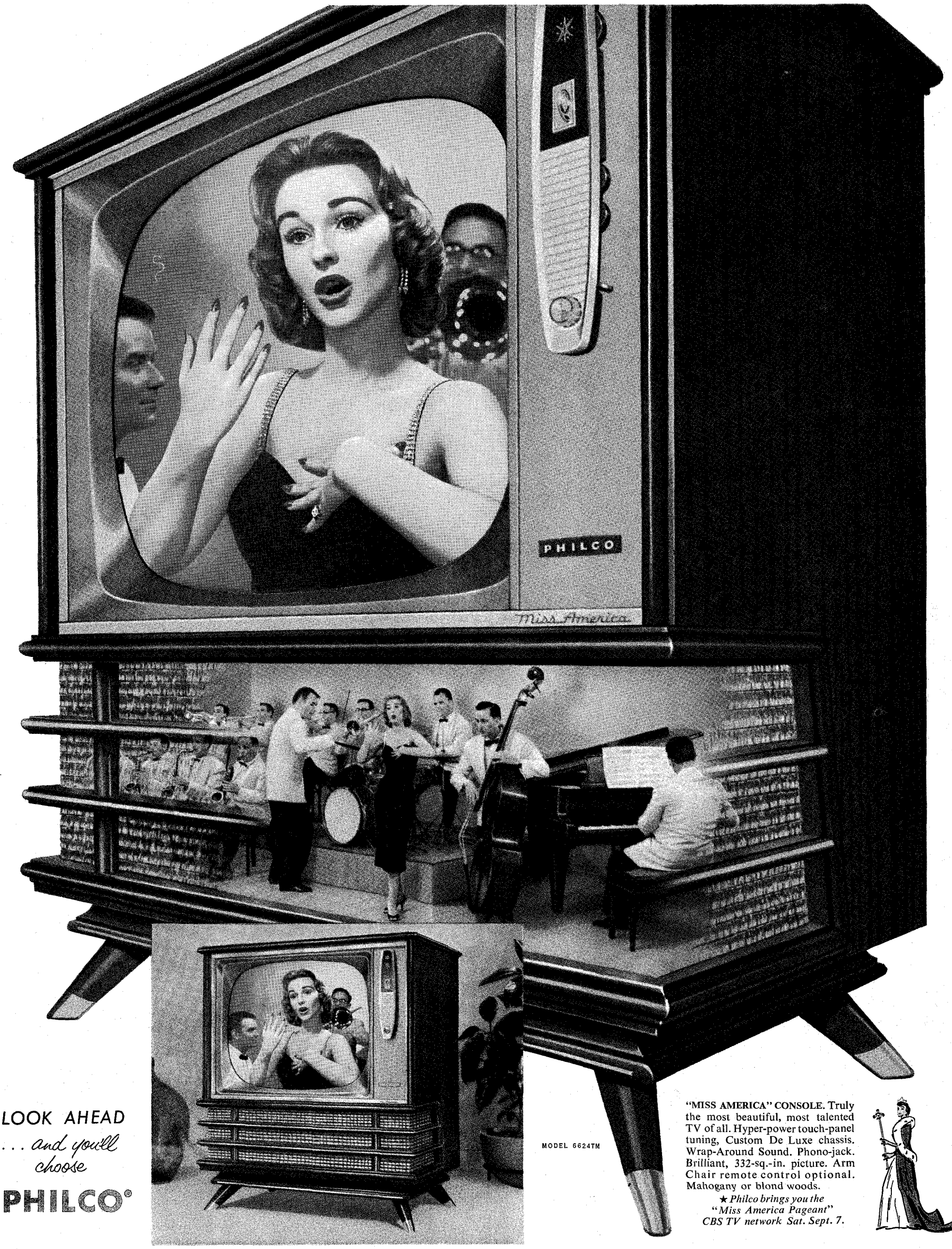

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"MISS AMERICA" CONSOLE. Truly the most beautiful, most talented TV of all. Hyper-power touch-panel tuning, Custom De Luxe chassis. Wrap-Around Sound. Phono-jack. Brilliant, 332-sq.-in. picture. Arm Chair remote control optional. Mahogany or blond woods.

★ *Philco brings you the "Miss America Pageant" CBS TV network Sat. Sept. 7.*

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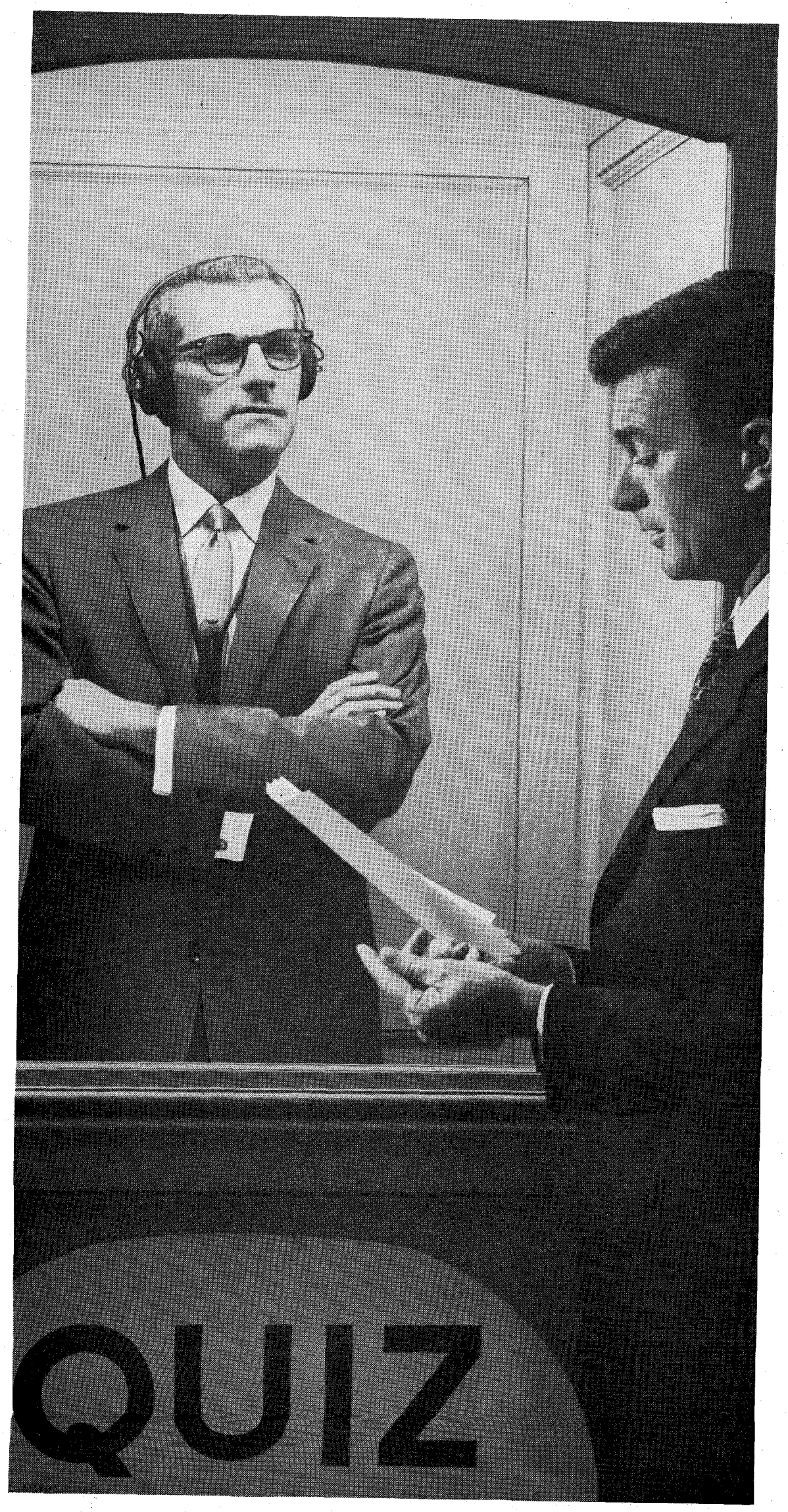

Can you answer these questions about taxes?

Q: Do you pay taxes in your electric bill?

A: Yes. In fact, about 23¢ out of every dollar on the average family electric bill goes for taxes.

Q: Does everyone pay this much tax in his electric bill?

A: No. Several million American families and businesses pay a far smaller tax—only a fraction of the tax you pay.

Q: Who are these "privileged" people?

A: People who get electricity from federal government electric systems.

Q: Why don't they pay the same taxes you pay?

A: A strange twist in federal law exempts them from paying most of the taxes in electric bills that you pay *because they get their electricity from federal electric systems.*

Q: Isn't that unfair? Shouldn't every American pay his fair share of taxes?

A: Yes. American standards of fair play call for each citizen to pay his fair share of taxes.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

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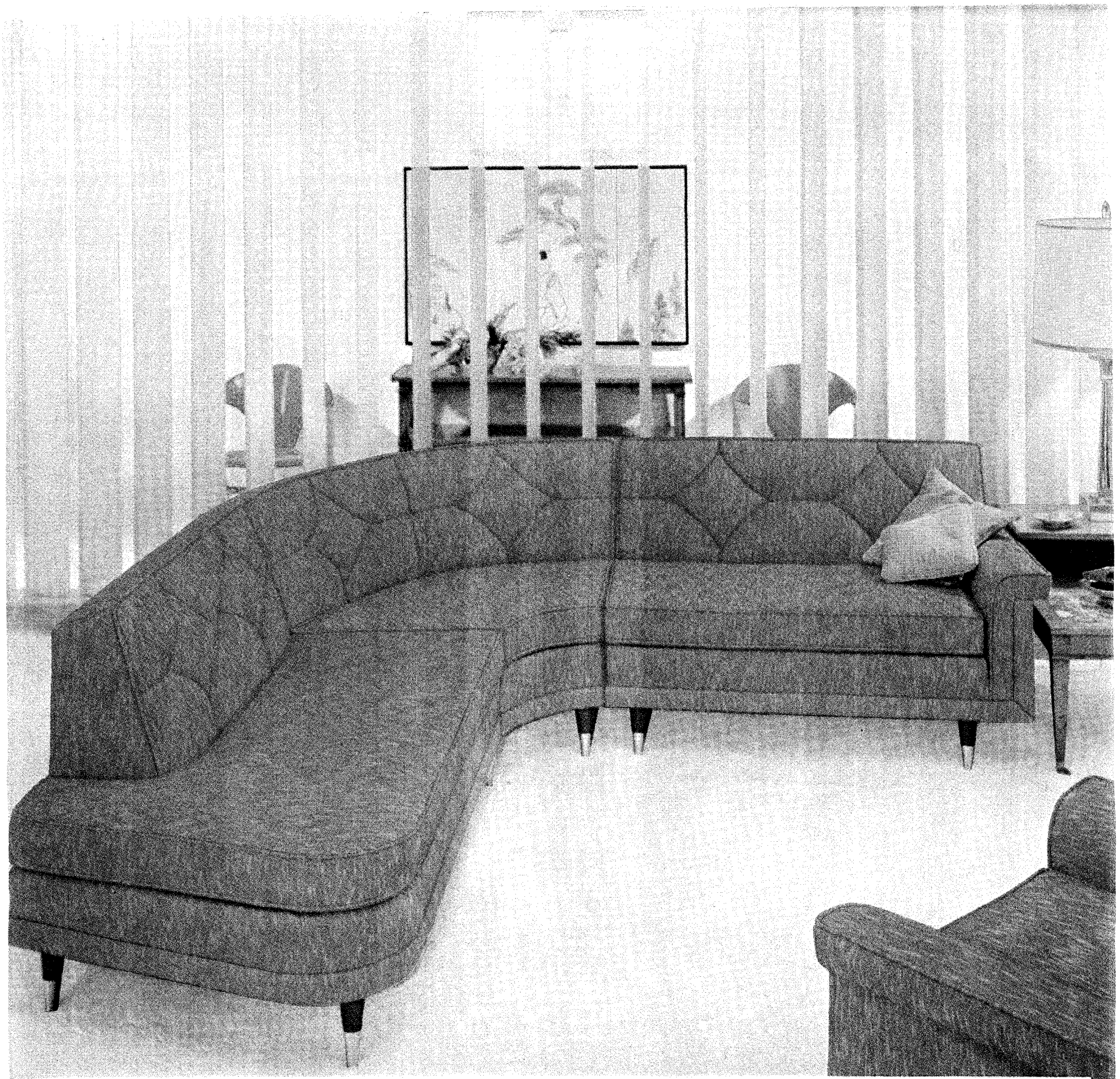

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THE PERSONALITY® GROUP as shown in bouclé metallic texture can be yours at these low prices: Open-end sofa, each **$129.75.** Quarter circle, **$129.50.** Twin-sectional sofa, each **$119.75.** Lounge chair, **$89.50.** Also available, not shown: Sofa, **$165.00.** Armless chair, **$79.50.** Sleep-or-Lounge, **$279.50.** Foam rubber cushions at extra cost. Prices slightly higher in some areas and vary with fabric selected.

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The moment this fresh new furniture becomes part of your living room, your home comes alive with inviting new comfort and charm . . . and with styling that makes every glance a compliment to your own good taste. Best of all, you *live elegantly* on a modest budget!

PLUS Built® for the years ahead! You choose wisely when you choose living room furniture by Kroehler because it's Plus-Built . . . extra rugged in nine important ways . . . built to stand up beautifully under the extra wear and tear of this age of TV and active family home life.

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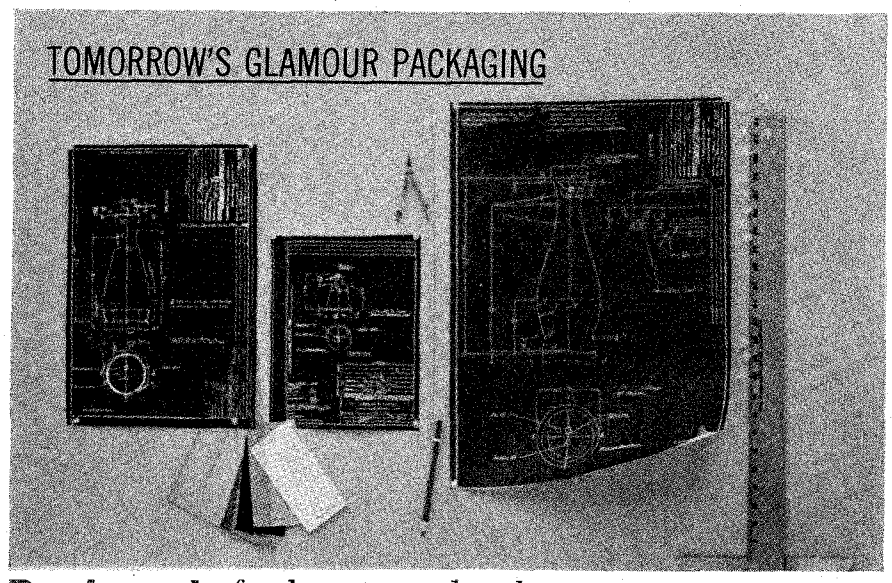
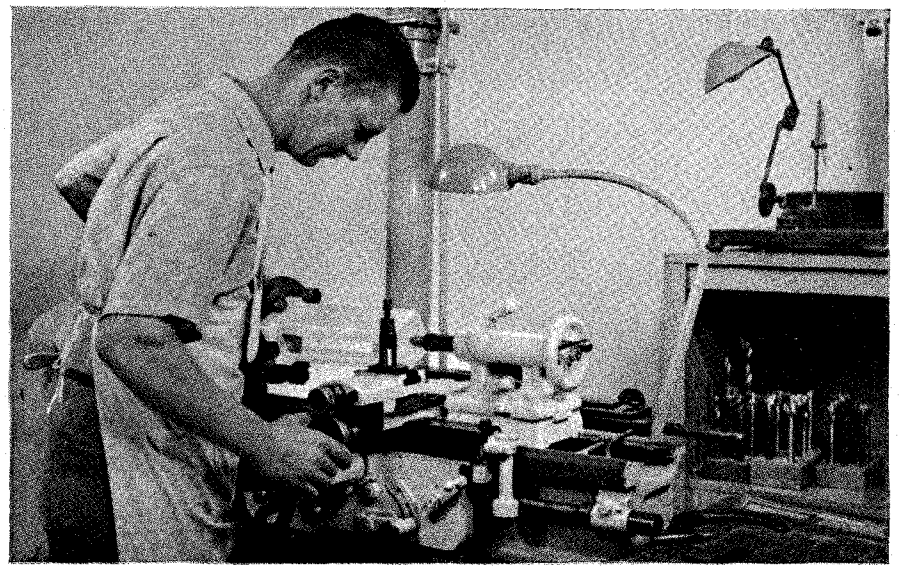


Designed—for beauty and utility



Developed—for mass manufacture and handling

Ready to be **produced**—and carry tomorrow's toiletries to market

The toiletry packages pictured above are not on display at your local store . . . at least not yet. These are models of glass containers just "born" in the Owens-Illinois laboratories, self-initiated by Owens-Illinois package designers in their continuous search for the last word in *stylish, functional packaging.*

Whether solving a package design problem on request from a customer, or working out fresh new ideas on their own initiative, Owens-Illinois package designers combine artistic skills with broad knowledge of manufacturing, handling and end use.

Soon these glass containers—like thousands of other designs already on the market—may be available to grace milady's dressing table.

This is a case study of the imagination, research and development that go into all O-I products.

Duraglas containers • Metal and plastic closures
Kimble laboratory glassware • Libbey Safedge glassware
Plastic containers and fitments • Glass block
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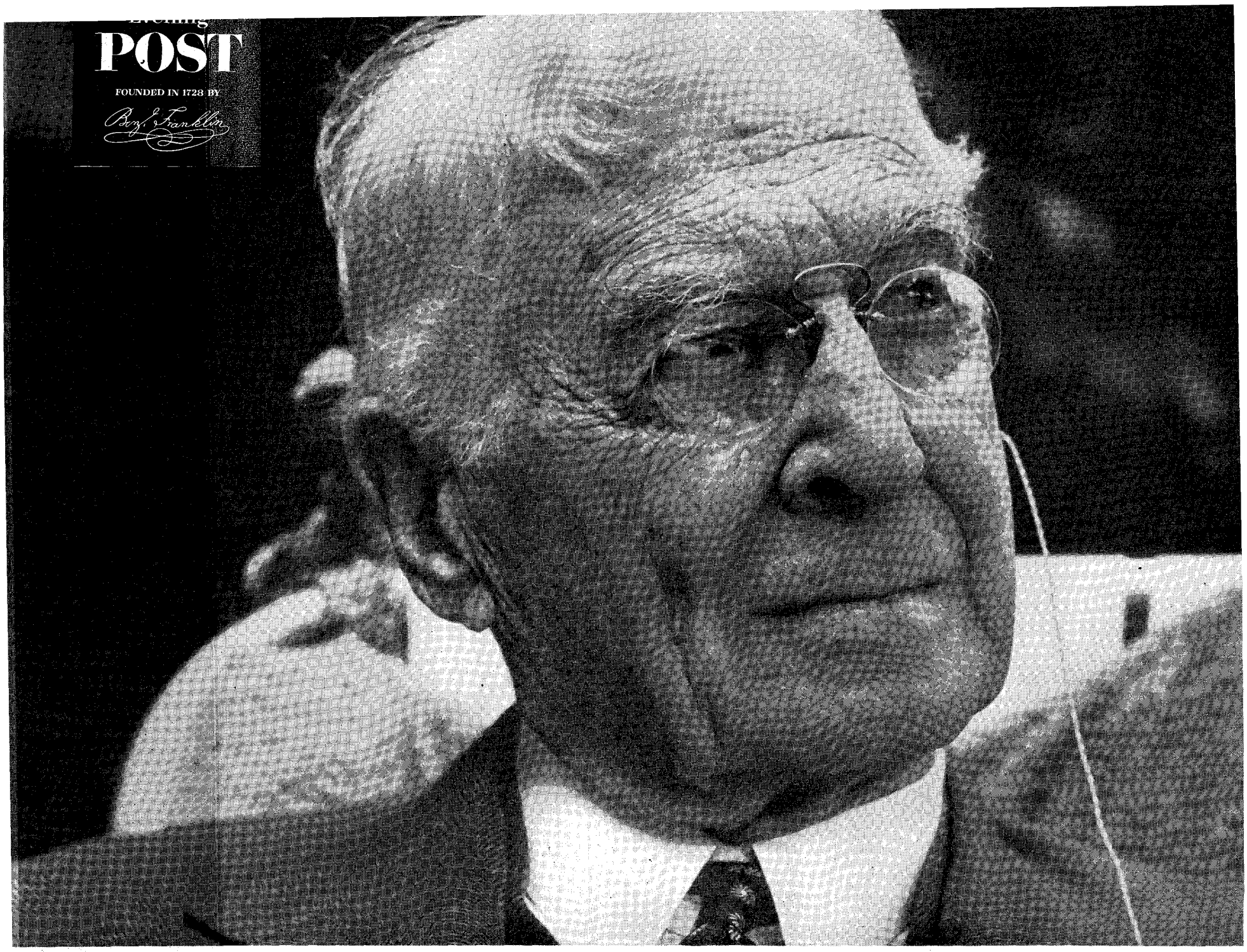
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin



Baruch: MY OWN STORY

PART ONE

The Stock Market is People

The long-awaited personal story of one of America's smartest money men, and most distinguished statesmen, who tells how he made his first million dollars by the age of thirty-one.

By BERNARD M. BARUCH

The strange fascination that the stock market exerts upon people has never ceased being a source of wonder to me. In my younger days, when I was an active speculator in Wall Street, I learned what extraordinary stratagems people would turn to in hopes of getting a tip on the market. They would invite you to dinner, to their clubs and country homes, all for the purpose of pumping you. Often they would try to catch you unaware, with the most elaborately casual questions, or would seize upon the merest fragment of a conversation to turn you into an involuntary tipster.

Knowing this, I tried to observe vows of silence about my business affairs that would

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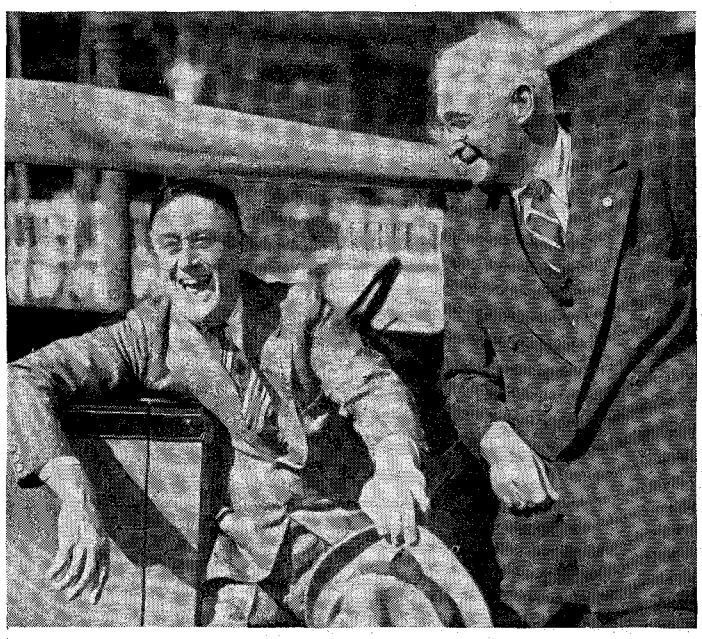
have done credit to a Trappist monk. Even this reticence, I found, was often interpreted as a market tip.

Men and women I had never seen would write for advice. Such letters still stream in to me. Only recently I received one plea from a widow with $15,000 in cash, who asked: "Should I invest now or wait until later, so I can build up my capital to live on when I retire?"



January, 1933: Baruch (right) with President-elect Roosevelt, for whom he long acted as an adviser.

Among the other questions put to me most frequently are:

"Can a young man start today with nothing and make a fortune in Wall Street as you did?"

"How did you know the 1929 market was too high?"

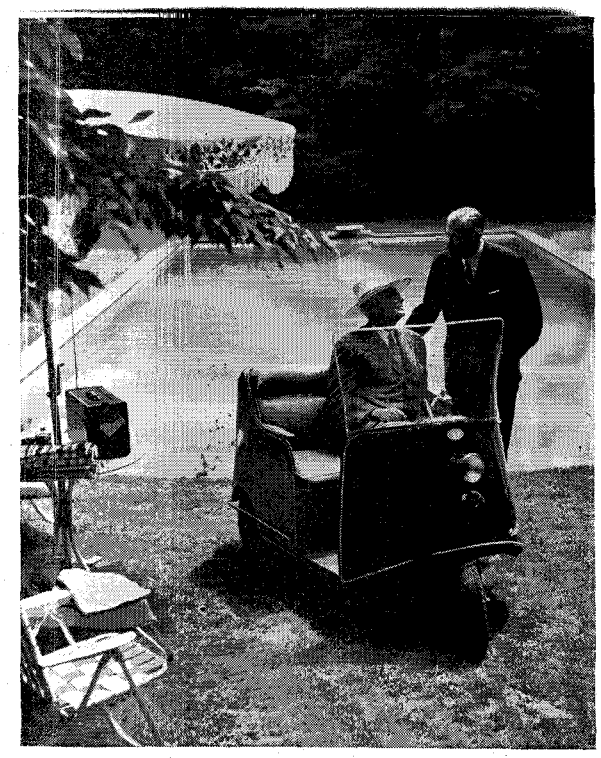
"Can you tell me of a safe investment in which to put my savings, since I am getting too old to work?"

"I have some extra money I can afford to lose. What would you recommend I do?"

There are, of course, a number of guidelines to investment and speculation which I learned from experience and which still are applicable today. But, from the inquiries pressed on me, it would seem that for many people the lure of the stock market is curiously similar to the medieval hunt for some magic alchemy for making gold. If only one knows the philosopher's stone—gets the right tip—poverty can be turned into riches, or financial insecurity into ease.

I doubt that anything I write will change this. To many persons Wall Street will always remain a place to bet and gamble. Still, the stock market is far more than an air-conditioned, indoor race track.

Actually, the stock market could be termed the total thermometer for our civilization. The prices of stocks—and commodities and bonds as well—are affected by literally anything and everything that happens in our world, from new inventions and the changing value of the dollar to vagaries of the weather and the threat

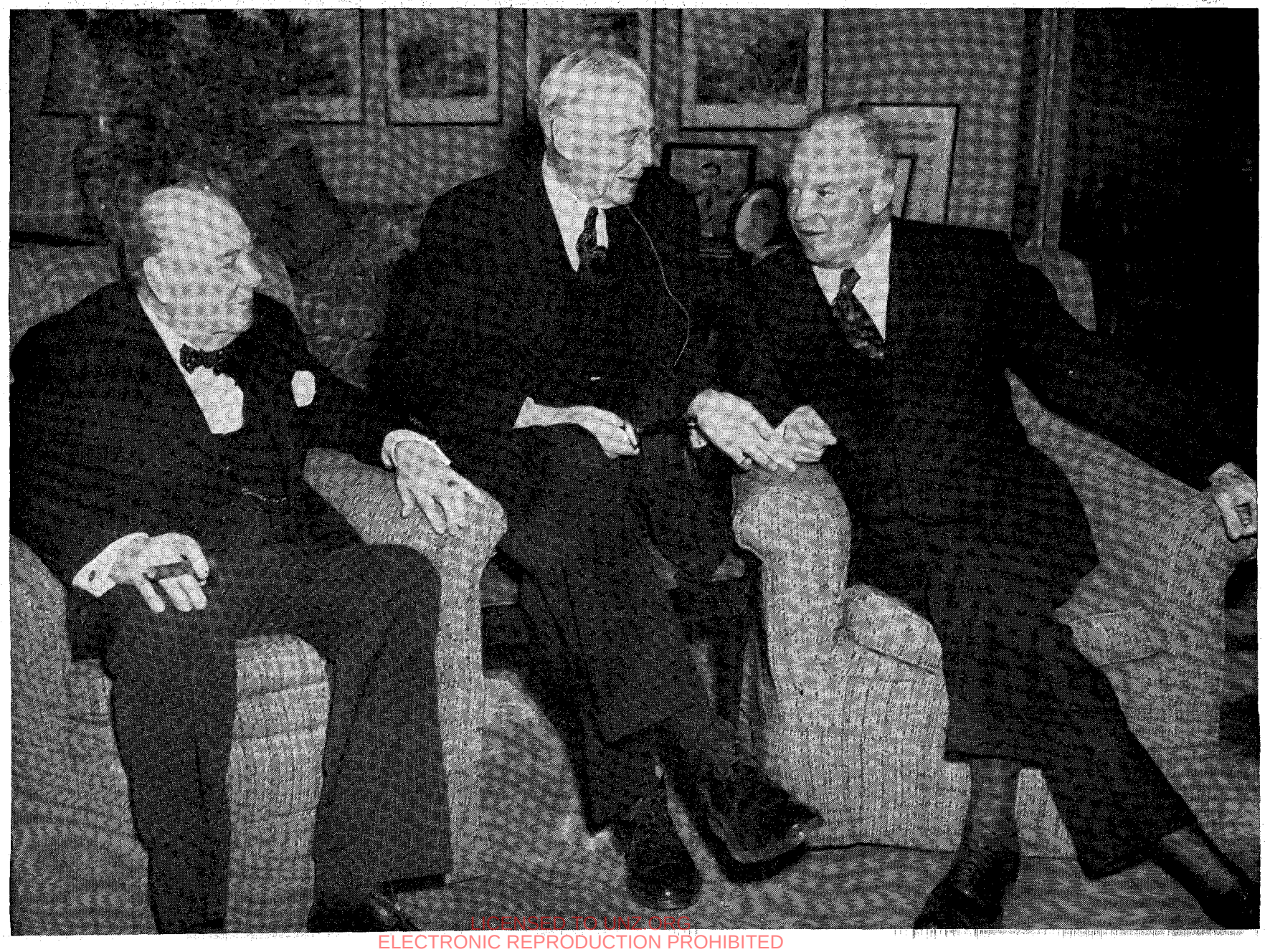


The author (in the cart) with his son, Bernard, Jr., tours his Long Island summer residence.

of war or the prospect of peace. But what actually registers in the stock market's fluctuations are not the events themselves, but the human reactions to these events. In short, how millions of individual men and women feel these happenings may affect the future.

Above all else, in other words, the stock market is people. It is people trying to read the future. And it is this intensely human quality which makes the stock market so dramatic an arena, in which men and women pit their con-

In his New York home, Baruch (center) entertains two old friends, British Prime Minister Churchill, then on his 1953 visit to the U.S., and President-elect Eisenhower.



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flicting judgments, their hopes and fears, strengths and weaknesses, greeds and ideals.

Of course, I did not know or even sense any of this when I first went into Wall Street to work as an office boy and runner for three dollars a week. I made my full quota of mistakes—because I was ambitious and energetic, probably more than my share. One could say that my whole career in Wall Street proved one long process of education in human nature.

And as I moved into public life I was to find that what I had learned about people from my speculator days applied equally to other affairs. Human nature remained human nature, whether it stood bent over a stock ticker or spoke from the White House, whether it sat in on the councils of war or at peace conferences, whether it was concerned with making money or trying to control atomic energy.

It was my mother who pushed me into Wall Street. My father, a doctor, had wanted me to be a doctor as well. But about a year after we moved to New York from South Carolina, where I was born, mother took me to a phrenologist. He passed his fingers over the bulges above my eyebrows—I was then about twelve—and asked, "What do you propose to do with this young man?"

Mother replied, "I am thinking of making him a doctor."

"He will make a good doctor," said the phrenologist. "But my advice is to take him where they are doing big things—finance or politics."

On being graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1889, I actually began reading medicine with the idea of entering medical school in the fall. But mother kept recalling what the phrenologist had said. Father, of course, recognized that this was her way of urging me toward a business career.

He would merely say, "Son, don't become a doctor unless you love the work."

Before settling down in Wall Street I worked for a wholesale drug company and even took a fling at trying to get rich quick in a Colorado mining camp. It was there I bought my first share of stock, in a gold mine. And it was there I got my initial instruction into what later experience was to confirm—that people who try to get rich from mining often put more into the ground than they take out of it.

My real start in Wall Street came in 1891, when I joined the brokerage firm of A. A. Housman and Company. My job was to act as office boy, runner, comparison clerk and general utility man. To advance myself I enrolled at night school for courses in bookkeeping and contract law. (Continued on Page 72)

About This Article

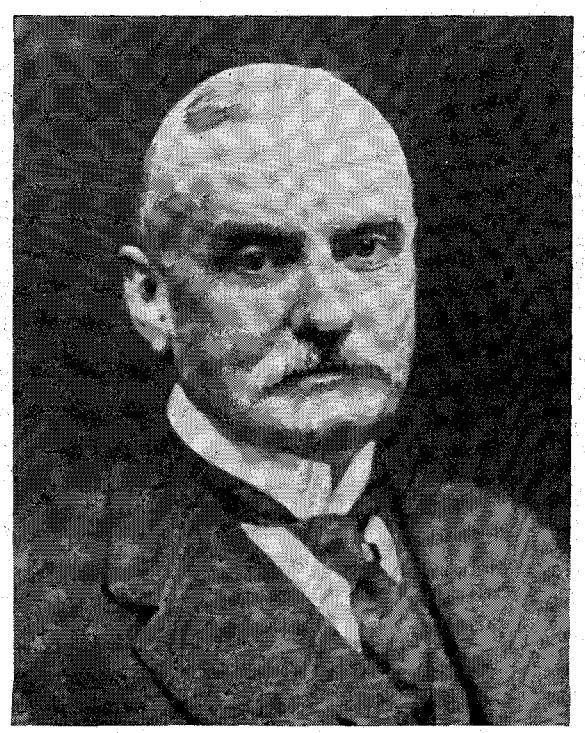
This is an excerpt from Mr. Baruch's autobiography, a book to be published under the same title by Henry Holt & Co., Inc. These memoirs are a sort of birthday present in reverse. Mr. Baruch presents them to our readers on the eve of his eighty-seventh birthday, August 19.

The Editors

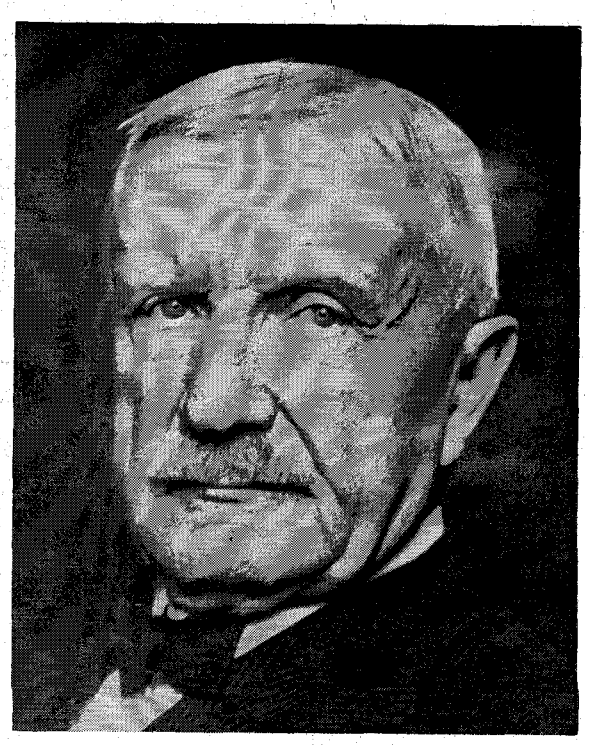
Family portrait, 1897: The author (right) with his bride, Annie, parents, Simon and Belle, and three brothers.

YOUNG BARUCH PITTED HIMSELF AGAINST THESE TITANS OF FINANCE—AND WON

James Stillman, one of the Amalgamated Copper Co. sponsors, was National City Bank president.



Thomas Fortune Ryan told Baruch: "The big fellows in it are going to twist your tail."



William Rockefeller, also an Amalgamated sponsor, headed the Standard Oil Company of New York.

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His Finest Race

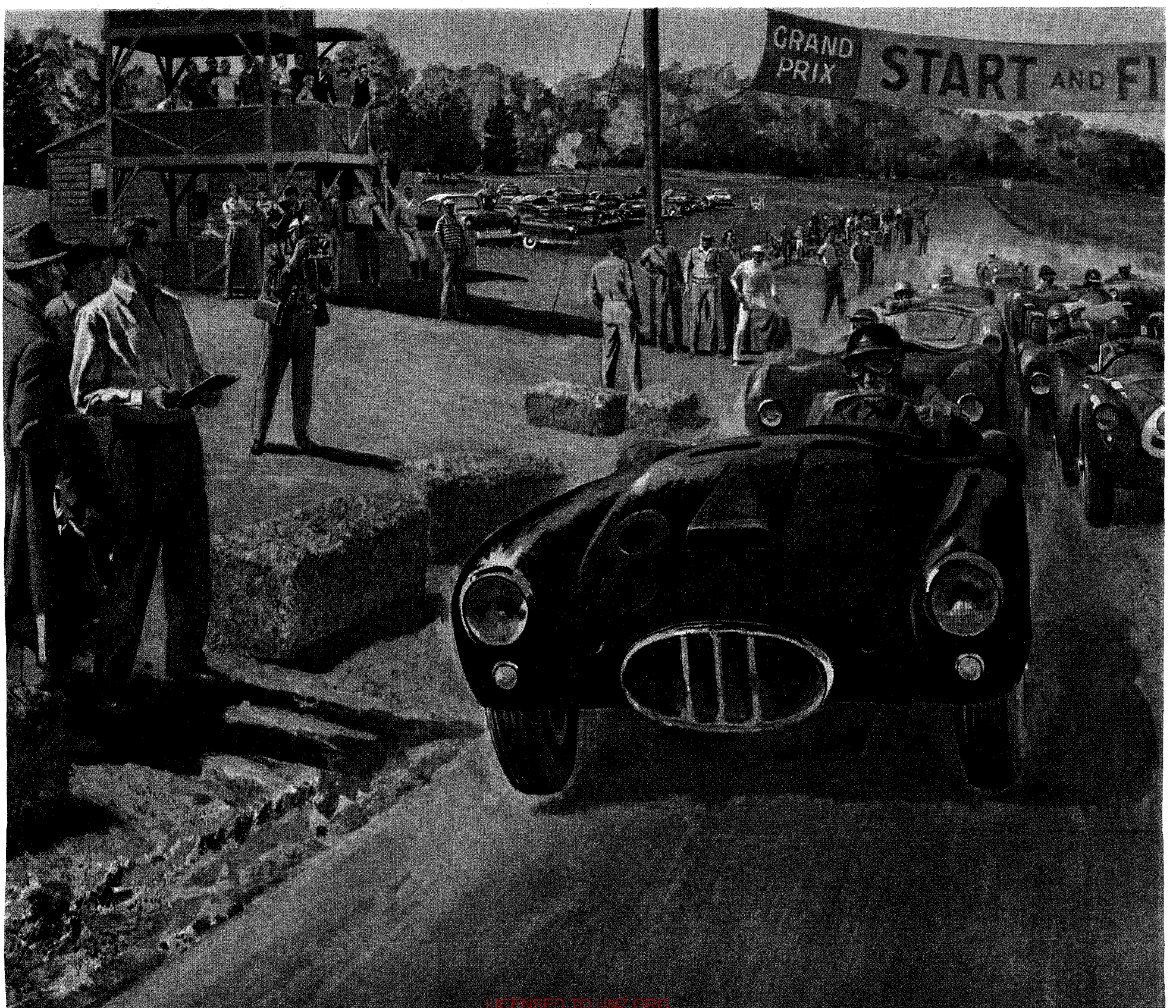
Who was this crazy little guy who challenged the world's top cars with his homemade crate?

By A. STANLEY KRAMER

It's a funny thing, but none of us really remembers the first time he saw Ernie. Somehow he slipped into the scene at Mannie's. And where the other fellows came and went, Ernie stayed on and got to be a fixture.

You have to understand the kind of place Mannie runs and the kind of guy he is before you can begin to understand about Ernie. Mannie is the best racing mechanic on the island. But from the outside of the big red brick building, you wouldn't know what business he's in. There are no signs, REPAIRS or GARAGE. From time to time the assorted foreign sports jobs parked around are a clue. But that's all.

Mannie's is run like an exclusive club. You get in strictly by invitation and from a waiting list. Mannie has other strange habits too. He refuses to have a telephone, because phones interrupt him. And after he does a job for you, the hardest thing in the world is to get him to scribble out a bill. He's simply noncommercial.



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One member recommends another. If your problem is interesting enough, Mannie will take it on. If your Maserati needs a new cam or your Porsche sputters over 5000 r.p.m., there's no one with a surer hand than Mannie.

The regulars, or "disciples," as Doc calls them, are mostly better-than-fair mechanics themselves. And the jobs they bring in can't be handled by any grease monkey. When you see Mannie, far into the night, explaining to some of the country's top competition drivers why their carburetors starve on a too-steep turn, and what they can do about it, you recognize the master.

Hours are as meaningless to Mannie as money, so that four nights a week the blue neons blaze through the windows of "the club." And every hour or so, someone slips through the side door to bring back coffee from the diner.

Maybe we first noticed Ernie when he took over the coffee detail. Or maybe the fiftieth time we saw him pass Mannie the right wrenches without being asked. Mannie could be under a job or practically on his head down in a motor, and Ernie would pass him the right tool every time. It grew on us slowly, but about three years back it was accepted that Ernie was Mannie's helper. And some of Mannie's glamour automatically rubbed off on him. For to work with the world's best mechanic you had to be good.

You never saw a queerer pair. Mannie's six feet three is all rock-hard. He has a permanent three-day stubble and smokes little frazzled Italian stogies. Unlike most dedicated craftsmen, he loves to talk. And maybe that's one of the reasons we go there. For he always talks as he works, explaining exactly what he's doing, and why. It's like a postgraduate course to be there and listen.

But Ernie was something else again. His age was anyone's guess—sixty or a hundred. He had the seamed face of a mummy, but his eyes, bright and dark brown and eager-looking, were young. He had long, stringy black hair that turned white at the roots every so often. And a scraggly wet mustache that showed plainly that he didn't have a single tooth. But Ernie's hands were those of a young man—smooth, unwrinkled, with long, manicured nails.

He was short, skinny as a pencil, and spry for an old guy. He didn't lecture like Mannie or explain things. He just remembered. And when the memories would come on him he'd talk hours on end. And he talked about the old country, which was Italy, and all about Grand Prix racing all over the world. There wasn't a major road race in France, Germany, Italy, Belgium or Switzerland that he hadn't attended. He knew everything—the cars, the drivers, the track, the crowds. To hear him talk, all the great drivers, from the immortal Nuvolari right down to Fangio, were his friends.

(Continued on Page 76)

The crate, identified officially as No. 14 "Ernesto Special," led the Stracchinis down the seven-eighths-of-a-mile straightaway.

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Julie London: "I can belt songs out, but I don't like them that way."

I CALL ON JULIE LONDON

BY PETE MARTIN

A Post editor probes the private life of the sultry-voiced singer, and reveals her struggle to fame on her own, after her divorce from "Dragnet" Jack Webb.

When I walked into Julie London's bedroom, her eyes were red from weeping. Her favorite dog, a dachshund, had died the day before, and in an effort to recover from her grief, she had bought two dachshund puppies—one black, one brown. They were sliding around in her house on fat bellies, while Julie's two daughters—Stacy, seven, and Lisa, five—by her ex-husband, Jack Webb, galloped after the pups, occasionally stopping to smother them with love.

Three of Julie's intimate friends and her fiancé, Bobby Troup, a band leader and song writer, were sprawled on king-size twin beds in

Julie (center) with band leader and song writer Bobby Troup at Hollywood's Brown Derby. Says Troup: "It took me a year and a half to get her to sing for anybody she didn't know."

Getting into the spirit of things: Julie warms up for a television appearance with Troup (left), Peter Potter (center), singer and actress Anna Maria Alberghetti, and actor Robert Clary.

Julie, costumed for the film Saddle the Wind, poses for a wardrobe test shot with actor John Cassavetes.

Photographs by Sid Avery

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"I still don't mind telling the truth about my age," says Julie, here sunning by her pool. "I was born in 1926 in Santa Rosa, California. My mother and father were in vaudeville, singing. They met that way."

her bedroom, commiserating with her on the loss of her pet.

I said "Hello" to the friends; and persuaded Julie to come into the living room for a talk. Bobby Troup helped me sell her the notion. "It will be better that way," he said. "Fewer interruptions."

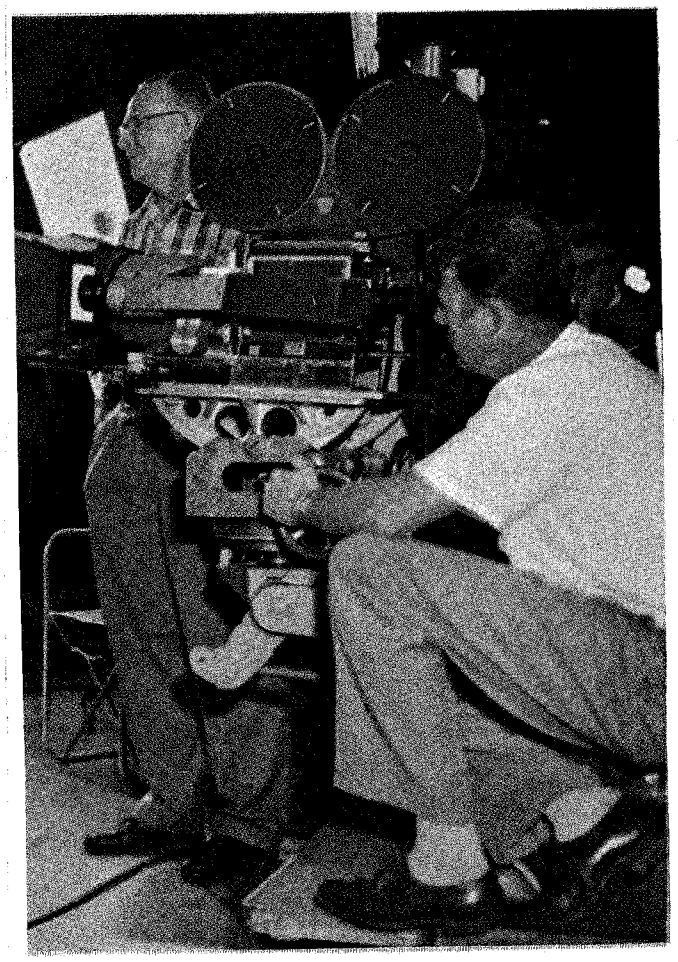
I never saw the three mourners again. For all I knew, they were still talking in doleful tones on the king-size twin beds when I left.

Once in the living room, I looked around at stacks of records and at a small bar. After that I concentrated on Julie London. She lay on a custom-built couch ten feet long, supporting herself on one elbow. Bobby Troup sat beside her. She had removed her shoes in order to be more comfortable, and from time to time he massaged her bare feet.

"First of all," I said, "I'd like to talk to you about your voice."

I had collected several of her recordings. The people who had written the descriptive prose for the backs of those albums had described her voice as being "intimate," "sleek," "sultry." They had called her singing style "furry." When I bought her first album, Julie is Her Name, the Julie London on the cover was mostly full lower lip, tawny, tumbling hair and a deep, deep décolletage.

The woman who sold it to me watched me look at that photograph and lifted a quizzical eyebrow. (Continued on Page 60)



$15,000,000 makes it quite a bit easier to snag her man . . .

AGE BAIT

JOE McCARTHY

nny Bowman.
rgent," he said. "I was just
you saw that thing in Benny
nn."
I had even counted the commas
ny Bowman proceeded to read
r guys have alimony or fallen
people who read things aloud
telephone.
ging Star Freddie Kent and his
former Polly Parkinson, return
neymoon, give a guess where
housekeeping?'" Bowman read.
, the Kents will settle down in
across the street from the home
ill, the shapely sensation of the
ay comedy hit, It's Delicious,
g steady company with Freddie
day, when he suddenly changed
loped with all that Parkinson

hnny might stop there, but he
g all the rest of it.
the new Mrs. Kent needn't
reddie bumping into Mona
t to walk the dog. Miss Merrill
to Hollywood next week. As a
pearance in her living room
t on the Tee-Vee show, Call-
orities, she has been signed for
new Mitchell Swirling movie
tended originally for Marilyn

an evidently expected me to
tement or something.
one, isn't it?" he said.
bout Merrill going to Holly-
I hope she stays there."
what I was thinking about,"
I was thinking about what
ould give to get hold of the
w Freddie Kent and Polly
n to be moving to Mona's
le."
yes and sat up straight.

"Now listen, Johnny," I said. "Wait a minute. You and I are friends. You want to keep it that way, don't you?"

"Oh, Norman, don't get excited," he said. "I wouldn't say anything. You think I'd say anything? I wouldn't say anything."

"I hope not," I said. "Outside of Polly and me, you are the only one who knows about it. If it gets around, it'll get back to Mona. And then I'll be in a pretty spot."

"I told you I wouldn't say anything," he said.

"Well, don't," I said.

"Gee, what a grouch!" he said.

I hung up, feeling uneasy. I hate to get into hassles with anybody. I didn't want to give Johnny Bowman the impression that the story about Polly and Mona and that penthouse apartment in Riverdale was something I was trying to hide from a grand jury. But Mona was a girl that you didn't want against you, and I didn't want her to know how Polly happened to be in that penthouse. When I thought about Mona, I wished I didn't have an eyewitness like Johnny Bowman. I wished I didn't have anybody as an eyewitness.

It was Freddie Kent who talked me into taking on Mona as a client. He asked me to do it as a personal favor and I couldn't say no, because Freddie and I are very close. He is really the only friend I have in show business, the most decent guy I ever worked for. This was when It's Delicious was in rehearsal and everybody was saying Mona Merrill would be a sensation in it. So when Freddie asked me to talk with her, naturally I was interested. I figured Freddie was arranging it as a favor to me. When I found out that he was more interested in Mona Merrill than he was in bringing me a new client, I was shocked, because Freddie and Polly Parkinson were well established at the time and I thought Polly was the best thing that ever happened to him.

Or perhaps I should say, frankly, that I thought Polly (Continued on Page 52)

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An emaciated, one-and-a-half-year-old victim of kwashiorkor—one insidious form of malnutrition—at the Guatemala City General Hospital. Nearly half of Central America's rural population die before the age of six. Most of these deaths are caused by malnutrition.

Medical task forces are attacking one of Latin America's most heart-rending child diseases. Here are the inspiring results of their pursuit of

The Secret Killer of Children

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

At the back of a pleasant, grassy schoolyard in Ciudad Vieja stands a small, pink, wooden building which the visitor may at first mistake for something else. But there is smoke rising from the tile roof, and closer inspection shows the structure to be a cookhouse with a very special and important purpose.

Erected by the mayor of this charming town near Antigua, the old capital of Guatemala, the little outdoor kitchen is a heartening symbol of progress against one of the commonest causes of illness and death in Central America. More than 95 per cent of the rural population of Guatemala are believed to be affected to some degree by malnutrition, and in its severer forms malnutrition is responsible for 50 per cent of the appallingly high mortality among children under six. Large numbers of school-age youngsters are also grossly undernourished, and as a result are physically retarded.

Of the many ways to fight malnutrition, one of the most effective is with milk. Since the fresh variety is difficult to handle where refrigeration is not generally available, dried milk is widely used. But the water is often of uncertain purity. Consequently, in this boys' school at Ciudad Vieja, the morning milk hour begins with much boiling and stirring in the cookhouse, and the children are eager to have a hand in the chores.

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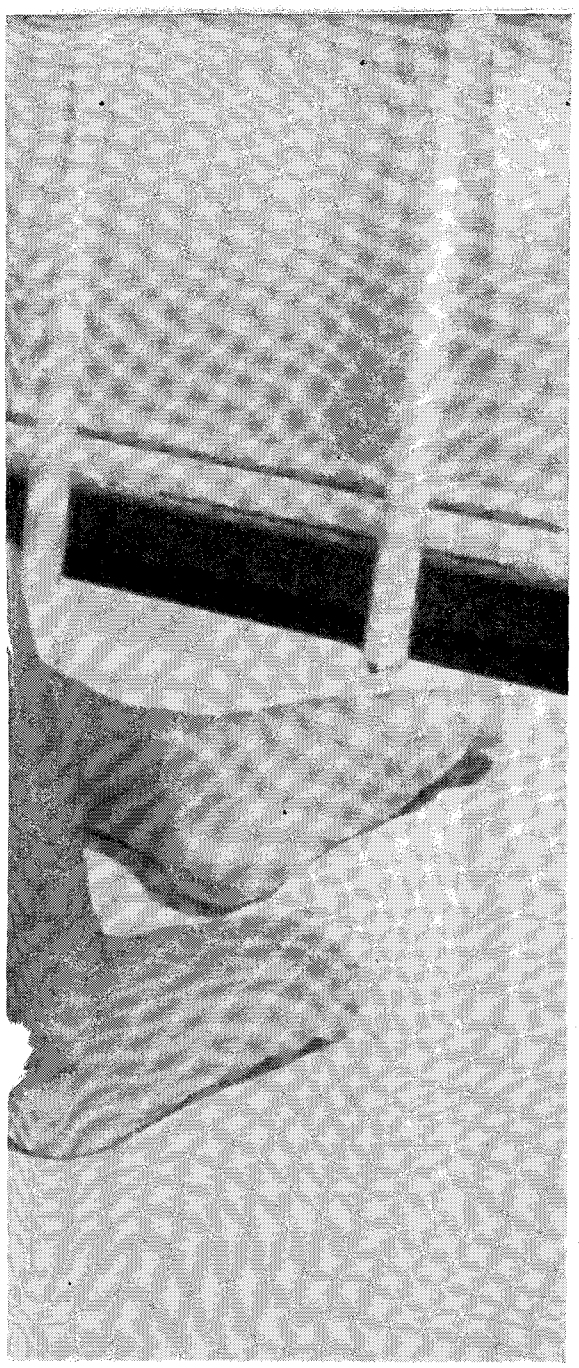


Photographs by Larry Keighley

Dr. Nevin S. Scrimshaw (seated), director of the Institute of Nutrition of Central America and Panama, and Dr. Werner Ascoli (right), head of INCAP's field unit, examine the schoolboys of Ciudad Vieja, Guatemala.

Each day, in the school's small outdoor kitchen, the boys mix freshly boiled water with dried milk which the United Nations supplies to the INCAP program. Milk is the basic weapon in the fight against malnutrition.

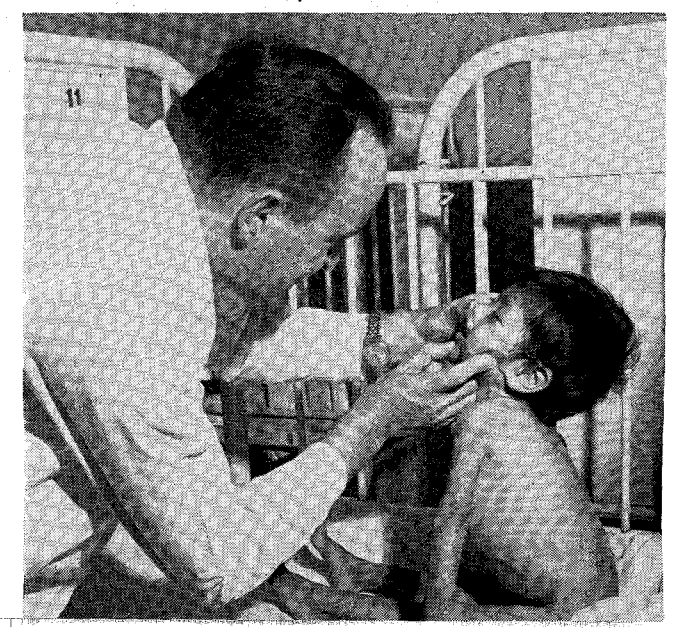
When I poked my head in the door I found a charcoal fire burning briskly on a table-high hearth, and eight-year-old Ricardo Mejicanos fanning it vigorously with his hat. Over the fire were two large, blue enamel kettles of water, which, after an interval of boiling, were carried to a table outside. Here four other willing young helpers, each with an egg beater, crowded around to stir in a quantity of dried milk powder. A few minutes later, the milk was ladled out to 160 schoolboys.

Unfortunately, the war on malnutrition is not always so simple as ladling out milk to school children. There are more devastating and heart-gripping aspects, as we were to see. But the scene in Ciudad Vieja was nevertheless important, for it was typical of what is going on in hundreds of schools and clinics in Latin America. In Guatemala alone, some 70,000 children and pregnant or nursing mothers receive milk rations each day. The milk is supplied by the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) as part of its worldwide effort. Most of it comes from surplus United States stocks. But the planning, research, and health-education phases of the entire malnutrition program in this area are carried out by the Institute of Nutrition of Central America and Panama, located in Guatemala City. It is commonly referred to as INCAP.

INCAP is affiliated with the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, the Western Hemisphere arm of the World Health Organization. And our inspection of its milk-feeding program at Ciudad Vieja was part of a tour we made through sections of Latin America to observe the work of a number of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau's international health teams. Their activities cover a broad range, including malaria eradication, on which we reported in the first article of this series, and yellow-fever control, which we shall discuss in a later installment. This article deals mainly with the PASB efforts to help the people of Central America solve the pressing problems of food and water.

These are items most of us take for granted. But the World (Continued on Page 56)

Dr. Moisés Behar checks another tiny kwashiorkor victim, whose head and body are swollen with edema.



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DAY OF DECISION

By PAUL JONES

He had worked all his life for this promotion. Now one incident in his past was going to ruin his chances . . .

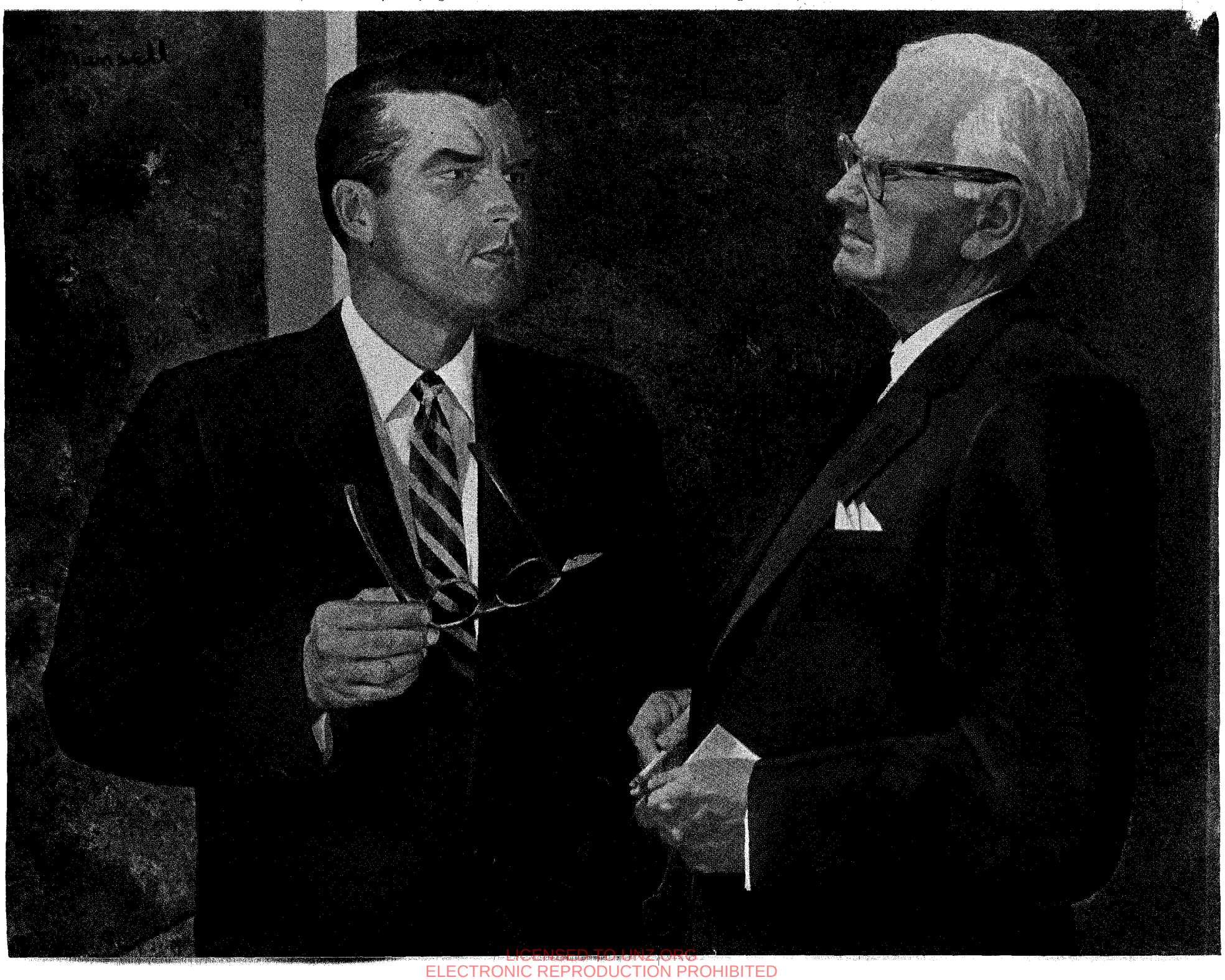
The day began like any other Tuesday. After breakfast, while Barry Lovat gathered the papers he wanted from his desk in the study, Claire Lovat, his wife, brought their car around for the drive to the station.

Barry walked through the living room to the front door, his brief case in one hand, a light topcoat over his arm. The long mirror between the French windows reflected a compact, muscular figure, somewhat taller than average. His hair showed a touch of gray. The dark-blue suit he wore, impeccably fitted, was a tribute to the skill of the English cutter in the Windsor Shop, a division of Austen Furnivall's department store, where Barry Lovat had been general manager for over ten years.

On the piano and on occasional tables around the pleasant room were photographs of their three children, all grown, all far away: Little Claire, married to an engineer and living in Montevideo; Barry, Junior, a tank commander with the 2nd Armored Division on the Rhine; Vanessa, just out of college and so vague about her Government job in Washington that it had to be Central Intelligence. The nearest of their children was a thousand miles away. Barry missed them, but at the same time he felt a strong pride in their independence.

Looking about the room as he passed through, he was conscious of the pleasure it always gave him. That was Claire's doing, of course, her unique ability to put warmth and color, life and a touch of brilliance, into every home they ever had. It was something that meant a great deal to Barry Lovat, who had grown up in an (Continued on Page 90)

"What are you trying to do?" the chairman of the board said, turning on Barry. "Make a fool out of me?"



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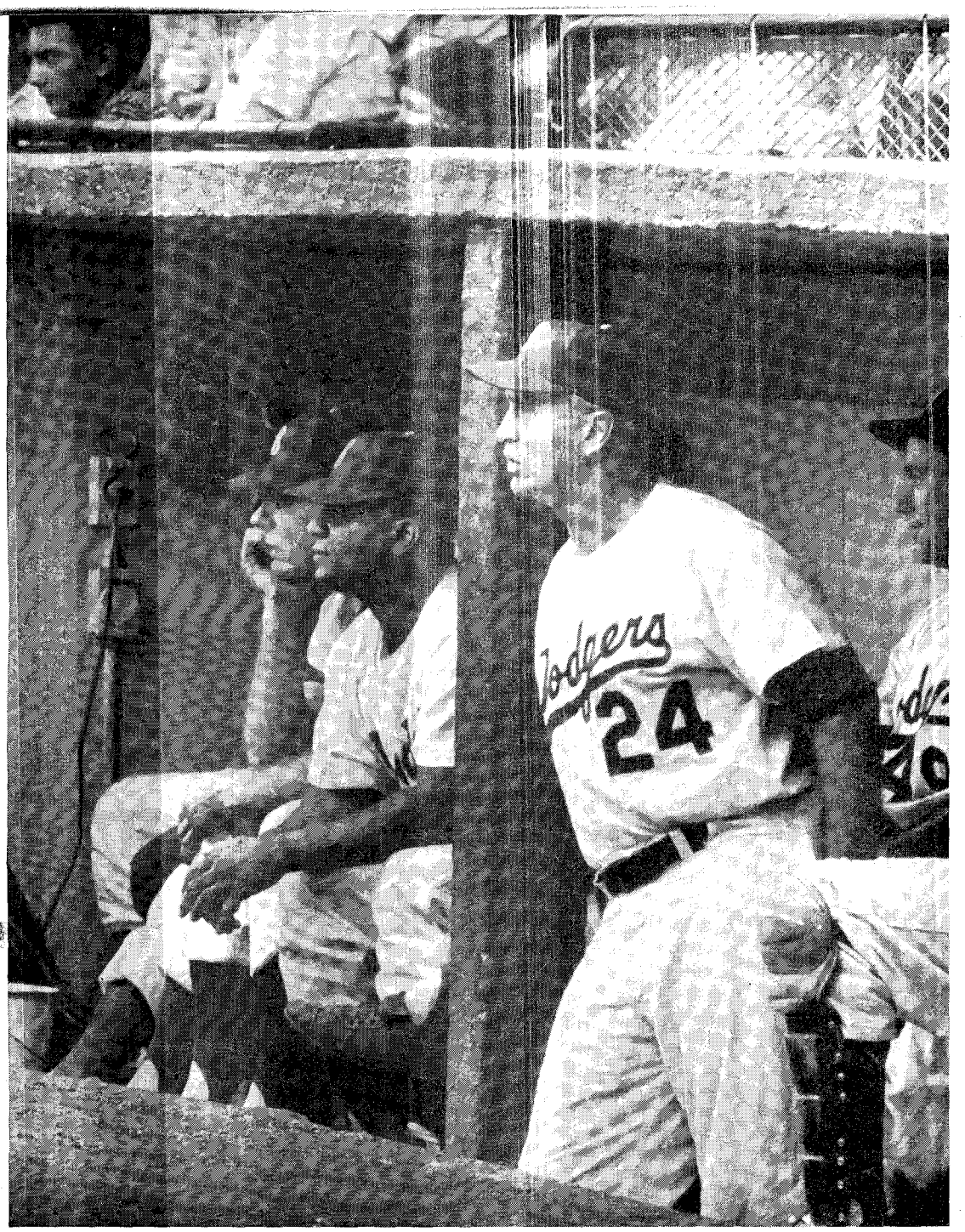

Alston, leaning against the dugout post, wears his usual "worried look—from first pitch to last."

Boss Man of the Bums

When that soft-spoken schoolteacher, Walt Alston, followed Noisy Charley and Loud Leo as boss of the Dodgers, he had to prove that a quiet man can be tough too.

By MAL MALLETTE

On November 24, 1953, a headline writer summed up the biggest baseball news of the day in seven words—DODGERS' NEW MANAGER: A GUY NAMED ALSTON. In three seasons since then, Walter Emmons Alston has led Brooklyn to two pennants and a world's championship, and finished second the other time. Now, in Alston's fourth year, his team is currently trying for a third-straight pennant. That original headline, though, still tells the story. The manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers continues to be just a guy named Alston.

Walter Alston has become a celebrity only in the sense that the manager of the Dodgers is always a celebrity. Alston remains a shy, painfully honest, and in many respects easily awed Ohio farm boy. He has captured nobody's imagination and isn't trying to. If he is the manager nobody knows, that's all right with Walter Alston.

"I'm not an actor," he says, "and I don't want to be a character. I just want to go on winning ball games."

Alston, who worked his way up to the Dodger job through the club's farm system, represents something new in Brooklyn managers. The local fans were as unprepared for his appointment as they were to be, later on, for the news that their team was considering moving to Los Angeles. The Brooklyn public was conditioned to the flamboyant actions and abundant wordage of managers like Leo Durocher and Charley Dressen. As Dodger vice president Buzzie Bavasi puts it, "Every time Leo or Charley opened their mouths it was a story."

When Alston took over, reporters accustomed to full note pads and ready-made story angles were stunned. In his first year he answered all queries with, "I'll have to wait and see." To pleas for more quotable answers, he replied, "It would be silly to discuss things I don't know anything about yet."

Even today—and he now talks more freely—Alston will not pop off. "I know," he says, "that reporters often left without a story, and I felt bad about it. I'd heard so much about how rough they were that I was overcautious. Once I got to know the reporters here I felt a lot better. But basically I still feel it's their job to find a story and mine to manage."

Club president Walter O'Malley, who stuck by his rookie manager when the heavily favored Dodgers finished second in 1954, says of that first year, "I'm sure he wasn't used to the loaded questions those fellows threw at him. He was a little overawed. But they saw he wasn't a prude, and now they have a basis of mutual respect. Alston is sincere, charming, even grammatical."

This last reference was a dig at the butchered syntax of Alston's immediate predecessor, jaunty Charley Dressen. Alston's reputation as a big-league manager has been built largely from comparisons with Dressen. This was inevitable, because Charley didn't lose the job for the usual reason of failure. After winning pennants in 1952 and 1953 he demanded a three-year contract. O'Malley, who insists on one-year agreements, took this opportunity to part company from the free-wheeling Dressen, who was something less than a favorite with the front office.

As Dressen's successor, Alston was in the position of having to improve upon success. O'Malley said the new manager was expected to win not only pennants but also the World Series, something no Dodger pilot had done in seven previous opportunities. In 1955 Brooklyn made it, winning over the Yankees in seven games. Last year, Alston's men repeated as league champions, but this time lost to the Yanks in another seven-game Series.

Today, in contrast to the widespread condemnation Alston came in for when the Dodgers missed the pennant his first season, it is unlikely that much blame will be attached to the manager if his aging and injury-ridden crew loses out this year. Alston now enjoys a favorable, if (Continued on Page 68)

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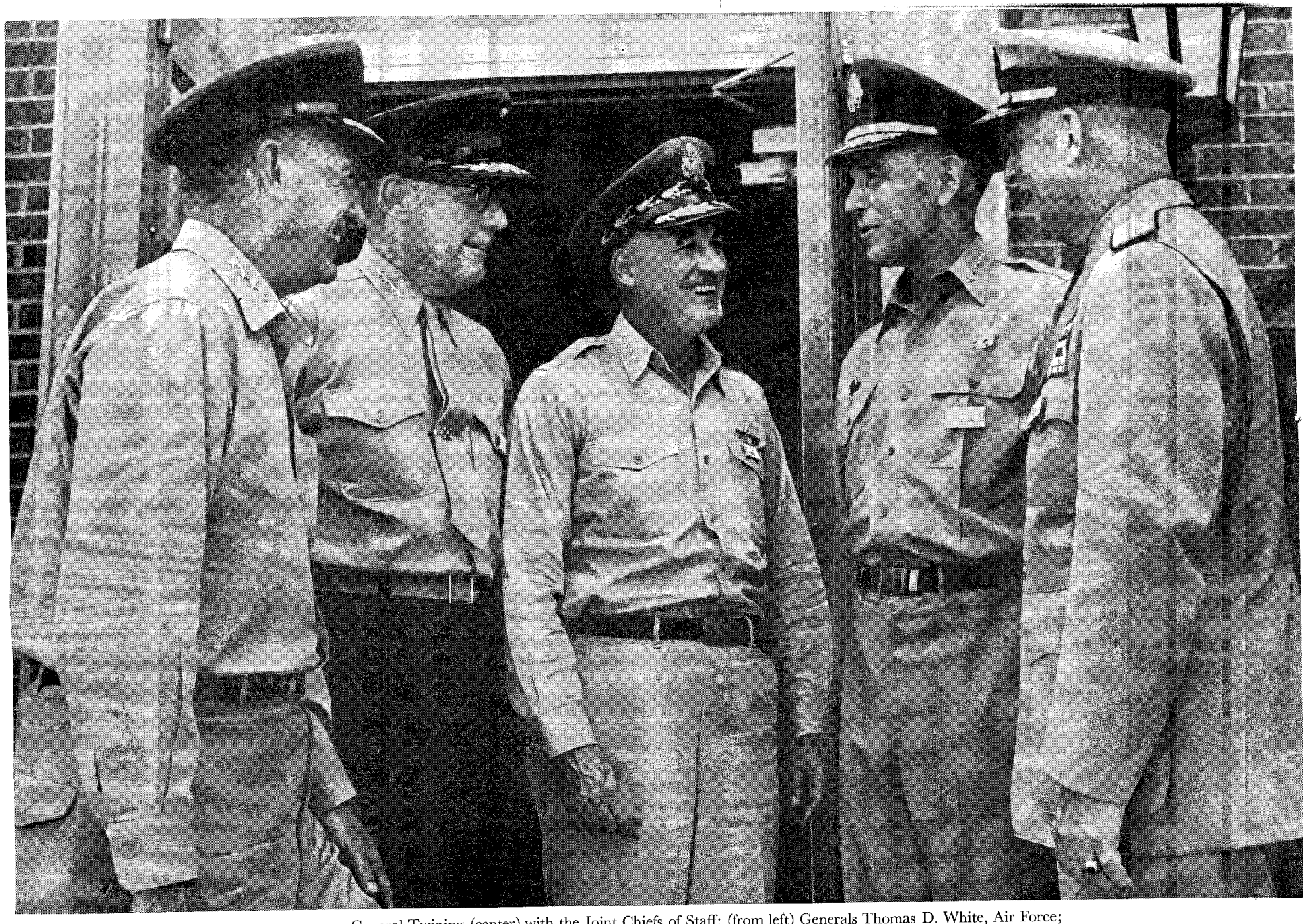

General Twining (center) with the Joint Chiefs of Staff: (from left) Generals Thomas D. White, Air Force; Randolph McC. Pate, Marine Corps; Maxwell D. Taylor, Army; and Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, Navy.

The General Everybody Loves

An affable airman with an exceptional talent for calming belligerent Brass Hats— that's Nate Twining, new boss of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

By CLAY BLAIR, JR.

General Twining's parakeet Peter greets him each day at breakfast with a cheery "Hello, Nate!"

Every weekday morning at about 0800 in Quarters Eight, Fort Myer, Virginia—a ceremonial Army post and housing area for Pentagon generals—an extraordinary scene is played out.

A stocky, gray-haired Air Force general of fifty-nine, a man with dark, impressive eyebrows, a strong, jutting chin and a pair of plastic-rimmed glasses perched far down on his nose, sits down for breakfast in his pale blue dining room, head buried in the sports section of the Washington Post. Suddenly from the hallway comes the flutter of a yellowish-green parakeet in rapid, exuberant flight. The bird flies into the dining room, hovers briefly over the general, and then lights, burying its tiny feet along the row of four silver stars on the general's shoulder. With a wee bit of a swagger and an appalling absence of military courtesy, the bird caws: "Hello, Nate!"

Nate—Gen. Nathan Farragut Twining—is the new Chairman of the U. S. Joint Chiefs of Staff. As such, he is our highest-ranking military man, a special and trusted adviser to the President, the Secretary of Defense, the Congress and to our allies. In a nutshell, he is the most influential military man in the free world. The parakeet is Peter B. (for bird) Twining. He remains on his starry perch until the general has finished breakfast and the sports section, chattering away impudently:

"To be or not to be? . . . I'm very busy. . . . Don't be silly, sweetheart; birds can't really

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talk." Nearby on the floor, an aging golden retriever, Boot C. (for canine) Twining, watches through forlorn and wistful eyes.

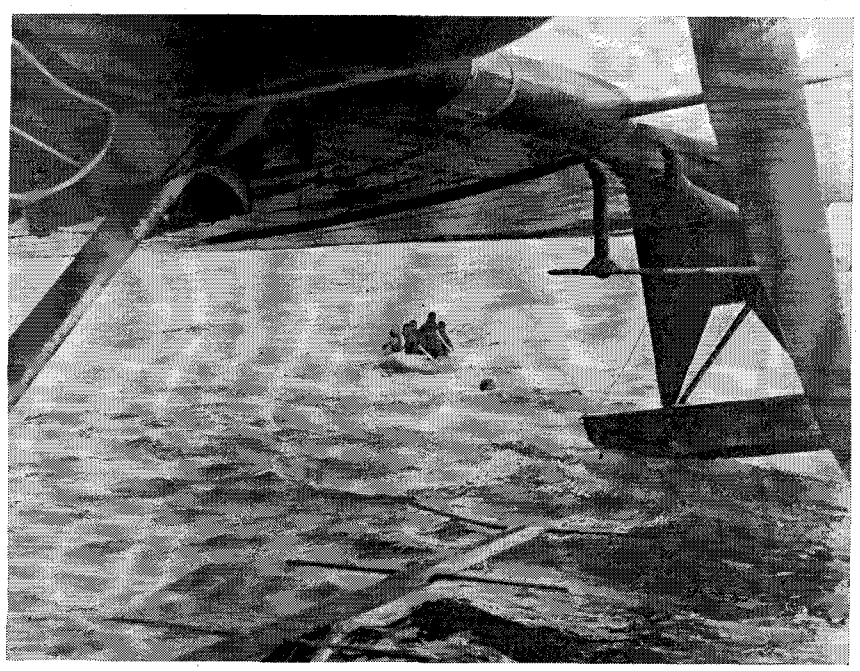
Five minutes away by limousine lies Nate's headquarters, the sprawling Pentagon, churning with the minute-by-minute crises of the air-atomic age. Many of our top military men anticipate the day there with fear and foreboding, but, as this breakfast interlude indicates, not Nate Twining. In forty action-packed years of service to his country he has learned to take crises in his stride. In World War II he commanded more different air forces than any other general, and he came close to losing his life in a harrowing air disaster which left him adrift on a life raft in the Coral Sea for six days. His airplanes dropped the atomic bombs on Japan. As a four-star general he mobilized the Air Force after war broke out in Korea and later played a major role in forming United States military policy during the tense moments in Indochina, Formosa, Suez and Jordan. As Chief of Staff he steered the Air Force through the most critical period of its history, the transition from props to jets to ocean-spanning missiles. As the highest-ranking United States military man to visit Moscow since the cold war began, he has fenced face to face with his principal enemies, the leaders in the Kremlin.

In fact Nate Twining is probably the most easygoing top military man Washington has ever seen, and it's not likely that the responsibilities of his new job will change him. Neither politically ambitious nor a noted military strategist, he is not anxious for public acclaim or dead set to impose a new doctrine on the United States military. The truth is that he did not particularly want the job. Looking toward retirement, he had seriously considered several attractive offers from private industry which would have helped build up his near-zero bank account and still allow time for hunting, fishing and playing golf. He is no special favorite of President Eisenhower and Secretary of Defense Wilson, although both men admire Nate's integrity, sincerity, his ability to get people to work together and his common-sense approach to vexing problems.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff, the nation's top uniformed policy-making body, are a kind of executive board of the United States military. Made up of a chairman and the chiefs of the three military services—with the Marine Corps Commandant available for consultation on Leatherneck matters—the J.C.S. grapple with some of the most momentous problems of our times. These elder statesmen of the military formulate war plans for every conceivable emergency, evaluate new, billion-dollar weapons systems, try to squeeze the most powerful military force out of available funds. The J.C.S., in one form or another, have met as a body since the early part of World War II, but it was not until 1947 that they were given formal status in the Government. In 1949 provision was made for a chairman who would serve a two-year term and a maximum of two terms. By gentlemen's agreement, the chairmanship would be rotated among the three services. The Army's schoolteacherish Gen. Omar Bradley was the first chairman and served two terms. The Navy's suave Admiral Arthur Radford was next, and with the expiration of his second term this summer, it became the Air Force's turn. In Pentagon circles the word was that if Nate—the best available airman—declined, the chairmanship would pass to an Army or Navy man. Although he was reluctant, Nate would not deny his own service its share of prestige.

Not long ago, I visited Nate Twining in his enormous Pentagon office. Most generals' aides pop around like grasshoppers. However, Twining's look as (Continued on Page 65)

At a Moscow reception, Twining responds to a toast by Soviet bigwigs (from left) Zhukov, Bulganin and Khrushchev.



The South Pacific, 1943: A rescue plane approaches the life raft carrying Twining and the crew of a B-17 who spent six days adrift after their aircraft was forced down.

Twining comes ashore on the shoulders of a rescuer. He was given up for lost after three days, but was saved because a subordinate refused to call off the search.

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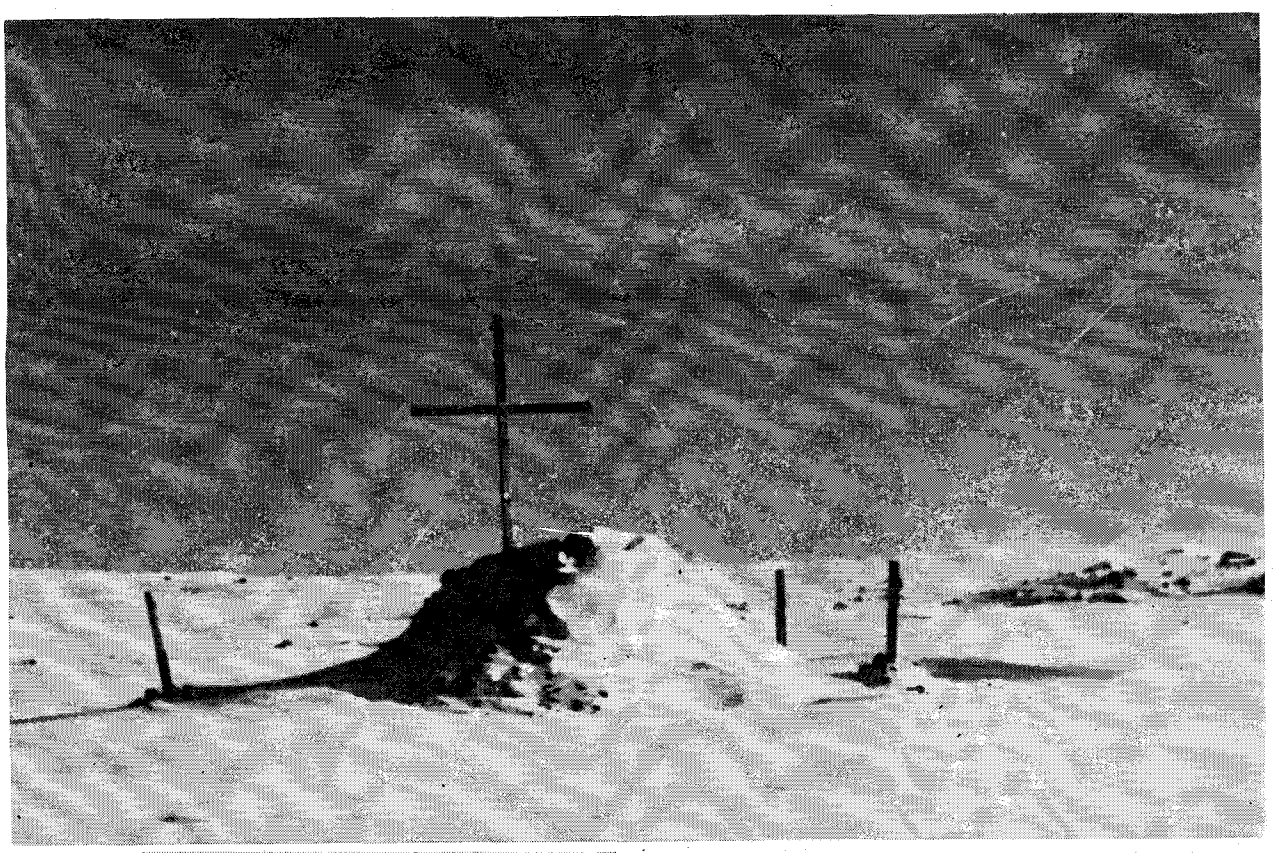
Secrets of the Unknown War

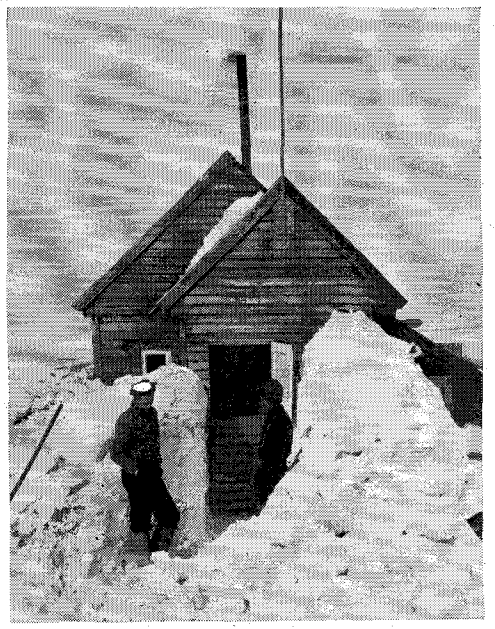
A sudden German attack scattered the "Army of Greenland" in the arctic night, leaving them to face capture or death in the merciless desolation.

By DAVID HOWARTH

Part Three



This is the grave at Sandodden of Eli Knudsen, who fell under a hail of Nazi machine-gun bullets. Later one of the Germans, seized with remorse, secretly placed a wooden cross on the grave.



The Germans arrived at this Sandodden hunter's hut shortly before Knudsen. When he appeared and tried to flee they shot him, then lay in ambush for his compatriots Jensen and Neilsen.

Lt. Hermann Ritter, leader of the German expedition to Greenland, was sick at heart. On March 23, 1943, when he had attacked the Danes at Eskimoness, headquarters of the fifteen-man North East Greenland Sledge Patrol, he had hoped to avoid bloodshed by frightening them into surrender.

But that had gone wrong. When the men he had brought with him had taken up the shooting, he had seen they were shooting to kill. He could not tell them to stop; they were too widely scattered and there was too much noise. It was exactly what he had been afraid would happen: he was faced with a military duty which his conscience said was wrong. In the seven minutes that the shooting lasted, Ritter had accused himself of murder, and found nothing to be said in his defense.

Before the firing stopped, Ritter began to advance toward the house. He had not bothered to reload his machine gun. He did not care in the least by then what happened to him. Let the Danes shoot if they were still alive. As he walked up the sixty yards of shore he was thinking, with a despairing cynicism unusual in him, that a death which could be called a hero's death would be convenient, because it would silence the Nazis in his command who suspected him of disloyalty to Germany, and would make sure of the safety of his wife and daughter, back at home in Germany.

There was no corpse by the door; nobody shot at him; nobody answered his shout. He walked straight to the door and threw it open. He flashed his torch round the room, found the electric-light switch and turned it on. Almost the first thing he saw was the signal from Greenland's colonial governor, Eske Brun, still hanging where Ib Poulsen, the leader of the sledge patrol, had pinned it to the wall for all his men to see. Ritter read it through: "Eliminate enemy forces by shooting or capture; take no chances, but shoot first." There was no compromise there, no possible hint of a peaceful solution. (Continued on Page 95)

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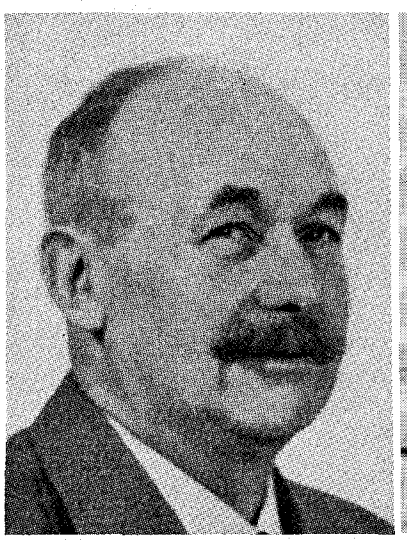

Henry Rudi, slowed by age, urged Kurt Olsen to go on without him.

Ib Poulsen nearly died in his efforts to warn his commander.

To Marius Jensen, the Nazi trap is still a very vivid memory.

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"I got showed up real good. You want to start wearing the pants around here?" I said.

Husbands Can't Win

He should have known that the cards were stacked against him.

By WILLIAM HEUMAN

Even in Brooklyn you get, maybe, ninety thousand miles on a car, and you begin to think it's time to turn her in, especially if you got a sneaky feeling that the guy you bought it from five or six years ago has turned the speedometer back another twenty or thirty thousand.

So this Saturday afternoon we're coming back from Jones Beach with the kids, and it's nothing but trouble. On the way out we have a flat, which even a good car can get, but it's coming home that we get the works, and good.

This jalopy of mine has been running on five cylinders for a long time, but this Saturday she must be down to about three, and she's overheating, which slows her down some more, and I have to pull over on the grass every so often to let her cool off.

We turn into our block in Flatbush, Brooklyn, and my wife, Mabel, talks for the first time in about fifteen miles, and she says, "Manny, this is the end. We'll have to get a new car."

"A new used car," I correct her. On what I make in the shop we got about as much chance of picking up one of them new models as an Eskimo has picking flowers at the North Pole.

"Whatever it is," she says, "we have to get it right away."

This I agree to, which makes it about the second time we agree on something since we been married, which is fourteen years. "So we'll take a little ride out along Atlantic Avenue tomorrow," I tell her, "an' we'll see what we can see."

I know this Danny Breitfeller, who is a nice guy, and who works at one of these big used-car lots, and I'm thinking the guy will give me a break on a trade-in, though I don't figure to pick up much on what I got here.

(Continued on Page 86)

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The Case of the DEAD MAN'S DAUGHTER

Casselman, the chiseler, was dead. Who had taken revenge on him?

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Perry Mason's beautiful client, Stephanie Falkner, was in a jam. Her father had been murdered for refusing to sell his shares in a Las Vegas property to a gambling syndicate. The syndicate was now high-pressuring Stephanie and another Mason client, Homer Garvin, Sr., who had purchased 15 per cent of the property at the time Stephanie was slated to be his daughter-in-law.

Stephanie had an appointment that evening with a George Casselman to discuss the property. Perry Mason tried to locate Garvin, but Garvin's new secretary, Eva Elliott, would not disclose his whereabouts. Later, Garvin called Mason and warned him that Casselman was dangerous. He asked the lawyer to handle his interest, as well as Stephanie's, in the property.

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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Mason's interview with the slippery Casselman was cut short by a mysterious telephone call. Outside, Mason saw Homer Garvin enter Casselman's apartment house, and then leave abruptly. Later Stephanie arrived. Shortly afterward, Mason saw a young woman running down the back stairs.

II

The lawyer slowed his car. The woman ran to the alley, emerged on the lighted street and reluctantly slowed her pace to a walk.

Mason brought his car to a stop. "Want a ride, Miss Falkner?"

She jumped back with a short half scream, then caught herself. "Oh, you startled me!"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. Everything all right?"

"Yes, of course."

"Get in. I'll drive you to your car. Did you get an offer?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Thirty thousand. He said it was all he could pay."

"Cash?"

"Yes. How long have you been out here?"

"Oh, for a while."

"What are you doing around here?"

"I saw Casselman."

"You did? Did he make you an offer?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"I'd prefer to have Homer Garvin tell you about that. As a lawyer, I'm in a position to get information, but not to give out any."

"I see," she said.

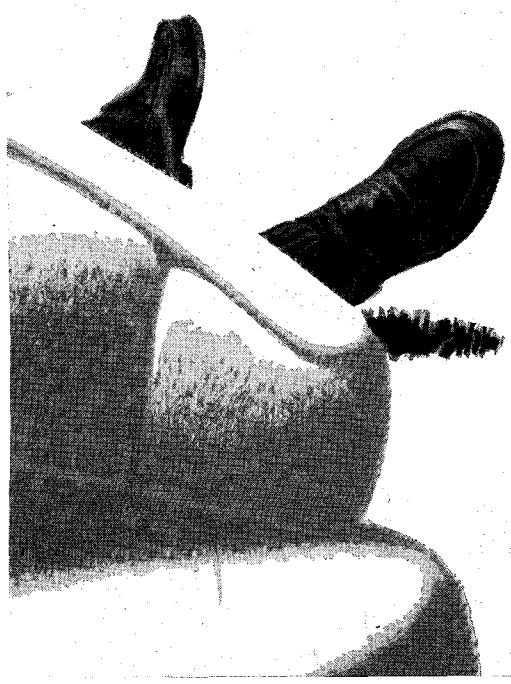
"Did you accept his offer?" Mason asked, slowing his car to a crawl.

"Certainly not. I told you I wouldn't."

"Any trouble?"

"Certainly not."

A maid found Casselman dead on the floor of his apartment, a bullet hole in the front of his chest.



"Then why didn't you come out the front door?"

She caught her breath sharply. "Where were you?"

"Out back."

She said, "I —— He was talking over the telephone, and—well, I wanted to hear what he was saying. I sneaked out into the kitchen. It sounded as though the conversation might go on for a long time; then all of a sudden he hung up. I was trapped. He went back to the front room and, of course, saw I wasn't there. So I sneaked out the back door."

Mason regarded her sharply. "You had some very compelling reason for trying to listen in on that conversation?"

"Yes. I heard him use the name Garvin, and at first I thought it was —— Well, it might have been Homer Garvin calling."

"Was it?"

"No. Apparently it was a woman."

"You don't know who this person was?"

"It could have been Junior's new wife. He was married in Chicago."

"Could you gather from his tone whether it was a business deal or perhaps something involving a romantic attachment?"

"No."

"Yet you heard some of the conversation?"

"Not enough to do any good."

Mason regarded her thoughtfully.

"Well, here's my car," she said. "I'm living at the Lodestar Apartments. You can call me there after you have got in touch with Mr. Garvin."

There was a definite note of dismissal in her voice. "I probably don't sound like it," she said, "but I'm very grateful to you."

Mason drove back to his office.

"Did you see Casselman?" Della Street asked.

Mason nodded.

"How is he? Dangerous?"

"If you had your back turned."

She said, "Homer Garvin phoned to say he'd be up here in about half an hour. He said he had just got in from Las Vegas."

"When did he phone, Della?"

"Five minutes ago."

Mason said, "Don't let me forget to congratulate him on his new daughter-in-law, Della."

Della Street laughed. "There was a certain urgency about his voice," Della Street said. "I think perhaps he has other matters on his mind."

They worked on letters until there was a tap at the door of Mason's office. Della Street opened the door. Homer Garvin, who, Mason's records showed, was fifty-one years old, yet who looked no older than forty, said, "Hello, Della," came across to shake hands with Mason, looked at his watch and said, "We're going to have to work fast, Perry. Have you seen Casselman?"

"Yes."

"What did he offer?"

"Thirty thousand dollars for your fifteen per cent interest."

"What did he offer Stephanie?"

"Thirty thousand dollars for her forty per cent interest."

"That can't be right, Mason! He surely wouldn't offer the same price for fifteen per cent as for forty per cent."

"Both represent a controlling interest."

Mason frowned as he swung open the cylinder. "You seem to have an empty cartridge in the gun, Miss Falkner," he said.

"Why—that just isn't right. He —— Let's go see Stephanie. I have something to tell her. What did you think of Casselman, Mason?"

"He's a cold-blooded crook."

Garvin said, "From information I have now acquired, I have every reason to believe he's the man who murdered Glenn Falkner, Stephanie's father."

"Evidence you can take to the police?"

"I think so, Perry. A few hours before his death, Glenn Falkner told a friend of his he had a business matter to discuss with Casselman. I have finally managed to trace down the car Casselman was driving at the time of Glenn Falkner's death. Casselman sold it within three days after the murder. He traded it in on a new car.

"Now you'll remember Glenn Falkner was riding in a car with somebody at the time he was murdered. The car was seen to come down the street at pretty good speed. The door on the right-hand side was flung open and a body was pushed out of the car. The car sped away. Horrified pedestrians ran up to the man and found that he was dead as a mackerel. He had been shot once (Continued on Page 44)

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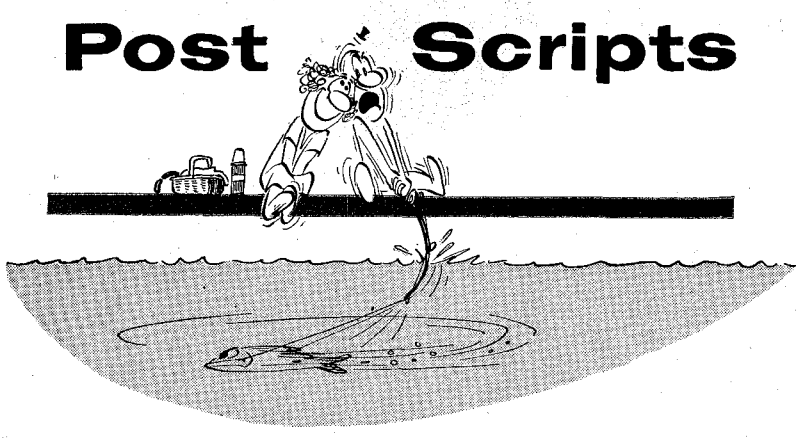
Post Scripts



Heinrich Schnibble at the Baseball Game

"Excusen meinself. Ist der game ben upstarten?"

"Not yet. They're just having a little pepper."

"Himmel! Mit sniffen und sneezen?"

"Oh, no! Pepper just means warming up —— Look, friend, I got no time to make jokes with a wise guy. Me, I came to watch a ball game."

"Ach, meinself also! After der sneezen, ist das home runnen ben beginnen?"

"I already told you, friend, I got no time —— Say, you're not kiddin', are you?"

"Ach, nein! Ich ben haten das kidden."

"Well, shake, friend. My name's Brinnick—Hal Brinnick."

"Meinself ist Heinrich Schnibble."

"Pleased to meet you, Schnibble. You know anything about baseball?"

"Ja, ja. Der hittenbatter ist knocken der outenfielders und runnen der foulenballer mit breakknecken speeden."

"Boy! I don't know what you said, but you sure sound mixed up. Now, watch the pitcher."

"Outpeepen der birdencager?"

"Outpeep—— No, that's the catcher outpeepen der bird—the mask. The pitcher's the one out in the middle. They're called the battery."

"Mit outspitzensparken?"

"Mit outwhatzen, Schnibble?"

"Ein battery mit outspitzen der sparken und shocken."

"Well, no. You see, der batzer—I mean, der batter—tries to hitz —— Uh—you'll see in a minute."

"Goot. Ach, du lieber, das pitchenflinger ben ein squirmer!"

"He's ben got a funny windup all right, but —— Here comes der batter—the one mit two bats."

"Mit maken ein doublisch play, ja?"

"Oh, no. Ein doublisch play ben when —— You just watch der game, and I'll explain as it goes along. Zowie! Look at that curve!"

"Meinself ist watchen der game."

"Meinself too. That was a curve der pitcher ist —— Another one right past him! Strike two!"

"Himmel! Das pitchenflinger ben upgoofen mit missen der hittenbat."

"No, he don't ben. You see, der pitchenflinger ist—I mean, he's ben trying to missen der hitten —— Holy smoke!"

"Ach! Ist der home runnen ben beginnen, ja?"

"Ach, ja, Schnibble! Der hittenbatter just ben knocken der spitzensparken outen das battery!"

DAVE MORRAH

Financial Report

Money's that stuff
Which trouble's akin to—
Which people run out of,
And things run into.

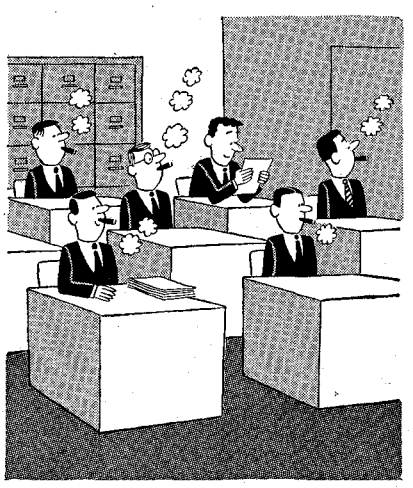
STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Guess Who?

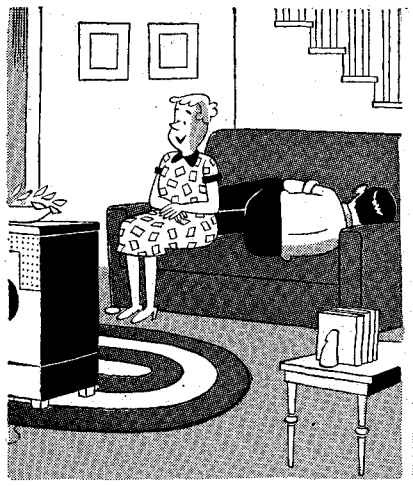
By BILL HARRISON

. . . . . is having a surprise party

. . . . . didn't go to the sale

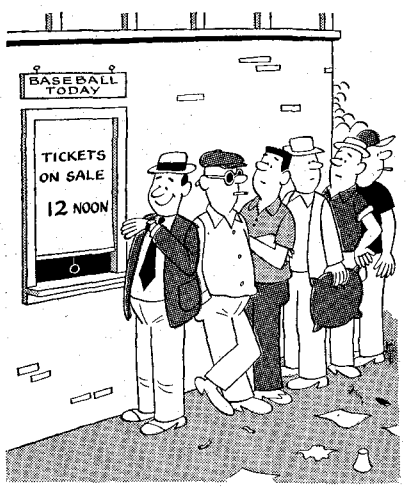


. . . . . has a new baby



. . . . . suggested watching the late show

. . . . . just got his allowance



. . . . . forgot his wallet

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Things are Pretty Slow Around Here

Dearest Imogene and Joe: Just a note to let you know
That we're thinking of you daily as you travel.
Everything's about the same here; you know how it is, it's tame here—
Or at least it was till your garage burst suddenly in flame here,
Which the local firemen fought right to the gravel.

You'll be pleased, I'm sure, in knowing that the boy you hired for mowing
Takes an interest in your lawn and likes to mind it;
He seems honest and resourceful and I'm certain he's remorseful
That your power mower hurled a stone (you know it's very forceful)
Through your picture window and the vase behind it.

As you asked us, we're collecting all your mail; quite unsuspecting,
I perused one which was mangled by our pup;
At a quick glance it appears that you're somewhat in arrears
In the payments on your income tax. Well, I must close now, dears,
But I'll let you know if anything comes up.

DICK EMMONS

Telephone Conversations I Can Figure Out

"Oh, yes. . . . I understand. . . . Sure, I appreciate how you feel. . . . Since last March, you say? . . . I hadn't realized it had run that —— Of course. . . . Yes, I know you wouldn't want to have to do that. . . . How's that? . . . By the end of this week at the very latest."

"You what? . . . How in the world did you ever manage? . . . But didn't you think to look at the —— O.K. O.K. Where are you calling from? . . . About six miles out the Westville road? . . . Red house with a green mailbox? . . . How far's the car from there? . . . Yeah, I'll be out as soon as ——"

"Speaking. . . . Yes, that's right; I'm his dad. . . . He what? . . . Three of them! . . . Nope, he hasn't said anything to me about it. . . . That's funny, because I've never known him to do anything like that here. . . . You saw him deliberately aim, eh? . . . Well, I'll get in touch with the hardware store first thing in the morning and have them send ——"

"Who? . . . Oh, yes. . . . Well, that's very flattering of you to say so, but —— Of course, but this just happens to be a particularly busy time of year for —— I hate to decline a worthy cause like that, but I expect to be out of town so much that —— Well . . . well . . . well, if you're positive it wouldn't entail more than three committee meetings at the outside ——"

PARKE CUMMINGS

How Were Things Back Then?

What were evenings like, I pray,
Without a television play?
Were we contented when no panels
Proved us dumb on all the channels?
Nights must have been devoid of purpose
Without someone to Wyatt Earp us;
Did we, perhaps, play acey-deucey
Before we fell in love with Lucy?
I simply can't, preceding video,
Imagine what in the world we dideo!

RICHARD HOLLOWAY

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Best thing ever happened to filter smo

The fresh taste of fine tobacco *in a filter cigarette!*

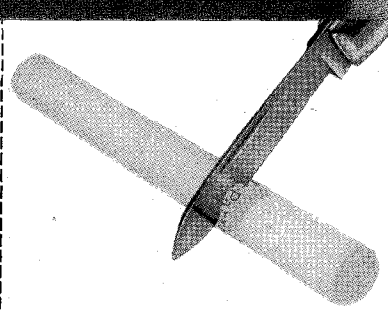
FILTER TIP

Hit Parade CIGARETTES

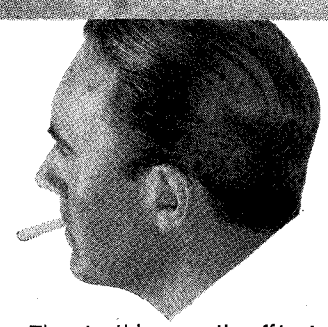
KING SIZE

Here's the TIP-OFF on filter smoking!

(In a cigarette, it's still the tobacco that counts! So make this test of the tobacco in your *filter-tip cigarette.*)



First, cut off filter tip from a Hit Parade . . . light up cigarette and notice its fine tobacco taste!



Then try this same tip-off test on any other filter cigarette. You'll taste the difference!

Hit Parade cigarettes win the TIP-OFF TEST every time!

"Tobacco is our middle name" The American Tobacco Company ©A.T

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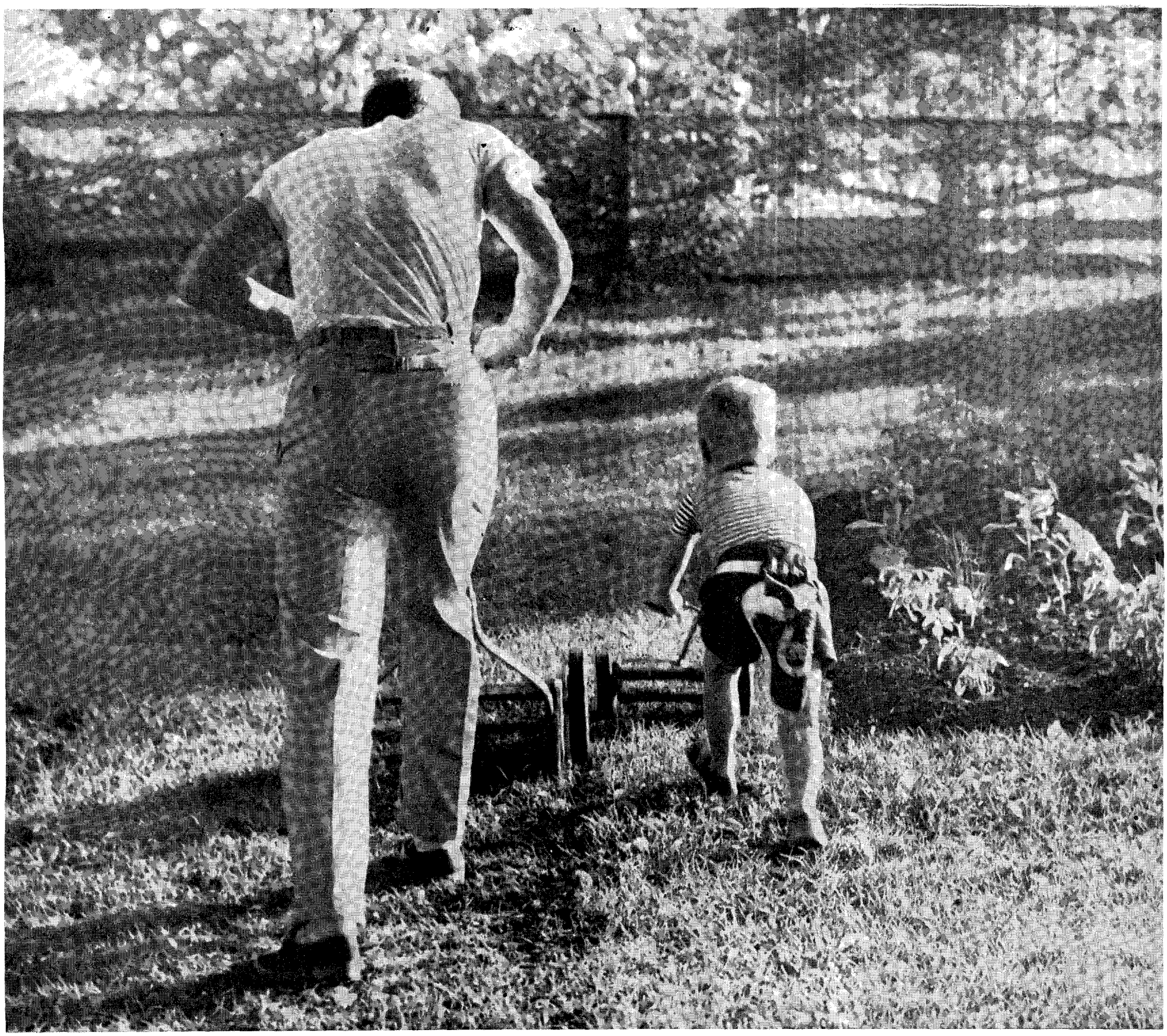

How to buy $10,000 more life insurance on a "do-it-yourself" budget!

New York Life's Whole Life policy gives your family at least $10,000 protection today . . . builds high cash values for an emergency or for a lifetime retirement income . . . all at very low premiums.

If you're a home handyman not only because you enjoy it but, more important, because it helps stretch the budget, too . . . then New York Life's Whole Life policy is for you.

Whole Life gives your wife and children the extra financial protection every man wants his family to have at a premium most every family should be able to afford. It assures your beneficiaries immediate cash, if you should die. If you live, Whole Life steadily builds high cash and loan values that give you a backlog for an emergency. When you reach retirement age, your Whole Life policy can pay you a regular monthly income *for the rest of your life!*

Best of all, premiums are remarkably low. Whole Life's $10,000 minimum face amount permits savings which are passed along to you. Issued at age 25 for example, the regular monthly premium for Whole Life is only $15.50. Issued at age 35, it's $20.80 and at 45, $29.70. Under Check-O-Matic®, New York Life's special monthly premium payment plan, the premium is only $14.95 issued at age 25, $20.05 at age 35, and $28.60 at age 45. And dividends can be used to reduce payments even further.

Your New York Life agent can give you complete details. So why not make your family's security another do-it-yourself project and call him right away? Or send a postcard to the address below.

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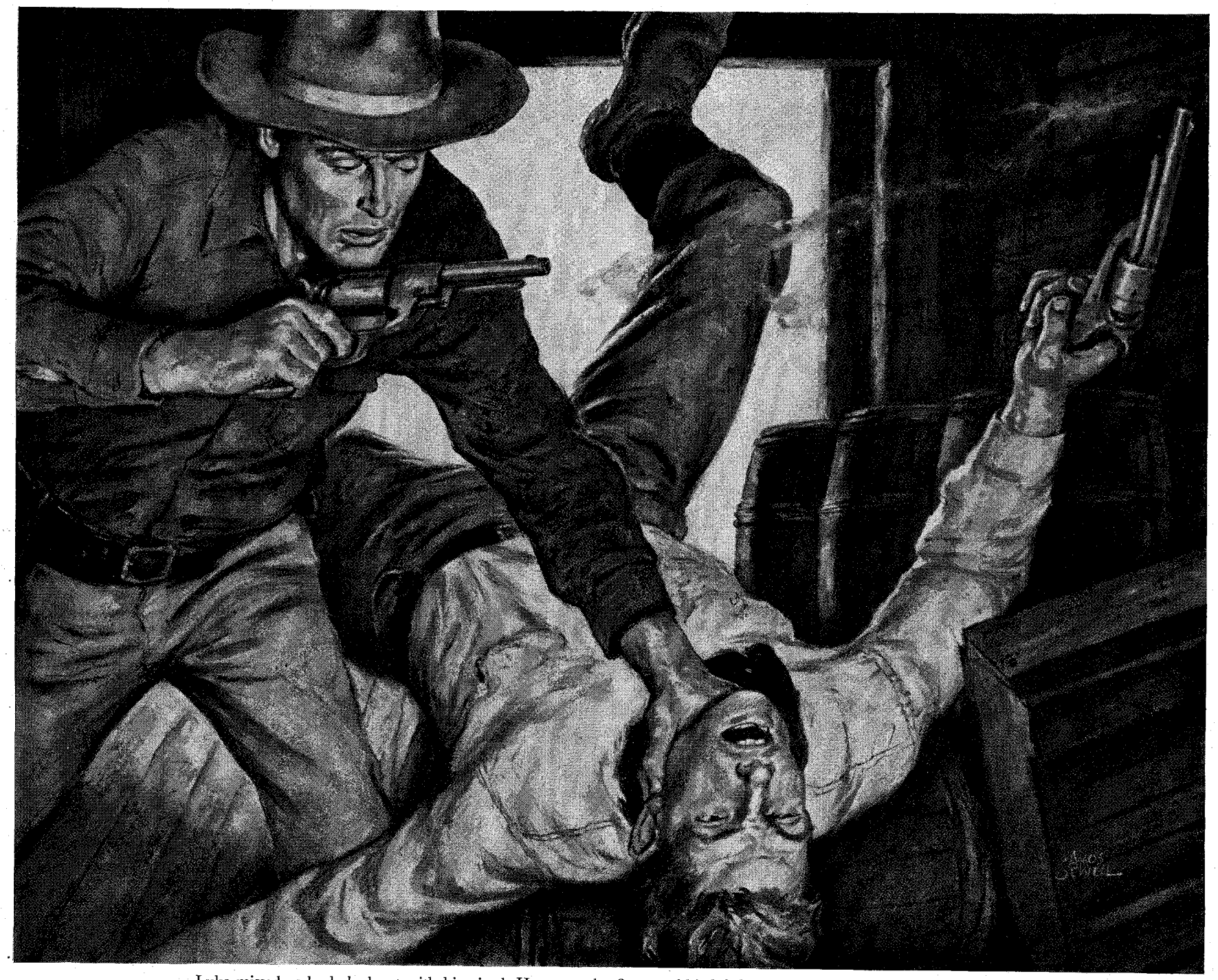

Luke missed as he lashed out with his pistol. However, the fingers of his left hand caught and held the man's throat.

California Passage

Storm intended to take the killer alive, even at the risk of his own life.

By CLIFF FARRELL

Caravan boss Menafee and his henchmen were determined that Luke and Ellen should not give them the slip before they reached the California coast. Luke Storm, who had agreed to guide the young woman west, knew the secret of her strange journey—she was wanted for the murder of her fiancé in connection with a $200,000 bank embezzlement in Baltimore plotted by her father. Ellen earlier admitted to Luke that she was desperately anxious to meet her fleeing father's ship and that there were extenuating circumstances in her case. Meanwhile, Menafee and his gang, who had also discovered her secret, planned to follow Ellen to the bank loot and to dispose of anyone who stood in their way. Luke's life was thus in constant jeopardy. Once already the mysterious Vance Cameron had saved him. Now the plight of the surviving members of the wagon train grew desperate. For Fort Relief, the trading post where they had expected to winter, had been destroyed by Indians. They had no choice but to push on over the last, perilous mountain barrier. Tempers grew taut as the mounting dangers increased the friction between Luke and the Menafee gang.

CONCLUSION

That saved the horse. Thorne, startled, held his fire. He wheeled around. The lust to strike was still in him. He started to swing his pistol in Luke's direction. But he saw the smoking gun in Luke's hand and that stopped him. He holstered his six-shooter, swung angrily into the saddle and raked the horse vengefully with the spur he wore on his left boot. He rode ahead without looking back. Luke put away his pistol and said, "We'll likely need that horse later on."

(Continued on Page 81)

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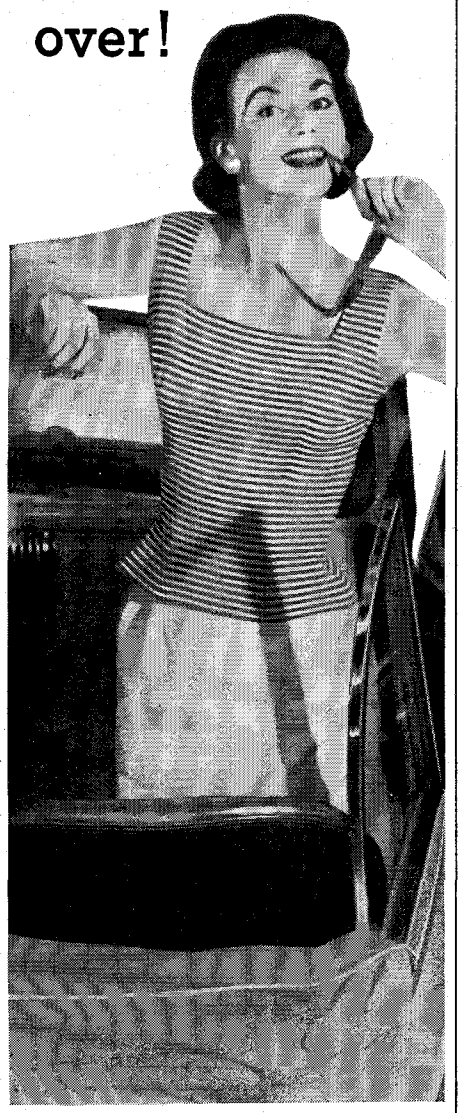
My constipation worries are over!



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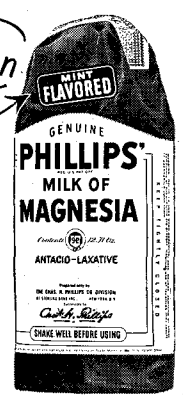
A NEW addition



Phillips' is now also available in Flavored Form at the same price as Regular

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
REGULAR · FLAVORED

The Case of the Dead Man's Daughter

(Continued from Page 39)

in the head, twice through the body. One of the bullets was still in the body. One of the bullets had gone all the way through.

"The car Casselman was driving at that time, or at least the car that he owned at that time, had been pretty carefully cleaned up, but by looking with a magnifying glass I could still find several small spots down between the opening of the door and the side of the front seat. There is also a dent in the metal of the door frame which in all probability was made by a bullet."

"Of course," Mason said, "that's very interesting. It is a clue. It's what we might call a suspicious circumstance. However, it's not proof."

"I know. When I confront Casselman with that evidence he's going to start explaining. Then I may get proof."

"When you confront him with it?" Mason said.

Garvin flipped back the lapel of his coat. "I'm not afraid of the cheap crook. I'd shoot the guy like a dog if he so much as lifted a finger against us."

Mason said sharply, "Do you have a license to carry that?"

"Don't be silly," Garvin said. "I have something better than a license. I'm a deputy sheriff. I'm supposed to carry arms. I have several revolvers and I'm not foolish enough ever to be without one."

Mason regarded Garvin thoughtfully. "Where do you keep those other guns?"

"Various places. Junior has one; there's always one in my safe. I own a sporting-goods store among my other investments. I always carry a gun."

Della Street caught Perry Mason's eye. Mason got her signal and turned to Homer Garvin.

"By the way," he said, "I see you're to be congratulated on a new daughter-in-law."

Garvin sighed. "Yes," he said. "I haven't seen her yet. I talked with her on the telephone and gave the couple my blessing."

"She's a nice-looking girl," Della Street said.

"Leave it to Junior! He picks them nice looking. The trouble with him is that he's restless, no emotional stability. A year or so ago it was all Eva Elliott. He wanted to marry her. Then that blew up. I felt sorry for Eva and gave her a job in the office when Marie left. By that time, Junior was rushing Stephanie Falkner. You may not know it, but that's how I became interested in this Falkner corporation. Six months ago I thought that Stephanie Falkner was going to be one of the family—and, hang it, I wish she had been. There's a fine, level-headed girl! She could have been a balance wheel for Junior. Well, I hope he settles down now. . . . Mason, what the devil are we going to do about this situation with Casselman?"

"Let's go have a talk with Stephanie Falkner," Mason said.

"Do you suppose it's too late?" Garvin asked.

"We can find out," Mason told him. "Della, ring the Lodestar Apartments and see if Stephanie can talk with me. Tell her that you and I would like to come over."

"You want me along?" Della Street asked.

Mason nodded. "There might be a stock-pooling agreement to write up."

Della Street went out to put through the telephone call.

"Gosh! What a pleasure it is to have a real dependable secretary," Garvin said. "I can't begin to tell you how I miss Marie Arden."

"Marie Barlow now," Mason said.

Garvin frowned. "There should be a law against secretaries' committing matrimony," he said. "Hang it, Mason! Do you know she's never been in to see me since she got married. I just can't understand it."

Mason said, "For your information, Homer, she was in twice to see you. She got such a cold shoulder from your new secretary that she made up her mind she wasn't wanted."

"You mean Eva Elliott kept her from coming in to see me?" Garvin asked incredulously.

"That's right. She told her you were busy. She didn't even offer to ring your telephone."

"Why—why —— Well, that makes me feel a lot better."

"Better?" Mason asked.

"Yes," Garvin said. "I fired Eva Elliott tonight. I got back and asked her what the devil she meant by not telling you where I was. She told me that I'd told her not to tell anyone and that she was simply following instructions. That girl is completely show crazy. She wants to dramatize everything she does in terms of what some actress has done on film somewhere. I got good and tired of it. I ——"

Della Street returned from the switchboard, said, "Miss Falkner says to come right over."

"Come on," Mason said, "let's go."

Stephanie Falkner opened the door, said, "Hello, Mr. Mason. . . . Hello, Miss Street. . . . Homer!"

Garvin said, "I tagged along, Stephanie."

She gave him both her hands. "Congratulations! Have you seen her?"

"Not yet," Garvin said. "I'm just back from Las Vegas and I've been busy."

"You'll love her, Homer. I was in Las Vegas when she was a hostess and prop bathing girl at one of the pools. She's a darling. . . . Come on in! I'll rustle up some chairs." She ushered them into the simple apartment and said, "Can I buy you folks a drink?"

"No, thanks," Garvin said. "We're here on business."

"Oh." Her face fell.

Garvin said, "I'm going to give it to you straight from the shoulder, Stephanie. It's about your father."

"Go ahead."

He said, "I haven't anything that I can go to the authorities with as yet, but George Casselman was the man who killed your father."

"I see," she said, her face suddenly wooden, and she added, "I wish I'd known that a little earlier this evening."

"All right," Garvin said, "let's put it on a business basis. I picked up stock in that motel corporation to help you when I thought you were going to be one of the family. It isn't efficient for that little motel to continue to operate as it's now operating. The property has become too valuable. It's time for you to sell out."

"Yes," she said; "I think so too."

Garvin said, "I think Casselman is a chiseler. I doubt if he actually represents the syndicate. I think he's an independent operator, but, of course, the syndicate would be glad to do business with him if he had the property. It's my plan to go direct to the syndicate and find out what their best offer is. In order to do that I want to be in a position to close out the deal. Now then, tell me, what do you actually want for your stock?"

"I was offered thirty thousand dollars by Casselman," she said. "I'll take anything over thirty thousand."

"All right," Garvin said; "give me a ten-day option to sell your stock at eighty thousand dollars, and if I can get anything above that, we'll split the profits. You take half and I take half. I'll put my stock in at the same time, at the same price ratio, and we'll make a deal

"Gerald, honey, will you bring me a couple of suitcases from the attic, like a dear? I'm leaving you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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with the syndicate. We'll split anything above that figure fifty-fifty."

"Fair enough," she said. "Only you can't get eighty thousand for my stock."

"You have a typewriter here, Stephanie?"

She nodded.

"All right, let's draw up a document.... Mason, you can dictate it and we'll sign it right now."

Stephanie Falkner found stationery and carbon paper. Della Street sat at the typewriter and typed as Mason dictated a short form of agreement. When he had finished, she ratcheted the paper out of the typewriter, handed one copy to Mason, one to Stephanie Falkner, one to Garvin.

"O.K.?" Garvin asked Stephanie after he had read it.

"O.K.," she said.

"Let's sign."

They signed the agreement.

"Well," Mason said, "I guess that covers everything we can do tonight.... You'll be in touch with me in the morning, Homer?"

"Probably," Garvin said.

Della Street flashed Mason a glance and said, "Well, I'm a working girl. I should be getting home."

"I'll drive you home," Mason said.

... ...

Lives of
Great Men
All Remind Us

How many a genius was
just a crackpot
Until he managed to hit
the jackpot.

By Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

... ...

Garvin hesitated a moment, then said to Stephanie Falkner, "Now I'll take that drink, Stephanie."

Stephanie Falkner saw them to the door, stood watching them down the corridor; then, as they entered the elevator, the door closed gently.

"Now," Mason said, "why should she keep insisting Casselman only offered her thirty thousand dollars for forty per cent of the stock when he offered me that same amount for fifteen per cent of the stock, and offered to buy it all at the same rate?"

"Any ideas?" Della Street asked.

"No," Mason said, "but I'm certain that if it hadn't been for that phone call, he was going to make me a firm offer of eighty thousand for her stock and thirty thousand for Garvin's stock."

"Then the phone call caused him to change his mind?"

"Something did," Mason said.

"Someone who saw him?"

"No one entered the apartment house except —— Oh, well, let's let things wait until tomorrow. We may know a lot more when we see Garvin again."

The next morning Mason was just turning in to the foyer of the building where he had his office when he became conscious of Della Street at his side.

"Hi, chief," she said in a low voice. "Thought I'd catch you before you'd get to the office. Want to keep walking?"

Mason glanced at her in surprise. "What's wrong, Della?"

"*Perhaps a lot.*"

They fell into step, moving along in a stream of early-morning pedestrian traffic.

"What gives?" Mason asked.

Della Street said, "Lieutenant Tragg is waiting in the foyer of the building to collar you as soon as you show up. I tried to ring you at your apartment, but you'd left."

"What does Tragg want?"

She said, "George Casselman has become a corpse. The news was on the radio. A maid opened the door of his apartment with a passkey and found him dead on the floor, a big bullet hole in his chest."

"When was the time of death?"

"No information on that, as yet."

"Why does Tragg want to see me?"

"I'm just putting two and two together and making eight."

"Good girl!" Mason said. "I have one very important thing to do. Let's catch a cab and see if we can find out something important before we have to answer a lot of questions."

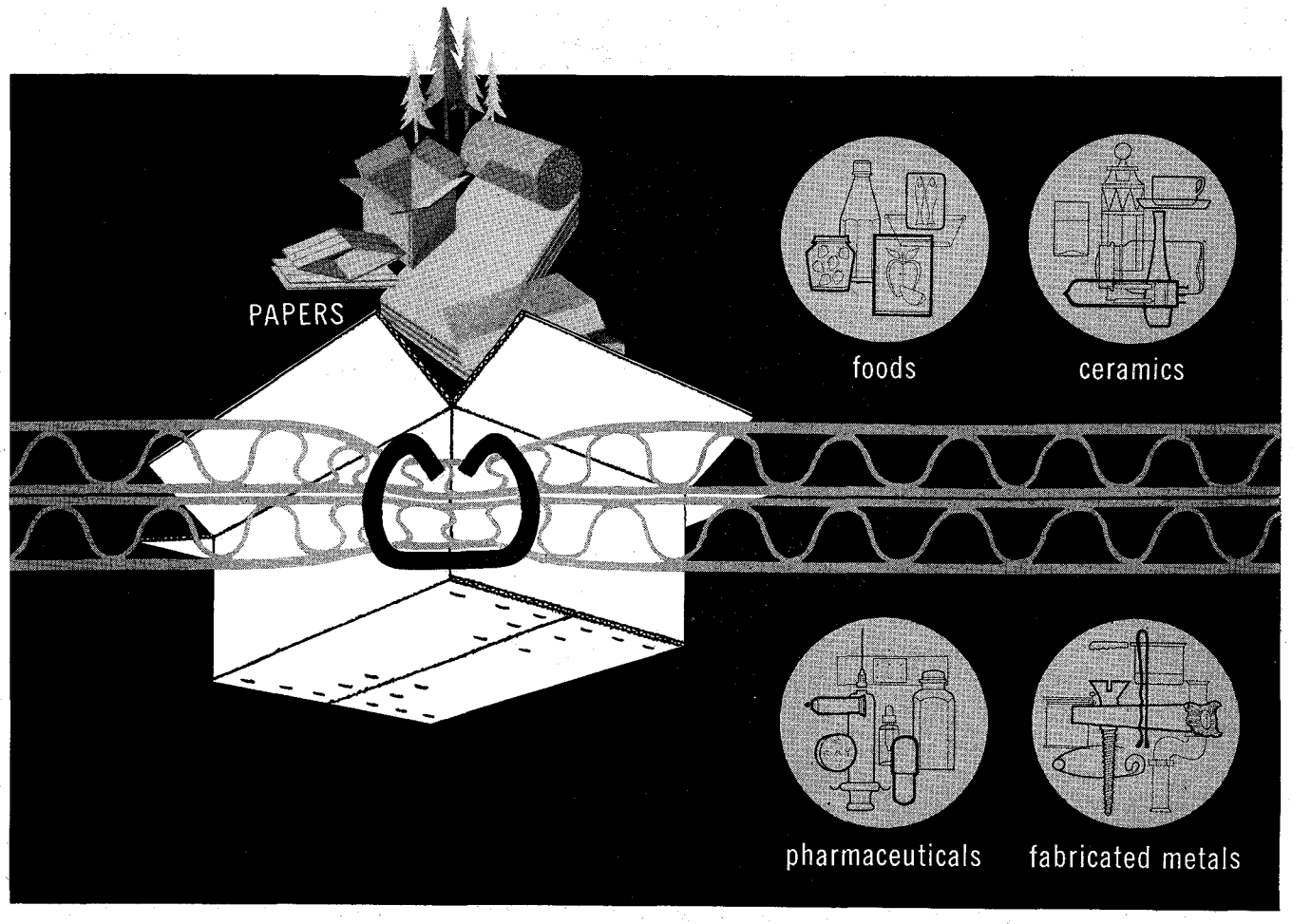
Mason walked over to the curb, caught a cab and said, "Lodestar Apartments."

Della Street glanced at him. "We don't telephone first?"

Mason shook his head.

"Surely, chief, you don't think ——"

"Exactly," Mason said. "I'm not doing any thinking yet. I want information, then I'll start thinking. For your confidential, private and exclusive information, Homer Garvin called on George Casselman around eight-fifteen yesterday evening. He didn't see fit to tell me about that visit, so I said nothing to anyone. Also for your confidential information and as food for thought, if, when Stephanie Falkner called on Casselman at eight-thirty last night, she found she was interviewing a corpse, and had subsequently been asked what she had been



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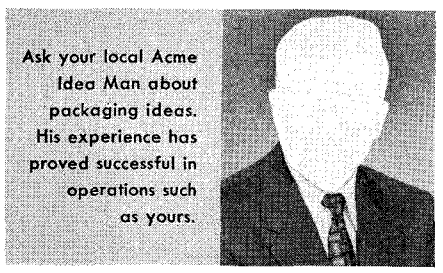

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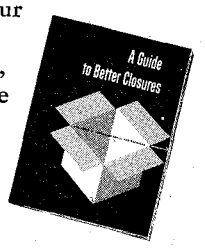

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offered for her stock, she'd have had to make up a fictitious figure. That might account for the discrepancy between what Casselman offered me for Garvin's stock and what she said she had been offered for hers."

"Oh-oh!" Della Street exclaimed. "I never thought of it in that light, chief. I guess I'm a little dumb this morning."

"Nothing dumb about the way you stood down there on the sidewalk waiting to catch me as I left the parking lot."

Just then the driver drew up in front of the Lodestar Apartments.

"Better wait," Mason told him. "We'll be back within a few minutes."

Mason and Della Street entered the apartment house. They took the elevator to the third floor and walked down to Stephanie Falkner's apartment.

Mason tapped gently on the door.

Stephanie Falkner called through the closed door, "Who is it?"

"Mr. Mason."

"Are you alone?"

"Miss Street's with me."

The bolt clicked on the door. Stephanie Falkner, dressed in a housecoat and slippers, said, "Everything's in a mess. I'm a slow starter in the mornings. Can I fix you some coffee?"

"No, thanks," Mason said. "We just wanted to get a little information."

"All right, what's the information?"

"When we left here last night, Homer Garvin was here?"

She nodded.

"How long did he stay here?"

For a moment her face broke into an expression of anger. "None of your damn business!" she flared.

Mason said, "I'm sorry. We're making it our business. For your information, George Casselman turned up very, very dead in his apartment this morning."

Her gray eyes surveyed Mason's face, then shifted to Della Street's face. "Find chairs," she said. "Sit down."

The folding bed had not as yet been made, and she seated herself on the edge of the bed.

Mason looked at the rumpled pillows on the bed, suddenly jumped to his feet, walked to the bed, jerked one of the pillows aside and disclosed a snub-nosed revolver.

Mason stood looking down at the revolver. "Unless I'm greatly mistaken," he said, "this is very similar to the revolver which Homer Garvin had in his shoulder holster last night."

She said nothing.

Mason leaned over and picked up the revolver.

"In case you want to know," she said after a moment, "Homer was concerned about my personal safety. He was going to try to do something with the syndicate and —— Well, you know what the syndicate did once before."

"So he left his gun here with you for your protection?"

"That's right."

Mason looked the weapon over, smelled the barrel, frowned, swung open the cylinder, and said, "You seem to have one empty cartridge in the gun, Miss Falkner."

"I don't have any empty cartridges in any gun," she said. "It is not my gun. I tell you Mr. Garvin left it here last night for my protection. I didn't want it and I don't want it."

Mason abruptly went to the bed and put the gun back under the pillow where he had found it.

"Now what?" she asked.

Mason said, "I am not representing you. I am not your attorney. I am not a police officer, and I have no right to question you, but I want to know if you went out last night after we left you."

She said, "I haven't been out of this apartment since the last time you saw me."

Mason nodded to Della Street.

"All right," Stephanie said, "George Casselman has been murdered. He's the man who killed my father. What do you expect me to do? Break down and have hysterics? Look," she went on, "you're a lawyer. You're clever. You know the ropes. You're representing Homer Garvin. You aren't representing me. You'd do anything in your power to save your client. You'd throw me to the wolves so Homer Garvin could get away."

"That's rather an inaccurate description of my attitude," Mason said, "but we'll let it go at that. . . . Come on, Della."

"Now where?" Della Street asked as the door of the apartment closed.

"Now we go hunt up Homer Garvin, and we hunt him up fast. We hope we get there before the police do."

"Do they have any line on him?"

"They will if Stephanie Falkner tells them about the gun."

"And will she tell them about the gun?"

"She will if she's smart. Think what it would mean if that should turn out to be the murder weapon."

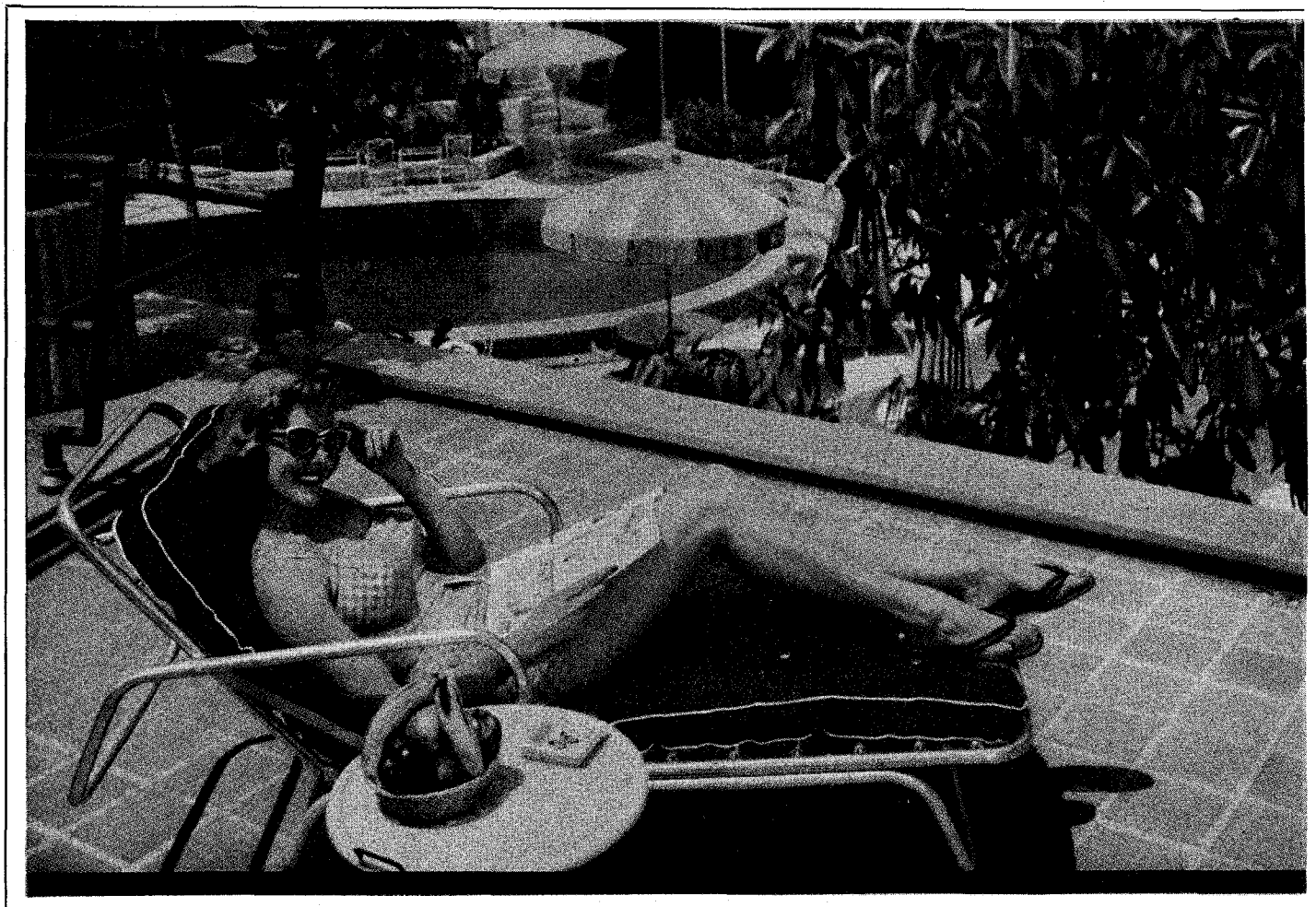
"Shouldn't you have taken it?"

Mason held the elevator door open for Della Street. "Not on your life," he said. "It's too hot for me to handle."

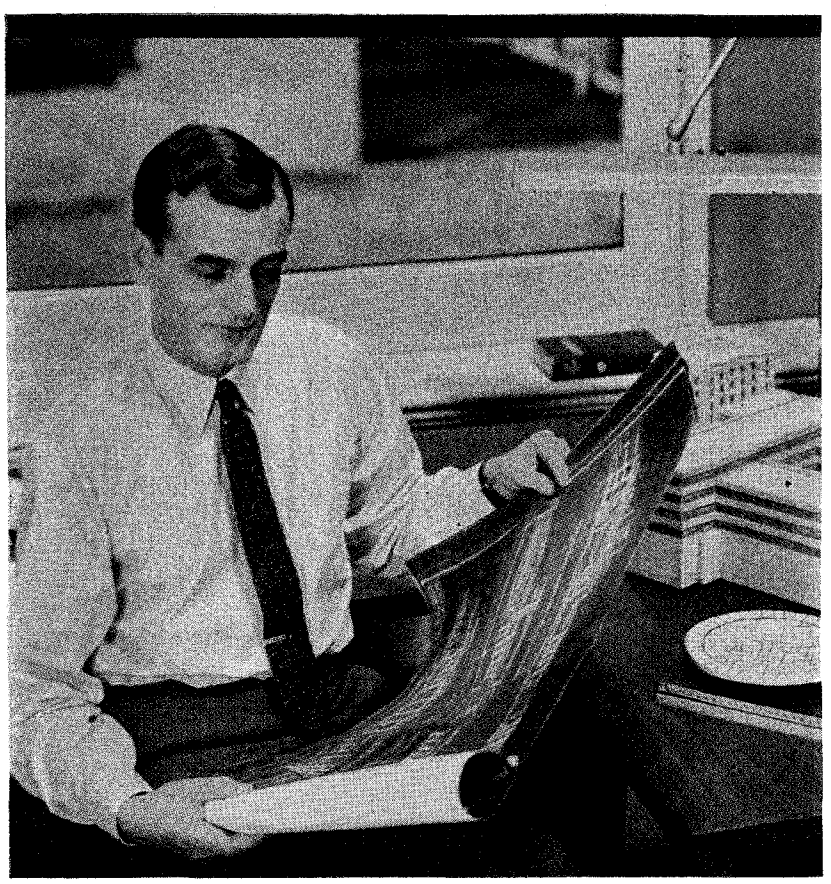
They went down in the elevator, crossed the lobby, entered the cab, and Mason gave the address of Homer Garvin's office.

"Think he'll be there?" Della Street asked.

"He'll either be there or we'll find out where we can locate him," Mason said.



The sun deck . . . the architect . . . and the



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The cab deposited them at the building where Garvin had his office. "Keep on holding it," Mason said. "We shouldn't be long."

He and Della Street were whisked up in an express elevator. Mason walked down the corridor to the door which said: HOMER H. GARVIN, INVESTMENTS. ENTER. The door was locked.

Mason knocked on the door of the office; then walked around the corridor to the door marked, HOMER H. GARVIN, PRIVATE, and knocked on that door.

"Guess there's no one home," Mason said. "Let's go down to the lobby and get busy on the telephone, Della."

In the lobby Della dialed Garvin's apartment, waited, and said, "No answer."

"All right," Mason said to Della Street; "try Homer Garvin, Jr."

"He's on a honeymoon."

"Not in the used-car business," Mason told her. "He had his honeymoon in Chicago. Say it's about a car you want to buy, and you want to talk with him personally."

Della Street nodded, put through the call, spent a few moments arguing with a salesman; then opened the door of the booth to say, "He's coming on the line."

"O.K.," Mason said; "let me take it."

A brisk voice came over the receiver, "Yes, hello. This is Garvin talking."

"Perry Mason, Homer."

"Oh, yes. How are you, counselor?"

"Fine! Congratulations!"

"Well, thanks. Thanks a million!" he said. "It was—it was rather sudden, but, after all, that's the way I do things."

"Going to be out there for a few minutes?" Mason asked.

"Sure, I'm on the job all morning. What can I do for you?"

"We're coming out," Mason said. "I want to talk with you."

"O.K., I'll be here."

The cab driver slowed down as he came to the address Mason had given him. "Some place here you wanted?" he asked. "This is a used-car lot."

"That's the place," Mason said. "Right in there."

"O.K." The driver turned in through an archway over which crimson letters some six feet high spelled out: GIVE-AWAY GARVIN.

The office building was a one-story rambling affair. Several salesmen were on duty, talking with customers or looking for prospects.

Wire-Brier

By Louise McNeill

Let us remember, here recall
Old rhymes chanted when
we were small;
Never, never to step on
cracks;
Beware of hoptoads with
warty backs;
And, "A bushel of wheat
and a bushel of rye;
Who's not ready holler I."

Let us remember, live again
Twilight evenings when we
were ten,
With hide-and-seek on the
summer lawn,
The fireflies lighting us off
and on;
And how we ran to the old
yard tree
And touched it, shouting
our one, two, three,
"A bushel of wheat and a
bushel of clover;
Who's not ready can't hide
over."

Mason told the cab to wait, smiled at the salesmen, said, "I'm looking for the skipper," and entered the office.

Homer Garvin, Jr., was twenty-seven years of age, unusually tall, with dark hair, dark, restless eyes and quick, nervous gestures. He was wearing an expensively tailored suit and was talking over the telephone as Mason entered the office.

"All right. All right," Garvin said into the telephone, looking up at Mason as he did so. "My lawyer's here. I've got to talk over this thing with him. I'll have to call you back. . . . No, I can't say when. . . . I may be busy. . . . Good-by."

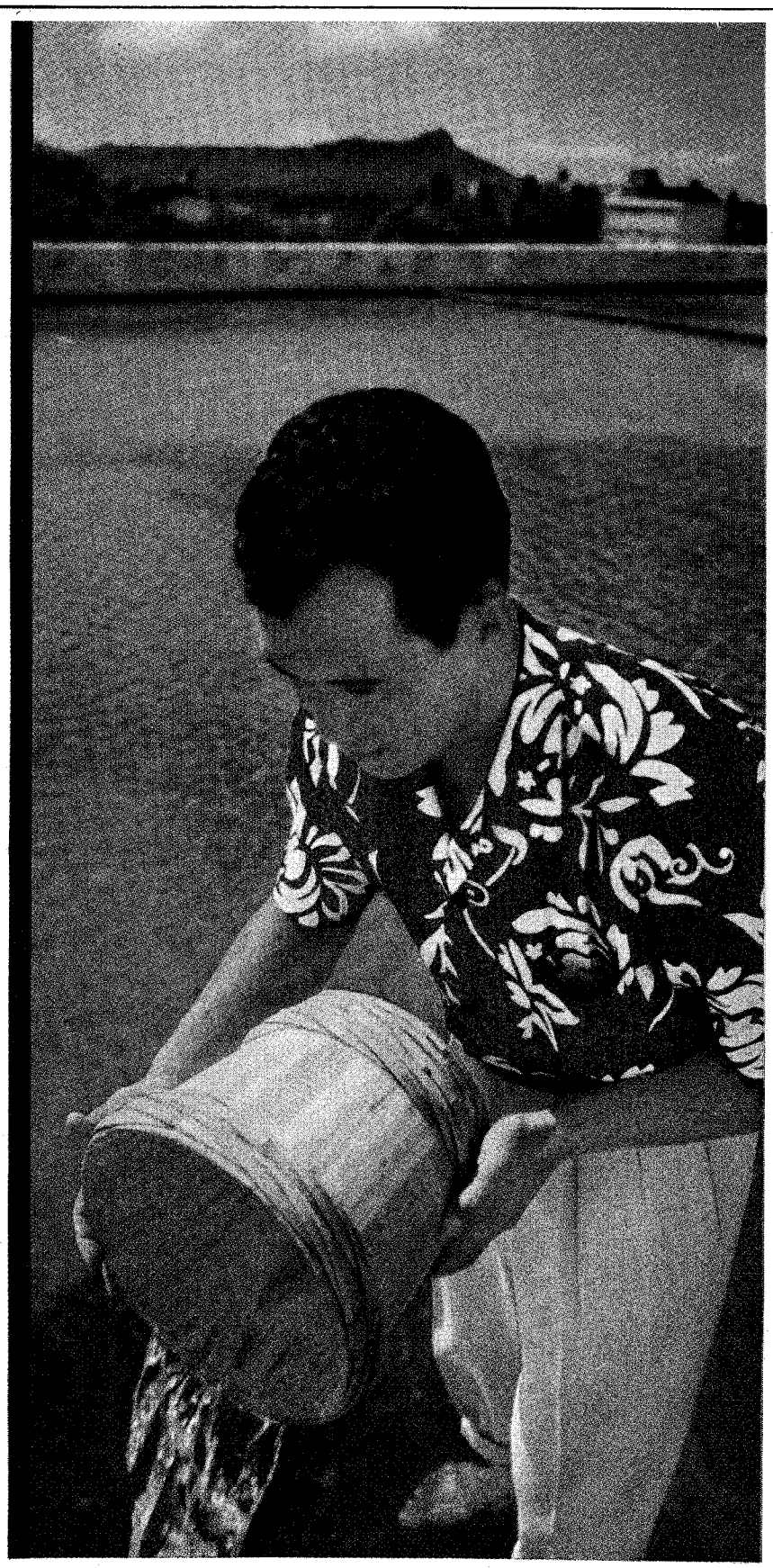
Garvin slammed up the receiver, pushed back the swivel chair, jumped to his feet and came toward Mason with outstretched hands.

"Well, well, well! How are you, counselor? I haven't seen you for quite a while!"

"It's been a little while," Mason said. "You're looking fine. Congratulations!"

Young Garvin bowed modestly. "She's a wonderful girl, counselor. I don't know how I managed to hypnotize her. I guess it's just good old salesmanship paying off. . . . How are you, Miss Street? You're certainly looking fine."

"Thank you."



fish on the roof

You'd be pleasantly surprised at what you find on roof tops nowadays. For instance—bathing beauties. Thanks to architectural ingenuity, many roofs are doubling as sun decks. But not just any roof will do. A special type of watertight construction, called Built-Up Roofing, is needed. It's made up of layers of Koppers coal-tar pitch and felt, covered with gravel. For promenade use, the deck is given a surface of ceramic tile.

You not only find bathing beauties on Koppers Built-Up Roofs, but sometimes even *fish!* A department store in Hawaii covered its Koppers roof with 6 inches of water to keep the building cool, then put fish in the water to prevent mosquitos from settling there.

Producing long-lived, watertight roofing materials is but one more facet of Koppers many-sided industrial program to make our daily living easier, safer and more pleasant.

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Mason said, "We wanted to get in touch with your dad, Junior, and his office is closed."

"The office closed!" Junior exclaimed. "Why, the office should be open. Eva Elliott should be there."

"I have an idea she's no longer with your dad. Do you know where he is?"

"Why, no! I haven't —— As a matter of fact, I haven't seen dad since we got back. . . . To tell you the truth, Mr. Mason, there's just a trace of a misunderstanding, a little friction. Dad will come around all right, but he thought I was playing fast and loose, and —— Well, you know how it is. It's hard to get the older generation to understand us younger people."

"You're talking about friction with your father over business matters?" Mason asked.

"No, a difference over personal affairs," Garvin said. "Gee! I'm sorry I can't help you, Mr. Mason. . . . How about looking at a car while you're down here?"

"I'm afraid not," Mason said. "How about Eva Elliott, your father's secretary? If she isn't at the office, where would she be?"

"You'd have to catch her at her apartment, I guess."

"Do you know where she lives?"

"Sure. Wait a minute. I have it here."

Young Garvin opened a drawer in the desk, took out a little black notebook, thumbed through the pages, said, "She lives in the Monadnock Apartments, Apartment Three-seventeen, and her telephone number is Pacific Seven—two-four-eight-one. But she'll be at the office. She may have stepped out for a little while, but she's there. Thoroughly efficient, up on her toes all the time. And she's sure a pretty girl. Walk into that office and see her sitting there with the back lighting on her blond hair, and it's a pretty picture."

"Well, I'll go take a look at the picture," Mason said. "If your father gets in touch with you, tell him that I want to see him on a matter of some urgency."

"I'll do that," Garvin promised. . . . "How about a car for you, Miss Street? We've got some dandies here, and I'd be in a position to give you folks the real low-down."

"Some other time," Della Street smiled. "Right now I'm a working girl."

Junior escorted them out to the taxicab, looked at the cab with some disfavor and said, "Just the mileage that you're paying on this cab would —— Oh, well, never mind. I'll tell my dad if he gets in touch with me, counselor."

The cab driver slammed the door and drove out of the used-car lot.

"Where to now?" he asked.

"Monadnock Apartments," Mason said. "You know where that is?"

The driver nodded, eased the cab out into traffic. "About a ten-minute run," he said.

"O.K.," Mason told him.

Della Street said, "Now the trouble Junior had with his dad must have started when he telephoned his dad from Chicago and told him that he was married or that he was just about to get married."

Mason nodded.

"Do you suppose it was because his dad had suspected he was doing wrong by Stephanie Falkner?"

"It's hard to tell what caused the trouble," Mason said, "but quite evidently there's a bit of feeling. It will be interesting to see what Eva Elliott has to say about the marriage."

"There's just a possibility," Della Street said, "that Eva Elliott doesn't feel very cordially toward you."

"I would say that was a masterly understatement," Mason said.

The Monadnock Apartments proved to be one which had an outer door and a push-button system, with communication from the apartments. Mason found a key on his ring which fitted the outer door, and he and Della Street went to Apartment 317. Mason knocked on the door of the apartment, one sharp knock, a pause, three short knocks, a pause, then two short knocks.

Almost instantly the door was thrown open. Eva Elliott, dressed for the street, said, "Well, you have a crust to ——" She stopped short as she saw Mason and Della Street on the threshold.

"Oh," she said. "I thought it was someone else."

"I want to talk with you a minute," Mason said. "May we come in? This is Miss Street, my secretary."

"I don't have much time this morning. I'm going out. I have an appointment and ——"

"It will only take a few minutes."

She yielded the point with poor grace. "Well, come on in."

"You're not with Mr. Garvin any more?" Mason asked.

"Thanks to you," she said, but without bitterness, "I am not."

"Thanks to me?"

"Mr. Garvin said that I should have told you where he was."

"You knew?" Mason asked.

"I knew, but he told me not to tell anyone. In my vocabulary, Mr. Mason, anyone means anyone."

"Do I gather that there are some hard feelings?"

She said, "If you ask me, I think the whole Garvin family stinks. I did think that only the son was a rotter, but I guess it's a question of 'like father like son,' and vice versa."

Mason said, "I dislike to see you lose your job on account of some misunderstanding, particularly one that had something to do with my calling on you."

"Don't give it a thought," she said. "I'm a lot better off than I would be sitting in that stuffy old office, wasting my time. I've got places to go and things to do, and it's about time I started."

"Would you mind telling me about it?" Mason asked.

She said, "Mr. Garvin got back from Las Vegas. He had a chip on his shoulder, and I knew it the minute he walked into the office. He had telephoned and asked me to wait until he arrived. He said I could have dinner and put it on the expense account. Not a word about overtime. Just a dinner on the expense account. And I have to watch my figure. The plan I've laid out for my life calls for grace, a certain amount of poise and not too much avoirdupois."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well, as you're probably aware, Mr. Garvin's office has a nice tile shower and dressing room. In fact, the place is fitted up almost like an apartment. I've known times when he's been expecting an important long-distance call, that he'd stay right there in his office for twenty-four hours at a time.

"Well, he came back from Las Vegas, and I could see that he was terribly worked up about something. I hoped he'd get it off his chest and leave me at least part of the evening free; but not him. He is just as selfish as his son. He told me he was all dirty and sticky from the trip, and he was going to take a shower. So he popped into his dressing room and took a shower, and left me cooling my heels out there in the outer office until he came out all nicely fixed up with a clean suit out of his closet, and then he proceeded to jump on me."

"And you?" Mason asked.

She said, "I told him I didn't have to take that from anybody. I told him that when he gave me instructions I followed them, and that, as far as I was concerned, he could take his job and give it to somebody else."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that suited him all right, and I went out of the office."

"What time was this?" Mason asked.

"He got in early enough, about eight-forty-five I guess, and he kept me waiting while he was getting all cool and comfortable so he could pick on me. I just kept getting madder and madder."

"Now, wait a minute. What time did this interview take place?"

"I guess it was a little after nine."

"And he told you he'd just got in from Las Vegas?"

"That's what he said."

"Did he drive in from Las Vegas or fly?"

"I don't know."

"How long had he been in Las Vegas?"

"Two days."

"May I ask what you intend to do now?"

"What I intend to do do now," she said, "is do what I should have done a long time ago: devote myself to my stage career."

"I didn't know you'd been on the stage."

"Well, I—I didn't say I'd been on the stage, but I've had training for the stage. I'm being interviewed this morning for a bit part, and I'm going to have to go right now, Mr. Mason. I'm sorry. I don't have any hard feelings against you, but I think I've received a raw deal."

"You're finished at the office?" Mason asked.

"Am I finished? I hope to tell the world I'm finished. . . . Now I don't like to have to throw you out, but out you go. You've taken up too much of my time already. Why don't you ask Mr. Garvin what happened? He'll tell you."

"I wanted to get your side of it."

"If I gave you my side," she said, "you'd be here all morning. His low-down son rushed me off my feet, and then, when he began to get tired of me, he wished me off on his dad as a secretary. Then the first thing I knew, Junior was making a whirlwind campaign for Stephanie Falkner. Then he goes to Chicago and marries some babe he's hardly had a chance to know. She's some cutie from Las Vegas who came drifting into his used-car lot—just by chance. He sold her a used car and she certainly sold him a bill of goods! Believe me, he won't have her six months before he's trading her in on another model. That man doesn't know what he wants. . . . Now come on. I'm awfully sorry, but you're going to have to leave. Be a sport and get out of here."

"You have a car?" Mason asked.

"I'm getting a cab."

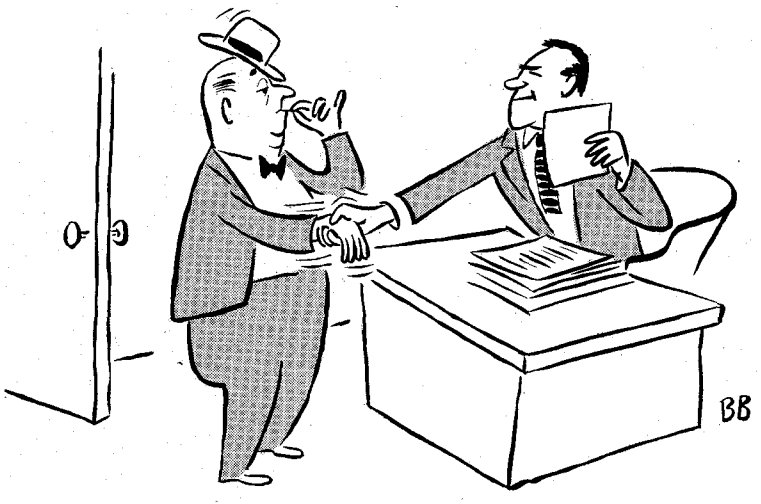
"Going out to ——"

"I'm going out to Hollywood, in case you're interested."

Mason said, "I have a cab waiting downstairs. You can ride with us as far as my office. That's right on your way and will save you getting a cab here."

She looked him over and said, "Well, darned if you aren't human, after all. That's a deal. Come on. Let's go."

TO BE CONTINUED



The Perfect Squelch

Throughout the fifteen years that he traveled as a salesman for the same firm, Sam complained constantly about his job. Suddenly he resigned to take a desk job with another company. In announcing that he was quitting, he took the opportunity to deplore the endless train rides, the restless nights in poor hotels and the countless badly cooked restaurant meals that he had encountered on the road. He dwelt upon the damage done to his nervous system and his digestion. "But now," he told the sales manager, "I'm leaving you to lead a normal, healthy life."

"Good luck, Sam," the sales manager replied. "And, speaking of health, let me congratulate you. You set a remarkable health record while you were with us."

"Huh?" Sam questioned blankly.

"Yes," the sales manager continued. "Your expense accounts show that you never missed a meal in fifteen years."

Mack Pater

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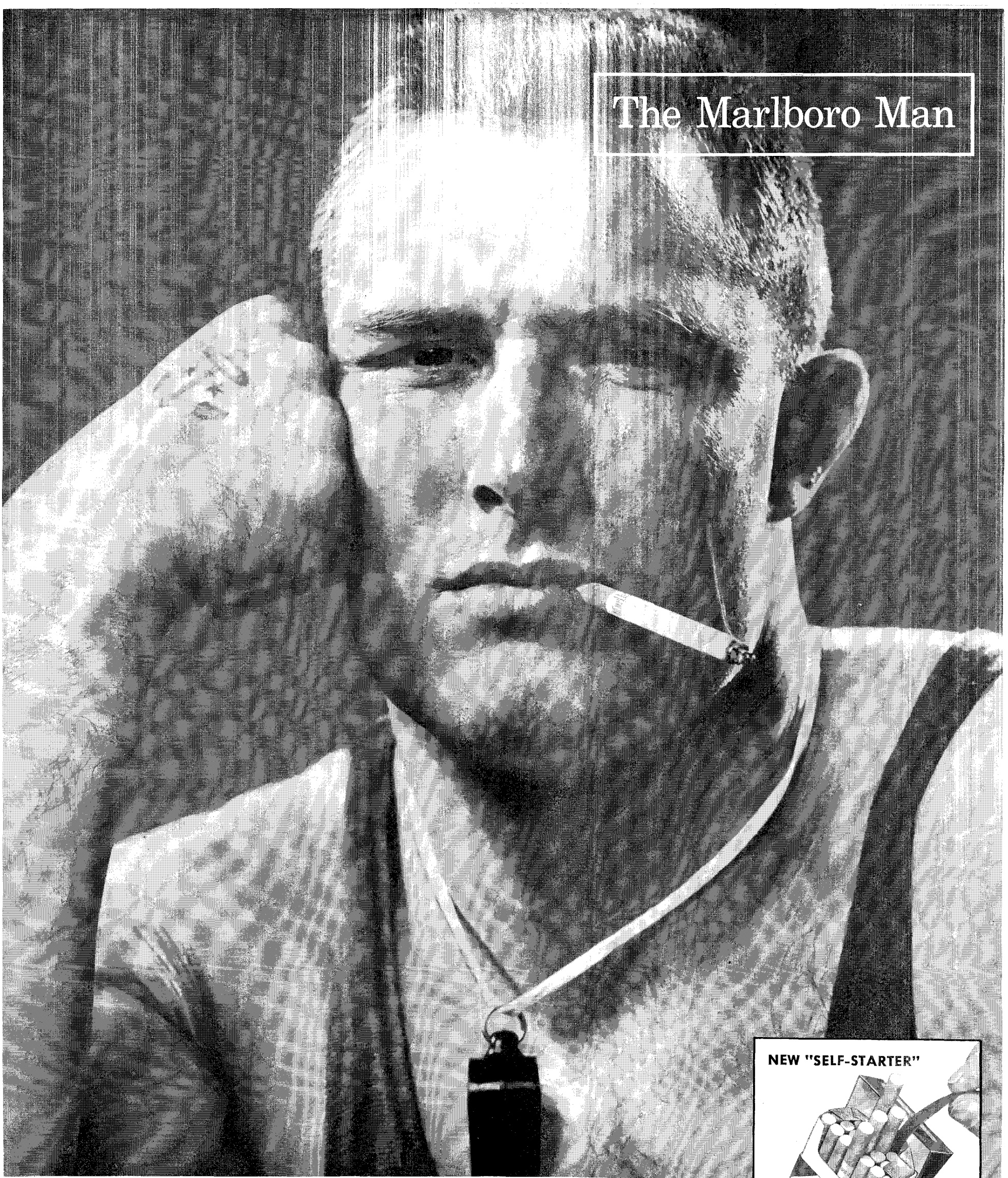

A lot of man . . . a lot of cigarette

"He gets a lot to like—filter, flavor, flip-top box." The works.

A filter that means business. An easy draw that's all flavor. And the flip-top box that ends crushed cigarettes.

(MADE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM A PRIZED RECIPE)

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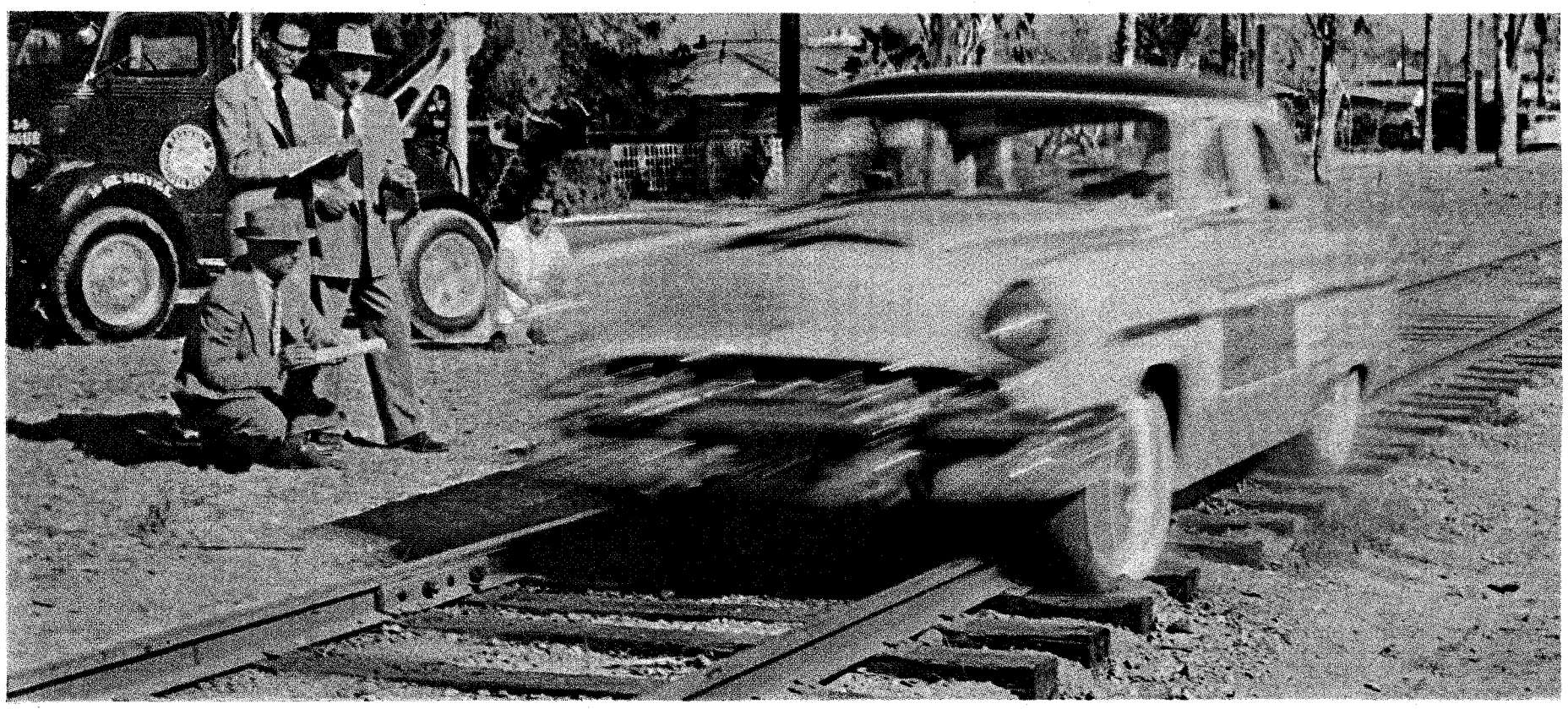
They've never failed GOODYEAR'S NEW 3-T



STRONGER ON THE INSIDE!

This railroad tie test gives dramatic proof of the miracle strength and safety of 3-T Nylon Cord. Day after day, these tires took this beating. Over 950,000 smashing, pounding blows. At the end of the test, the tires were removed and we made this incredible finding: not one single 3-T Nylon Cord was broken!

SAFER ON THE OUTSIDE!

We had two cars approach this wet intersection at 40 m.p.h. and slam on their brakes at the same time. The car with ordinary-type tires skidded past the stop sign, but 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushions—with the new Twin-Grip tread design—stopped the other car 24% quicker. That's Goodyear's famous extra margin of safety!

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a torture test

NYLON CORD TIRES!

There's a *big difference* in nylon cord. 3-T Nylon Cord is <u>different</u> because it's triple-tempered by an exclusive Goodyear process. <u>Better</u> because triple-tempering makes it triple-tough!

NYLON, pound for pound, is actually stronger than steel—up to twice as strong as ordinary tire cord.

But, unless properly pre-conditioned, nylon stretches under tension. To control the stretch of nylon, Goodyear developed an exclusive process involving precisely controlled Tension, Temperature and Time.

The result: triple-tempered 3-T Nylon Cord—cord resolutely stabilized at its point of maximum strength and resiliency.

Triple-tempered, triple-tough 3-T Nylon Cord withstands flexing better than any other tire fabric. This "high-flex" strength makes it more durable and blowout resistant—even after long, punishing service. You get longer, safer tire life.

This exclusive 3-T Nylon Cord tire with its two fully independent treads is your safest bet against all kinds of road hazards. And now—thanks to an ever-increasing demand—you can buy it at the lowest price ever!

What's more, with Goodyear tires, you get a Lifetime Guarantee. See your Goodyear dealer for details—and get a liberal allowance for your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms. And ask your dealer about Goodyear's Lifetime Guarantee.

NEW 3-T NYLON CUSTOM SUPER-CUSHION

GOODYEAR

Watch "The Goodyear Playhouse" on TV Sunday—9-10 P.M., E.D.T.

Super-Cushion T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

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had next week's show arranged three months ago."

"You can do it," she said. "I heard you say you know a man connected with Calling on the Celebrities. I think you said his name was Johnny Bowman."

She couldn't remember the lines in a play that she had been acting in for three months, but she could remember the name of Johnny Bowman.

"Besides, they do that show from your home," I said. "You haven't got a home. You've been living in a hotel room ever since you've been in It's Delicious. Unless you think you'd like to do it from your parents' house in Rockville Center."

"I've already thought about that," she said. "I can't use our house. It's too small and it's not swanky enough for the performance I want to put on for Mitchell Swirling. I've made a deal to sublet a very nice furnished apartment up in Riverdale. It's in a very expensive neighborhood."

And this was a kid twenty years old. What was she going to be like at thirty?

"All right," I said wearily. "I'll talk to Johnny Bowman. But don't get your hopes up. It's strictly a long shot."

As I expected, Johnny Bowman laughed at me. He said that Calling on the Celebrities was calling the following week on Clark Gable and a very famous scientist at Princeton. He said the earliest open date they had for someone like Mona was eight months away, so I thanked him and told him not to bother about it unless he heard from me again, and I apologized for taking up his valuable time. But you know what happened? Talk about luck, that Mona Merrill has it. In less than a half hour, Johnny Bowman called me back. It seems that they thought they had a commitment with Clark Gable, but whoever had fixed it for them neglected to mention it to Gable. And Gable had gone fishing and didn't expect to get back for a week.

"We could use a college president that we had scheduled for later in the month in Gable's place, but we already got that Princeton scientist on the other half of the show," Bowman said. "And a college president and a scientist back to back on the same program—well, we can certainly use somebody like Mona Merrill. Where does she live?"

"Riverdale," I said, hoping that Mona really did have an apartment in Riverdale.

"That's good," Johnny said. "If you said Connecticut, we might have to build a hundred-foot steel tower on a nearby hill. But from Riverdale we ought to be able to beam the picture straight from her house to our receiver on the Empire State Building without a relay. Will you take me up there Monday so we can look the place over?"

The couple who were subleasing the apartment in Riverdale to Mona didn't plan to move out until Thursday, but Mona had them packed and out on the street before ten o'clock Monday morning. When Johnny Bowman and I arrived at eleven, she was acting as if the place had been in her family for generations.

"You live here all alone?" Johnny said.

"Mother and dad are in Europe," she said.

I wished I had seen the papers that morning. The news about Rockville Center, Long Island, being washed across the Atlantic must have been all over the front pages.

"No servants?" Johnny said.

"We usually have a cook and a butler," Mona said. "But I had to fire them yesterday. I caught them stealing the silver."

"Let's take a look around," Johnny said. "I see you have a nice terrace."

"Have I?" Mona said. "Oh, you mean the terrace? Yes, isn't it? Let me show it to you."

"That door leads to the dining room," Johnny said. "The terrace is over this way."

"Mummy rearranged the furniture before she went to Europe and I've been all mixed up ever since," Mona said.

On the terrace, Johnny studied the view downtown. It looked all right to me. The Hudson River was below us on the right, and across the street there was a private home with a lawn beside it as big as the outfield at Yankee Stadium. In the middle of the lawn there was a huge tree and through the branches of the tree you could make out the towers of the Manhattan skyscrapers. It was pretty, but Johnny pointed at the tree and shook his head.

"That tree louses us up," he said.

"I don't get it," I said.

"When you do a television show from a place like this, you send the picture through the air on a straight line of sight to the nearest network receiver," Johnny said. "The nearest receiver, in this case, is on the top of the Empire State Building. But this tree is in our way."

"Why can't we chop the tree down?" Mona said.

She wasn't kidding, either.

"That tree is a hundred years old and the people who own it don't want it chopped down," Johnny said. "If you lived on the top floor of this building, we could shoot over it, but you don't, so we have to go around it."

He pointed at the roof of a tall apartment building across the street to the left of the tree.

"That's our only hope," he said. "If we can get permission to put a relay disk on the roof of that building, we can do the show."

"You mean you can send the picture from here to that rooftop and from there to the Empire State Building?" I said.

"You're catching on," Johnny said. "A relay disk is something like a mirror. We reflect the picture off it and then it bounces in a straight line downtown to the receiver, just like a billiard shot off the side cushions. That roof is the only place in the neighborhood where we can put the relay disk. So let's have a talk with the owner of that building."

"If he gives you any trouble, let me talk to him," Mona said.

The owner of the apartment building was a fan who watched Calling on the Celebrities every Wednesday night. He became all excited and asked us to hold everything until he could come uptown from his office and talk with us personally.

"If I let you use my roof, can't you mention on the show that we have a few rentals in the building still available?" he said when he arrived. "You could say that we've got three-room and four-room apartments, with air conditioning and all modern appliances and a gorgeous view of the Hudson River."

"Now listen here ——" Johnny said.

"All right, all right," the landlord said. "You can't blame me for trying, can you? Come on, I'll take you up."

The roof of the building was occupied by a five-room penthouse with flagstone terraces around it. Johnny found the location he needed for the relay disk at one corner of the terrace. Directly below and across the street was the terrace of Mona's apartment and off to the south was a clear and unobstructed view of the Empire State Building's spire.

"It's all yours," the building's owner said. "If the penthouse was rented, you'd have to get an O.K. from the tenant. But the penthouse is vacant. The price is a little too steep for the average customer."

"Thanks for your hospitality," Johnny said to him. "We appreciate it."

We were starting back toward the elevator when an electric-light bulb suddenly glowed in my head.

"Wait a minute," I said to the landlord. "Did you say if the penthouse was rented, we couldn't put the relay disk up here without the tenant's permission?"

"Naturally," the landlord said. "This whole roof goes with the penthouse. If somebody was living there, you'd have to take it up with him. It would be out of my hands."

I turned to Johnny. "And if you can't put the relay disk on this roof, you can't do the show?" I said to him.

"I've explained that to you six times," Johnny said.

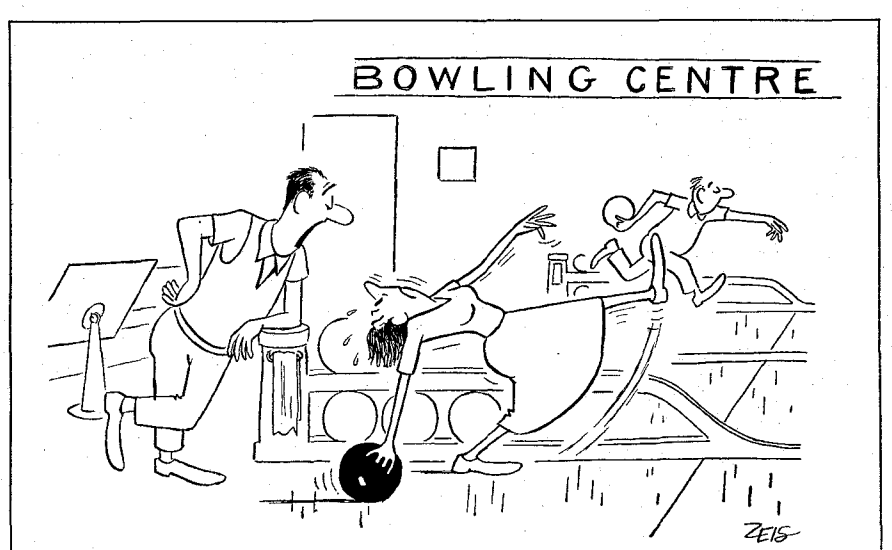
"If I could get you a tenant, how quick could she move in?" I said to the landlord. "This afternoon?"

"How quick could she move in?" he said. "Why wait until this afternoon? If you can get me a tenant at the price I'm asking for this penthouse, I'll carry her on my back all the way up those twelve flights of stairs right now."

"Hey, Norman!" Johnny said. "What are you doing to me?"

"Let me handle this, Johnny," I said. "Just do me one favor. Don't say a word about it to anyone. I guarantee you everything will be all right and you'll be able to use this roof for your show. But let me rent this man's penthouse for him first."

"Maybe you won't be so anxious when you hear what it's going to cost," the landlord said. He named a figure that sounded like the total of place and show bets on Nashua in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park. "And there is also a little matter of a long lease," he added.



"Maybe you should try a lighter ball."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The tenant I have in mind can afford it," I told him. "Get the lease ready and let me use your phone."

After I made the call, Johnny and I went back across the street to see Mona. She was pacing the floor and very tense.

"Is it all set?" she said. "Can we do the show? Can you put the disk up on that roof?"

I looked at Johnny, and Johnny looked at me with a worried look on his face. I had briefed him on the background of the case and had asked him to help me out. He was entering into the spirit of it.

"Come on, tell me!" Mona said. "What's the trouble?"

"We ran into a slight complication," Johnny said.

"We haven't given up hope yet," I said. "But the situation is delicate. It needs tactful handling."

"Quit stalling and tell me what happened," Mona said. "This show means a lot to me. Can we do it or can't we?"

"We have to get permission from a certain party who just rented the penthouse on the roof of that building," Johnny said. "So far, we haven't had much success."

"I'll talk to him myself," she said.

"It isn't a him," I said. "It's a she. And I don't think she likes you very much. I might as well break the bad news to you. That penthouse belongs to Polly Parkinson."

"The girl who used to go with Freddie?" she said.

"The same one," I said.

"Small world, isn't it?" Johnny said.

"Isn't she still pretty stuck on Freddie?" Mona said.

"Very much," I said.

"I'll talk to her," Mona said. "She's stuck on Freddie and I'm stuck on this part in Mitchell Swirling's movie. Maybe she and I can make a little deal. Is she there now? I'll run over and see her."

"If she's not there now, she'll be there in a few minutes," I said. "I told her you might be dropping in on her."

I guess you know the rest of it, and what you don't know you can imagine. I must admit that Mona was sensational in Calling on the Celebrities. Five minutes after the show went off the air, she received a phone call from Swirling, begging her to take the part in his picture, and he didn't call any too soon, because in the next two hours three other movie producers also phoned her from Hollywood with offers. I asked her if she was planning to celebrate with Freddie.

"No," she said. "I had a long talk with Freddie yesterday. I'm not going to see him any more."

"It's none of my business," I said, "but did this talk with Freddie have anything to do with the talk you had with Polly Parkinson when she gave you permission to put that television relay disk on her penthouse terrace?"

"I don't know what you mean," Mona said. "I've been planning for a long time to drop Freddie. I don't want to get mixed up romantically with anybody at this crucial point in my acting career."

When Freddie saw Polly's new penthouse, he was nuts about it. As a matter of fact, I think it was the penthouse that made him propose to her. He wanted to have something to say about the way it was going to be decorated. Of course, Freddie doesn't know how or why Polly rented the penthouse, but what he doesn't know won't hurt him.

And what Mona Merrill doesn't know about it won't hurt me. What would Mona do if she found out that the penthouse was vacant when Johnny and I went across the street to see the owner of the building that morning? As I said, I'd feel better if I didn't have a talkative guy like Johnny as an eyewitness to this thing.

THE END

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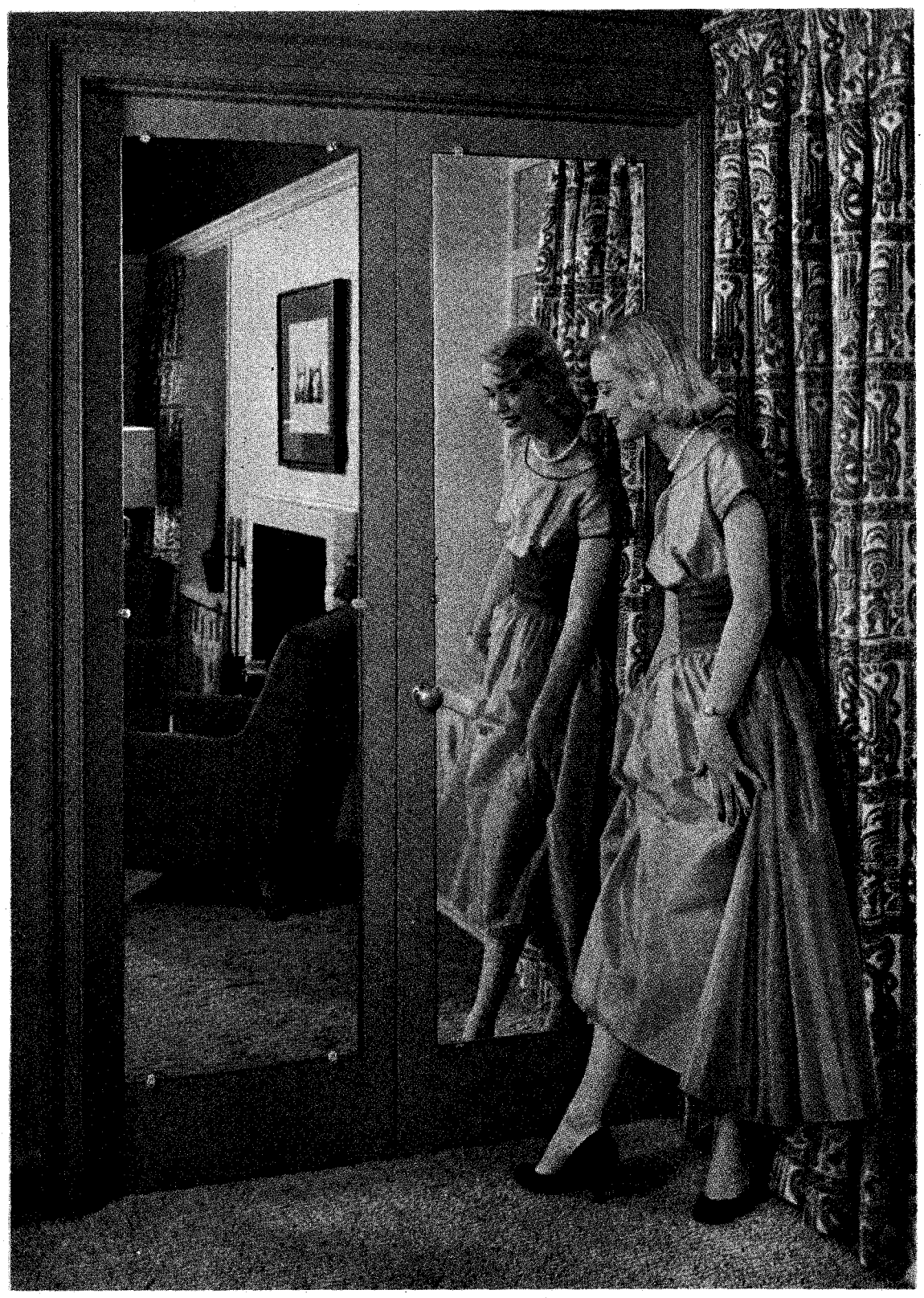

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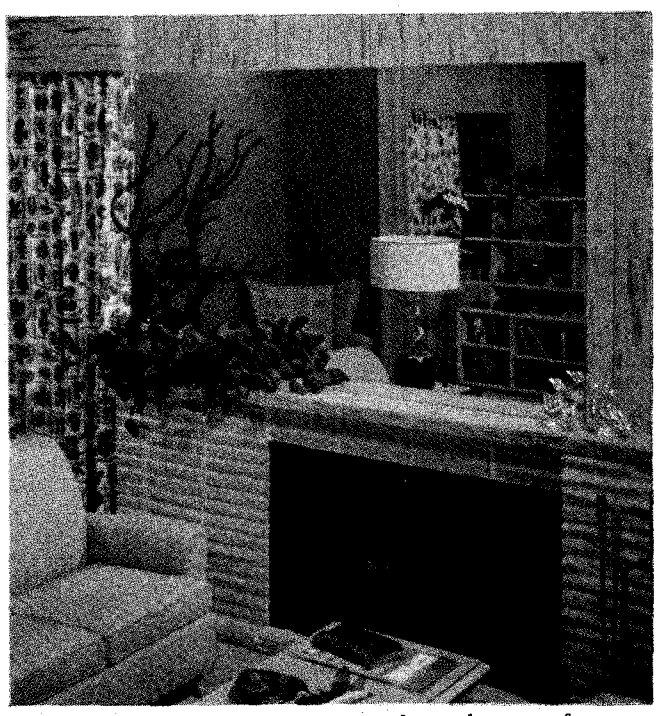

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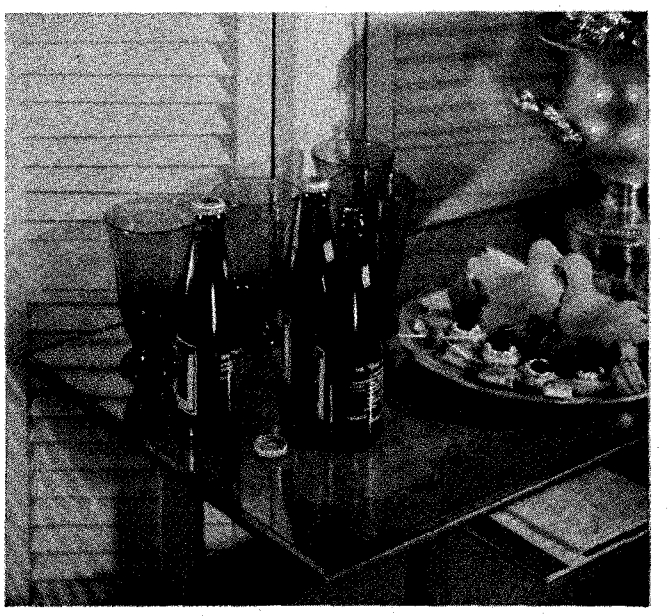

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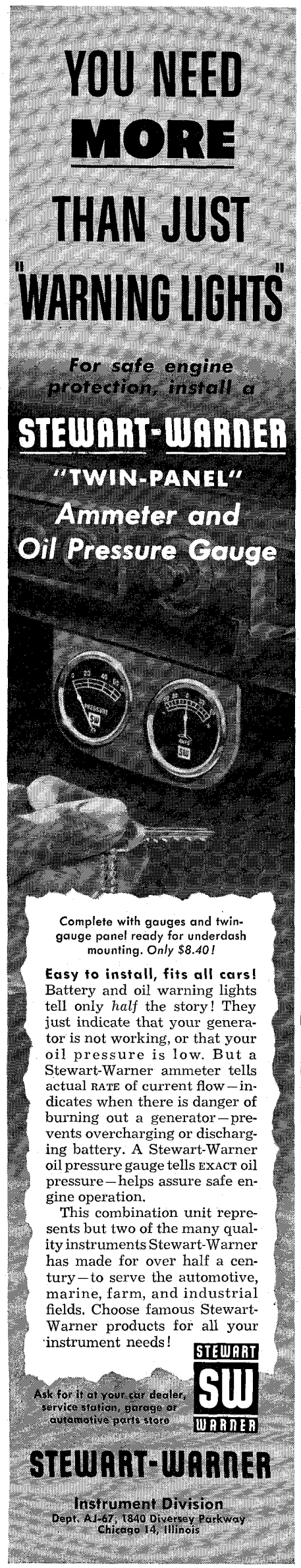
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(*Continued from Page 60*) "I wouldn't even go for that blend at seven o'clock at night," I said.

"Then," she went on, "when I'd reached the point where I wanted to be, it was a case of holding it or sobering up and losing it."

"How did you gauge it just right?" I asked. "Did the director have a series of signals meaning 'Put that down!' or 'It's O.K. to have one'?"

"I knew how far to go," she said. "Which was fortunate since, as I say, I had to maintain this very delicate balance of not being too loaded and being loaded just enough."

"Let's get back to that night when you and Bobby met," I said. "They tell me that Bobby brought two record-company executives here to your house to hear you sing. Was it the same night?"

"No, that was months and months later," she said.

"It took me a year and a half to get her to sing for anybody she didn't know," Troup put in.

"Don't forget," I said to Julie, "this is supposed to be an interview with you. My trouble is that you're so much the introvert type I'm having better luck with Bobby Troup here."

"He's very extroverted," she said.

"I'm an introvert, too," Troup said defensively.

"When he brought those record-company executives it was utter horror!" Julie exclaimed.

"I had a little band—a seven-piece orchestra," Troup told me, "four saxophones and three rhythms—I'd recorded an album with them and Julie knew all of them. It wasn't as if they were strangers to her."

"What's a 'rhythm'?" I asked.

"A rhythm is a piano, a bass violin or a drum," he said. "It helps supply the rhythm for the others. I thought if I staged a rehearsal here at her house and had an arranger make an arrangement specially for her, it would be one way to get her to sing. So I had an arrangement of a song she liked made in her key and we came here to rehearse. I'd persuaded a couple of executives from a recording company to come with me, but she stayed in her bedroom all the time that we were here."

"I was terrible," Julie admitted.

"Were you that way before you married Jack Webb?" I asked. "Or did it result from your marriage breaking up?"

"I was a little that way to begin with," she said.

"About a year and a half later," Troup said, "we were having dinner in Johnny Walsh's 881 Club, when Julie made the first positive statement I'd ever heard her make. She said, 'If I ever worked a club, this is the one I'd like to work.' Johnny's place is very small, very intimate. It's a cute club, very attractively decorated; one of those dark joints where you can't see anything."

"It's just beautiful," Julie put in. "With original oil paintings on the wall and everything."

"I've known Johnny a long time," Troup went on, "so I went over to him and I said, 'You're making a mistake if you don't open Julie London in your club.'

"When he asked, 'Who's Julie London?' I said, 'She was married to Jack Webb. She's a wonderful singer.'

"'Have her come in sometime and audition,' he said.

"'She won't,' I said.

"'What do you mean?' he asked.

"'Won't audition!' I told him. He said, 'You don't expect me to open my club to someone I've never heard.' He said, 'Why should I?' 'Because she's a good singer and she'd be wonderful in this club,' I said; I guess it's kind of flattering to me that Johnny had enough confidence in my judgment to open Julie without ever hearing her sing, and she was tremendous."

"All my friends were there," Julie told me, "and when I saw them I was so scared I walked across the street to the Encore, where Bobby was working, and I had a couple. But they didn't help, so I went back to the 881 Club. I had butterflies so bad I thought I would die. But I still had to sing.

"When I opened my mouth in the 881 Club," she said, "words came out; how I'll never know. I'd been standing in my dressing room, and Johnny Walsh, the boss, who's a darling guy, said, 'It's about time for us to do a show,' and although I thought I'd drop dead, I went on. Actually I didn't sing very well that first time, but I discovered I had something I didn't know I had; I could ad-lib a little and make fun of myself. The only thing I remember I said is, 'I've got a frog in my throat. You'll have to wait till it hops out.' It doesn't sound like much, but they laughed."

"When did you first catch Julie singing at Walsh's?" I asked Troup.

"I sneaked in about a week after she opened," he said.

"I told you not to come in for at least a week," she told him sternly. "If I ever find out that you did, I'll never speak to you again."

I said hastily, "What was the general reaction to Julie's opening?"

Nothing ever invented is as fireproof as the boss' son.

FRANCIS O. WALSH

"She was there for weeks and weeks, and the place was packed every night," Troup said. "It had never done that kind of consistent standing-room business before. So about the fourth week I was driving her home and I said, 'What further proof do you need that you are good?' Even then she wouldn't admit it. She said, 'They're just curiosity seekers. They want to see what Jack Webb's ex-wife can do.'"

"You had it bad," I told her.

"I know," Julie told me. "I had terrible complexes."

"How did you ever land a part in The Great Man if you had a chronic case of the 'I can't do its'?" I asked.

"I wondered, after Joe Ferrer asked me, why I hadn't told him I didn't think I could play the girl singer in that picture," she said. "The day before the shooting started, Bobby and I were at a dinner party, and people I'd known for years talked to me and I couldn't even answer them, I was in such a daze. All I could think was, *I'm not ready*."

"I hear you're always having nightmares," I said, "and that in them your teeth fall out or you haven't any clothes on."

"That first one is the most recurring," she said. "I'm someplace and the caps begin to fall from my uppers. Usually I'm ready to work or somebody's coming in when I feel them begin to fall. The other dream, about how I haven't got any clothes on, is all of a sudden I'm stark naked in a roomful of people. The door opens and people file in, and there I am."

"You wouldn't be human," I said, "if accomplishing something on your own instead of as Mrs. Jack Webb hadn't given you a feeling of satisfaction."

"Oh, sure," she said. "It may sound kind of petty to you, but it does. I mean it's wonderful; I'm introduced as myself and all."

"I think it's time we were getting around to your girlhood," I said. "Where were you born, and when?"

"I still don't mind telling the truth about my age," she said. "I was born in 1926 in Santa Rosa, California. My father and mother were in vaudeville, singing. They met that way. Then, for three years, they did a radio show in San Bernardino. After that they went into photography, and the depression came and for a while there wasn't anything. But I didn't suffer. They didn't have enough to eat, but they made sure I did.

"When I was about fifteen I got a job running an elevator in a store. I quit school to do it. I wasn't adapting any too well to school anyhow. My grades were terrible, but that wasn't the whole reason. I usually don't even discuss it, because I want to set a good example to my children and I don't want them thinking that it's O.K. for them to quit at fifteen. One of the reasons I didn't adapt was that I was too mature for my age. Even my sense of humor was more adult than that of the other kids. They thought I was a real idiot because I didn't talk their language, and I thought they were childish, so we didn't mix too well. Mother knew that I wasn't gaining a thing out of it, so it was all right with her if I dropped out. She's the greatest. Both of my parents are wonderful.

"To get the job in the store, I lied about my age. I told them I was nineteen. I worked there for four years. If I got a job in movies—which I did from time to time—the store gave me a leave of absence. Sue Carol—she's Alan Ladd's wife—was then an agent, and she came into the store one day, and when she saw me she said, 'I'd like to sign you.' She fixed it so I could go to a studio and make two hundred to two-fifty a week; then I'd go back to my elevator and make nineteen bucks a week.

"I met Jack before I went to work," she told me. "While I was only fifteen, Jack was twenty-one or twenty-two. We went steady; then Jack went into the Army, and after that I didn't see him for a year. When he came back, we dated some more. Finally he went to San Francisco for a radio-announcer job, and I went up there on a visit and then we became engaged."

"Had he become a big success at that point?" I asked.

"You might say he was still struggling," she said. "Then he had a local show called Pat Novak for Hire, all about a private eye. He quit that and came back to L. A. and we were married, and after that he free-lanced as a radio actor."

"How long had you been married when he hit TV oil?" I asked.

She considered. "Our oldest daughter, Stacy, is seven," she said. "Jack started to go big when Stacy was two or three. When I first got pregnant, we were broke, and Jack tried to think of a show he could do for a fast thirteen weeks that would pay for the baby. He came up with Dragnet."

"Did that dum-de-dum-dum Dragnet music ever haunt you?" I asked. "It haunted the rest of the country."

"Sure," she said. "Sometimes people made that noise when they saw us coming." She added mirthlessly, "They made it right after our divorce too. Very funny! Big sense of humor."

I asked if she and Jack had begun to live better when the money began to roll in. "We were living in Hollywood, in a modest house," she said. "The payments came to a hundred and fifty dollars a month. From there we moved into a two-hundred-thousand-dollar home, with five servants."

"Quite a jump," I said. "Was there another jump after that?"

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"The next jump was into the divorce court," she said. "One morning Jack went to work, and he never came back. He said, 'Good-by,' and I said, 'Good-by; see you tonight,' and he said, 'Fine,' and he kissed me, and I waited two days; then I called him at the studio and I said, 'I just wanted to find out if you're coming home to dinner,' and he said, 'I don't know,' and I said, 'When you find out, let me know.'

"At least it was different," she said. "There were no preliminaries, no big scenes. When a marriage breaks up, there are usually months of scenes and saying nasty things you don't mean. When I realized he wasn't coming home, I took off for Paris with the children and I established a home there for a while. Then I came back and lived in Palm Springs. It was during that time that we were divorced."

"You must have had a very good lawyer," I said. "The whole country was impressed by the settlement Webb made upon you."

"Those news stories were exaggerated," she said. "They said I got a half million dollars. What I got was a hundred thousand dollars, and eighteen thousand a year alimony, and my car—and I got some money out of the house we owned, and there were the trust funds. The children will share a trust fund of fifty thousand dollars when they reach maturity. I have a trust fund of another hundred thousand."

"Let's talk about the song, Cry Me a River," I said. "We haven't mentioned it yet and it was a milestone in your life. How did you happen to make that recording? Did Bobby have anything to do with it?"

She said, "While I was working at Johnny Walsh's club, Bobby went to the head of Liberty Records—they were releasing an album of his—and he said, 'Why don't you do an album of Julie singing?' They said, 'O.K., we'd like to.' Cry Me a River was in that album. To date it has sold eight hundred thousand copies, and it's still climbing. It's even big in England.

"I haven't told you this about me," she said, "but just before I was eighteen the authorities found out that I had quit school, so, because I was too young, I had to go to some kind of school. So I went to the Hollywood Professional School, and there I met this boy, Arthur Hamilton, who has a great gift. Arthur wrote Cry Me a River. We were the same age, but even at seventeen he was writing wonderful songs. Later, when Jack was looking for somebody to put under contract when he was thinking of doing a television series called Pete Kelly's Blues, I said, 'How about Arthur Hamilton?' So Arthur came out to the house, and when Jack heard his material he flipped.

"Later, Arthur and Jack decided they'd done enough for each other, and they called it a day. In the meantime, Arthur had written Cry Me a River for Ella Fitzgerald to sing in Pete Kelly's Blues, only they hadn't used it. One night when Arthur was over to see us, he played it. I've never had such a feeling about a song, so I asked if I could have it to record. I recorded it for Liberty. At first it was just in the album, but on the pre-release, when the disk jockeys got hold of it, they started playing Cry Me a River exclusively, so Liberty put it out as a single platter too."

"We've talked about you and movies and you and singing," I said. "What about you and television?"

"*My ultimate aim is to have a half-hour color-film television musical of my own,*" she said. "I'd sing and I'd have guest stars with me, and maybe some comedy. Bobby and I have talked it over. We're doing a film like that right now for somebody else; in a sense it will be our pilot with their money. We have expensive sets and music and special material. As our guests we're having Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy and George Sanders and the Four Freshmen. George and I do a comedy number together, dueting one of Bobby's tunes, We're Just a Couple of Average Joes, which, of course, we're not. I'm up to my teeth with jewelry and George, who usually dresses the way a conservative Englishman dresses, wears a diamond stickpin, although I think it makes him shudder."

"I don't want to pry," I said, "but a gossip column this morning said that you two might be married soon. Have you any such plans?"

"Ask Julie," Troup said.

"Ask Bobby," Julie told me.

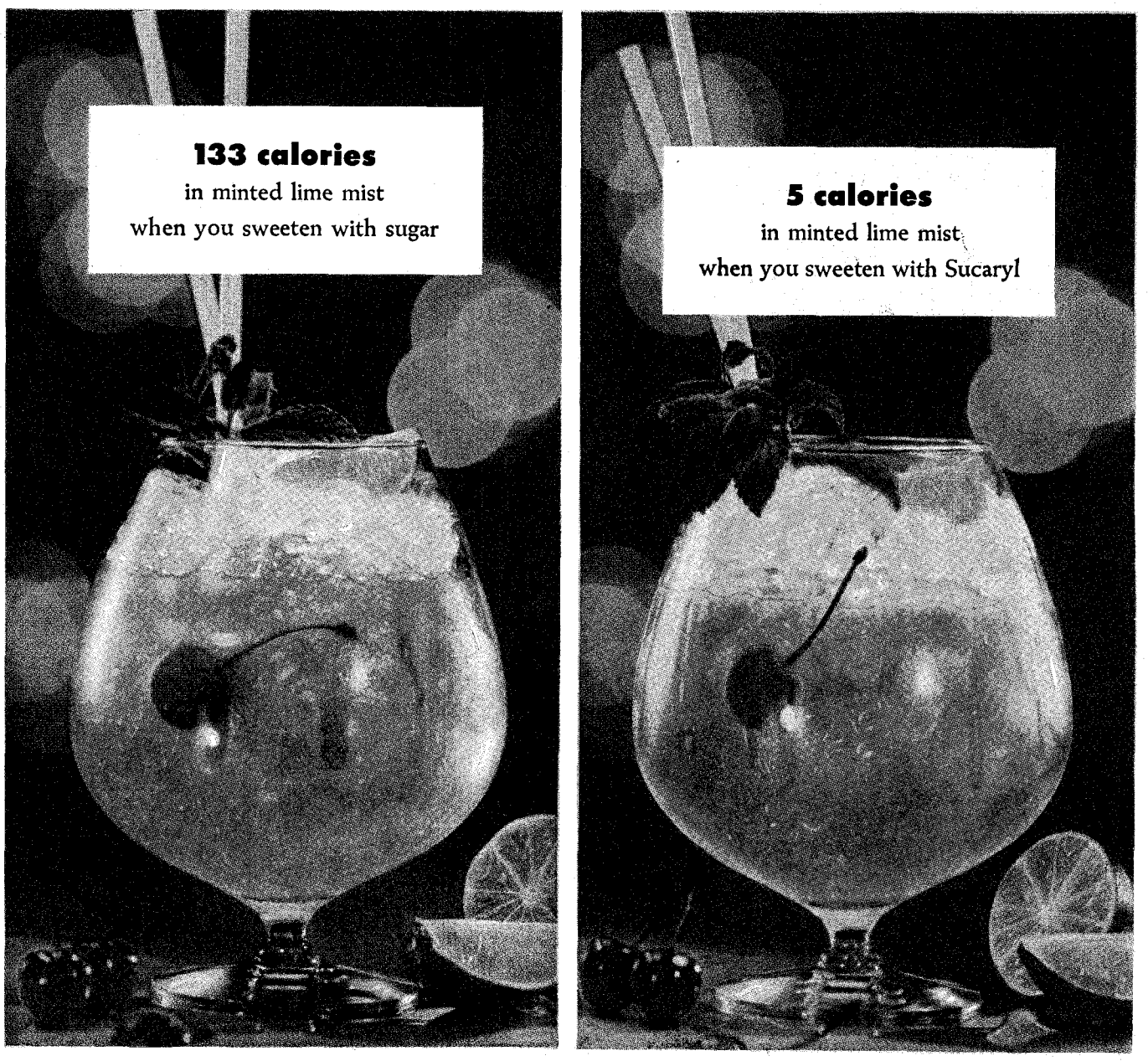
None of us said anything for a moment. Then Troup and I both looked at Julie.

"We were really kind of hoping for August. Then again it might be late July," she said. "But I've got a movie to make for Metro and commitments and things. I just don't know."

"Did you see that item in Earl Wilson's column yesterday?" Bobby Troup asked. "It said, 'Jack Webb is romancing his ex-wife again.'"

"We sent him a wire," Julie told me. "In it we said, 'Dear Earl: No.'"

I felt like saying to Troup, "Well, you got her into night-club singing and you got her to record songs. It will be interesting to see whether you can swing this too, maybe even before this account of my visit with Julie hits the newsstands." I didn't say it. It was none of my business. I was just working there. THE END



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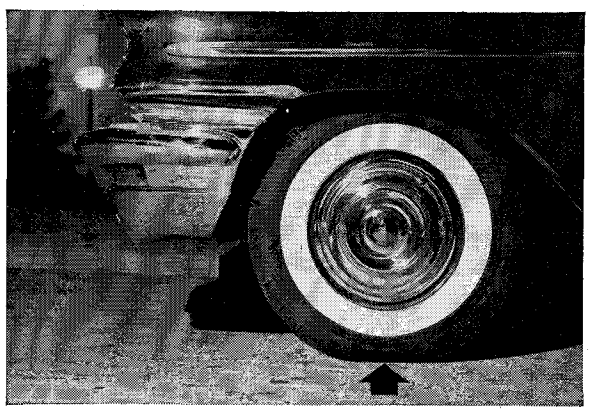

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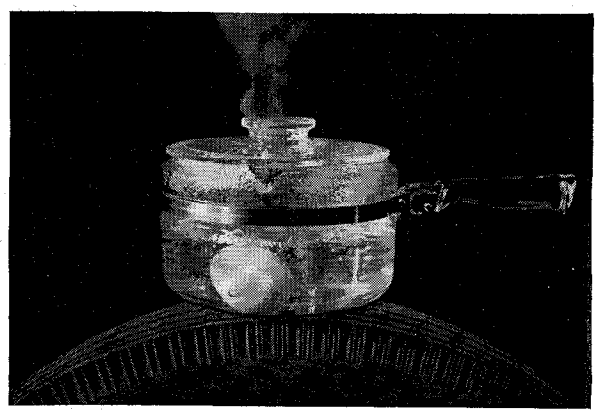

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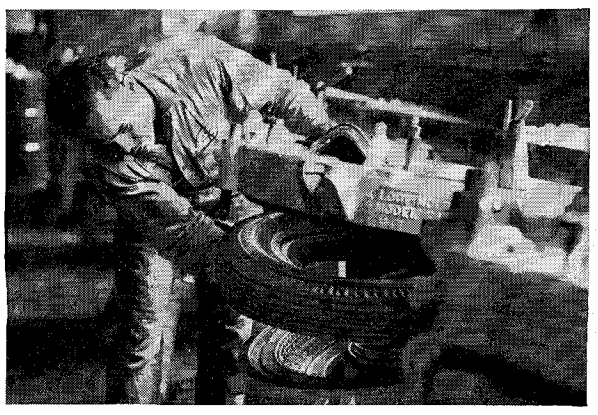

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The General Everybody Loves

(Continued from Page 33)

relaxed as a couple of Kentucky colonels sitting on a veranda drinking mint juleps. Nate—few call him general—took out a big cigar, one of six to eight he puffs through in a day, clamped it between his front teeth and propped both feet up on his extraordinarily clean desk—even the inkstand is kept in the drawer. "What can I do for you?" he asked in an unhurried, friendly tone. I asked him to talk about himself, but it was soon apparent that when it came to his own achievements Nate was almost painfully shy. On any other subject he was voluble, running on in a salty, clipped tongue, loaded with cracker-barrel clichés. When he wanted to emphasize a point, he leaned toward me, switched the cigar to the corner of his mouth, and spoke in a kind of confidential tone. "Smart as a warehouse rat," he said of a certain senator. "I felt like a monkey at a family reunion," he chuckled, explaining an embarrassing situation.

I asked him about an automobile wreck which almost cost him a leg—and his Air Force career. He pulled up his trousers leg and pointed his cigar at the big scar across the knee. "That was a tough one," he said, but gave no details. After a while you begin to understand what his aides mean when they say Twining's most frequent instruction is "Let's not get too fancy."

Air Force men admire Nate's casual and inarticulate manner. They also like the way he leans over backward to be fair to his subordinates. "Many generals will claim ideas from their juniors," a long-time Pentagon observer relates; "never Nate. In fact I've seen him credit other people with his own." In his last job as Chief of Staff of the Air Force, much of his day was spent being briefed on various incredibly complex problems, many of which Twining understood as well as the briefing officer—or better.

"His predecessor, Hoyt Vandenberg, would frequently stop a briefer in midsentence: 'That's all; I don't want to hear any more about that,'" an Air Force man explains. "Not Twining. He just sat there politely bored and would never cut you off. But you could tell when he'd had enough. His face sort of went blank, and pretty soon he'd lean over to the nearest guy and say in a low voice, 'Man, it was the biggest fish you ever saw,' or maybe he'd hit the squawk-box and inquire, 'Did you get those football tickets?' and that was it." This kind of attitude, rare in the Pentagon, inspires devotion and hard work on the lower level. "Everybody loves Nate," says an iron-pants Air general, "and he's so damned nice you wouldn't think of gouging him."

He lacks the guile and polished sophistication of many top military leaders, yet he's nobody's dumbbell, and most of his opponents have found him a tough, unrelenting adversary in a horse trade. In Joint Chiefs meetings, where a bevy of Philadelphia lawyers could easily become confused and distraught, Nate lights up a cigar and keeps a clear eye on the real objective. As Chief of the Air Force he fought skillfully—and successfully—to protect Air Force interests. In Air Force eyes, his greatest victory came not long ago, when he blocked Army attempts to move into the long-range-guided-missile field (S.E.P., May 18, 1957). In Moscow, where he traveled a little more than a year ago to observe the Soviet Air Show, I saw Twining in action in a situation that would have caused a seasoned diplomat to break into a cold sweat. Bulganin and Khrushchev pushed him into one of those celebrated drinking bouts; then challenged him on a number of controversial international issues, including disarmament and Red China. Twining sent his aides scurrying for mountains of black bread, kept a clear head, and talked the Russians down in plain, uncomplicated language. It was clear even to the Soviets that on any terms Twining won the bout.

Twining's easygoing manner stays with him until the end of the day. About 5:30 he sings out, "Let's close the place up before it burns down," then he returns to Quarters Eight, leaving all paper work behind. He avoids the grinding pace of the Washington cocktail circuit whenever possible. At home he usually has one or two drinks with his lovely, lively wife, Maude. He likes Scotch and soda; she sticks to Dubonnet. Then they sit down to dinner, which, nine times out of ten, is exotic, because Nate likes everything from a full Mexican plate to Japanese sukiyaki.

After dinner Nate may spend a little time in his elaborate basement woodworking shop, where he turns out beautiful copies of Pembroke tables and other items, with all the patience and loving care of a professional cabinetmaker. Or he may go up to the third-floor den to tie flies or clean and polish the momentary favorite of his half-dozen shotguns and rifles. Three nights a week the Twinings watch a special movie showing in Quarters Eight. Occasionally they listen to classical music, including Chopin, Beethoven, Bach, on their new hi-fi, or watch a baseball game on TV. Maude is an encyclopedia of baseball knowledge, a rabid Nats fan. In bed by 10:30, Nate reads a little, mostly Westerns and books on outdoor life, the latest being Glacier Pilot; then drops off into deep and untroubled sleep with the alarm set for 7:40.

Twining brings to his new job a rich and varied military background and a family history replete with military service. His direct forebears landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in about 1635. Two Twinings fought in the Revolutionary War, one in the War of 1812, four in the Civil War. Nate's uncle, Nathan Crook Twining, graduated from Annapolis in 1889, was a captain in World War I, later becoming a rear admiral. Another uncle, H. LaVerne Twining, wrote learned papers on ornithoptera; then built his own airplane, which, alas, crashed in first flight from the roof of a barn. Nate's father, Clarence Walter Twining, was barred from military service by a bad elbow, later became a moderately prosperous country banker and raised six boys and two girls in a big, rambling house in Monroe, Wisconsin. Nate, born October 11, 1897, and named after his admiral uncle, with the middle name Farragut—after Admiral Farragut—thrown in for good measure, was sixth of the eight, the third youngest boy. As a child, Nate was a kind of poor man's Davy Crockett, although his first experience with a rifle caused a near tragedy in the family. At the age of three, while playing soldiers, he accidentally shot his older brother, Robert, in the stomach with a .22. A doctor, rushed to the scene, performed an operation that saved his life.

Nate was forever exploring fishing streams or "tracking" animals, one of which, one day, turned out to be a skunk, and after the encounter, Nate was forced to bury his Sunday-best corduroy knickers. As he grew older, he learned to handle a rifle with skill and liked to hunt Chinese pheasants with a bull-pit terrier named Nick. When he was a sophomore in high school, Nate's father moved to a country place on the Willamette River, nine miles outside Portland, Oregon. In this semi-wilderness, Nate became as proficient in the woods as a frontiersman, later joined the National Guard (H Company, Third Oregon) "because they had a good rifle range and I liked to shoot."

Nate's father encouraged his boys toward the military life. Robert entered Annapolis and was graduated in 1916. That year Nate decided to follow suit and "on the spur of the moment" took—and failed—the stiff Naval Academy exams. The blow was softened somewhat by the drama of the times. Nate's guard unit was mobilized for duty, and he was promoted first to corporal, then to first sergeant, a singular honor for so young a man. His colonel urged him to try for West Point, which Nate did, after boning up under a Portland tutor. He passed, and after a sixteen-month "quickie" course at the academy, was commissioned November 1, 1918, too late to fight. He spent a second winter at West Point as an officer-cadet, played a little football (end), and wound up in the middle of his class (138 out of 284).

All this was pretty glamorous for a frontiersman, but pretty soon shavetail Twining found himself in desolate Camp Benning, Georgia, living in a tar-paper shack, facing a bleak and monotonous future in the peacetime Army. Meanwhile, his younger brother, Merrill, entered Annapolis, and Twining himself seriously investigated a transfer to the Marine Corps. Incidentally, Merrill later became a brilliant tactician and strategist, today is the three-star boss of the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico and an even-money bet to be named next commandant of the corps.

By now Twining had developed into quite a football player. On a trip to Florida to play an Air Service team, he and his men were given a wild, pregame spin in a Jenny. They lost the game, but Nate was sold on the airplane as the weapon of the future—or at least it all seemed a better way of life than Camp Benning. Before leaving Florida he took a physical, and when he returned to camp, he applied for transfer. But it was killed, and a little later Nate moved to Texas to serve as aide-de-camp to Brig. Gen. B. A. Poore. Frontiersman Twining and his general were darned near thrown in jail for fishing on a Government preserve in Colorado, but Nate redeemed himself by coaching the division football team to brilliant victory. Still thinking of that airplane ride, Twining, in the wake of this triumph, braced his general for a transfer. Poore's reaction was, "If he's that nuts, we ought to get him out of the Infantry." They did, and in 1923 Nate, just shy of age twenty-six, entered flying school and soloed in a yellow-painted Jenny numbered 311. A natural pilot, he spent his first five years as an instructor at Brooks and March fields. He bought a steel-gray Pierce Arrow roadster with green upholstery, and an automatic shotgun. "And he was devastating with the ladies," one of these same ladies recalls.

Since he was neither a theorist nor a zealot, the struggles of Billy Mitchell, Capt. H. H. Arnold and others in Washington to carve out a niche for air power in the nation's defenses were battles "in another world" to Nate Twining. Aside from flying, his real interests lay in sports and outdoor life. He played with and coached Air Service football teams, and once took a flier at professional football with a minor Texas team. He joined the polo team, and while not usually given to dramatics, on request carried the ashes of a deceased polo-playing friend aloft and scattered them "to the four winds." Once on a lark, he signed on as a crewman on a schooner entered in a sailing race to Hawaii. With a young pilot named Hoyt Vandenberg he organized what must have been the first ice-hockey team in Texas history. On weekends he packed up fishing gear and rifles and systematically explored the entire Southwest—including islands in the gulf—either by plane, car, pack horse or on foot.

Close friends who visited Twining's bachelor quarters were never surprised at the variety of fish or wildlife they found there, either alive or being prepared for the skillet. However, one visitor who did not know the frontiersman was startled out of his wits one night, when he walked sleepily into the bathroom and found a whole tubful of live snakes which Nate had left in warm water to "thaw out." They say the visitor smashed through the screen door on his hurried way out.

Modest, unassuming Nate Twining did not seek advancement or responsibility

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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but nonetheless it began to come his way. In late 1930 he was given command of one of the few Air Corps tactical units, the 26th Attack Squadron based in Hawaii. During a war game Lieutenant Twining proved that he could stalk a naval task force as well as big game. He made a service-wide name for himself and received a letter of commendation when he led his dozen 141-mile-an-hour A-3 attack planes through incredibly bad weather, found and "destroyed" the "enemy" force at sea. But it was during this tour in Hawaii that he smashed his car into a tree and wound up in the hospital with the aforementioned knee injury that almost washed out his flying career. Fearing gangrene, the doctors recommended that the leg be amputated. Twining was opposed and said so, and against all advice he gambled—and won. Months of exercise with lead weights put the leg in shape for airplane driving, but, although he refused to admit it at first, he was through as a football and baseball player. He finally gave up a year later when he collapsed between third and home plate after hitting a home run, and had to be carried out of the game. From then on, he restricted his playing-field activities to coaching and took up golf, which he now plays—shooting in the middle eighties—three days a week at Washington's Burning Tree Club.

"That accident was a turning point in more ways than one," explains a member of the family. "After that he really settled down." Not long afterward, while on a fishing trip to the island of Kauai, he met a twenty-four-year-old brunet divorcee, Maude McKeever, the daughter of a Pennsylvania-born sugar-plantation official. Maude looked at Nate's fine string of trout, and being something of a fisherwoman, she said tauntingly, "Is that what you call a day's catch?" From that point on, it was no use fighting the line, Nate was hooked solid, and thirty-four years of bachelorhood came to an abrupt end. Married in March, 1932, they raised three children: Richard G., now an Air Force pilot with M.A.T.S.; Nathan Alexander, a promising young musician; and Olivia B., married to an Air Force pilot, 1st Lt. Haywood S. Hansell, III.

Returning to a stateside assignment, Twining continued to fly, but as a sideline, specialized in engineering, for which he showed a surprising gift. He sought new ways to improve deficient maintenance techniques on the relatively complex aircraft then being supplied the Air Corps.

It was a weakness that had been brought home forcibly to him one day while flying a new, liquid-cooled, all-metal A-8 monoplane from Salt Lake to Texas. Over the Colorado mountains, the coolant ran out of the engine and slushed into the cockpit. With only seconds to act, Twining picked out an unlikely looking landing spot and crunched down into two feet of snow. He and the mechanic fixed the engine, then wobbled off again, but it had been an experience not easy to forget. During the air-mail crisis in 1934 he made several hair-raising flights, but his main job was to see that the balky planes in his area kept flying, a thankless task that he performed with noteworthy success.

Twining's knowledge of engineering, coupled with his blunt, honest way of saying what he believed, cost him a footnote in history at the height of his early flying career. In 1934 Lt. Col. H. H. Arnold hand-picked Nate to fly one of ten brand-new, 200-mile-an-hour B-10 bombers on a mission to prove the practicability of defending Alaska by air in an emergency. Brimming with excitement, the special crew met with Arnold in Dayton. Arnold asked for ideas.

Nate Twining spoke up, criticizing the make-up of the personnel in the expedition. "What we need," he said, "are more mechanics and fewer pilots."

Arnold disagreed, but Nate insisted, even though he could see Arnold, who did not like to be challenged when he had made a decision, getting red under the collar. Arnold finally shut off all comment and the flight took to the air. At Minneapolis the planes bogged down, riddled with maintenance problems, and Arnold was forced to send out an urgent call for more mechanics. When they arrived, Twining was the first pilot to be displaced.

Crushed, Nate returned to Texas and resumed a humdrum peacetime career. He took a tour through Army schools—and received a promotion to captain after seventeen years as a lieutenant—then served for three years as a technical inspector. But when the chips fell after Pearl Harbor, and Arnold, then commanding all Army Air Forces, urgently needed levelheaded, practical executives to help oversee the huge expansion of the air organization and deploy it for battle, he sent for blunt-talking Nate Twining. As a special assistant in Arnold's office, Nate drew up war plans, and almost daily urged Arnold to send him to combat. After a few months Arnold relented. Nate flew to the South Pacific and took over as chief of staff to an old hunting buddy named Maj. Gen. Millard Harmon.

"It was one of those early joint commands," an Air Force general explains, "where the Army and Navy had meshed in a kind of shotgun-wedding deal and it was very easy for noses to get out of joint." In this ticklish situation, and later, Nate did a commendable job of co-ordinating Army, Navy and Marine Corps amphibious operations and air strikes in the Solomons. As a reward he was promoted to brigadier, then major general, and given command of the small but important 13th Air Force. At this point in history there were three Twining brothers serving in the same critical area: Nate; Merrill, a key planner with the 1st Marine Division on Guadalcanal; and Edward, a lawyer, who joined the Air Corps Reserve and wound up in Nate's headquarters as an intelligence expert. Later, Robert, recalled from retirement to command a hospital ship, served in the Pacific.

In the South Pacific, air generals in those days did not have private planes. When Nate wanted to move about the islands, he simply hitched his way on any available airplane. One day on Guadalcanal, he hopped aboard a shot-up B-17 bound for Espiritu Santo. The plane ran smack into a brick-wall front, fought through wing-warping thunderheads, until it ran low on fuel and was forced to ditch in mountainous seas. All fourteen men made it to the life rafts, but the rations they planned to take along were lost in the crash. As they drifted helplessly through the storm, they collected rain water to drink.

Much of the detail of this ordeal is locked in the minds of the men who suffered it, but one incident stands out clearly. The plane's navigator had brought along his .45 and a hefty supply of ammunition. Every time an albatross came near the rafts, he blasted away—unsuccessfully—until nerves were frayed. Finally General Twining said, "Put that gun down. Next time one comes over, I'll show you how to get it with one shot."

As if on cue, a large albatross appeared, swooping low over the water. Twining grabbed in the sloshing bilge water for his bone-handled .45, wiped it clean, stood up in the bobbing raft, drew a careful bead, and when the bird came within forty feet, he fired one round. The albatross plunged into the water, shot neatly through the head. It provided a much-needed meal, but, says Twining, "I can tell you, after that I didn't dare fire at another bird."

The Navy called off its aerial search for the castaways on the third day, after finding a suspicious oil slick and debris. However, one of Twining's subordinates, Col. Frank F. ("Hank") Everest, a tough and determined man who refused to give up, kept a couple of B-17's droning endlessly over the seas. Twining's brother, Edward, was one of the eager searchers. On the fifth day one of the B-17's spotted the tiny rafts and noted the position, but somehow in the confusion lost them again. On the next day—the sixth—another B-17 relocated the rafts, dropped a smoke bomb and radioed the Navy to send seaplanes. Soon the hapless crew was on dry land again. Hank Everest, needless to say, earned Twining's undying gratitude, and from then on he became Twining's right-hand man.

When Maude, who was living with the three Twining children in Charlotte, North Carolina, received the word, she became hysterical with joy. A couple of hours later she went down in the basement to put a load of sheets and pillowcases in the washing machine and stoke the furnace with coal. With a mighty heave she threw the dirty clothes into the flaming furnace and stopped just short of shoveling the coal into the washing machine.

Nate was not the kind of general to capture the public's fancy, but he was a dependable, hard-working commander, and inside the Air Force, at least, he began to climb the rungs to the big time. In late 1943 Arnold switched him to the other side of the world to take over the Mediterranean-based 15th Air Force from Jimmy Doolittle. Nate's heavy bombers ranged into Northern Italy and over the Alps into Germany to pound Nazi airfields, aircraft factories, communication points and other important targets. But his biggest challenge came in late spring of 1944 when he was ordered to stage a pulverizing campaign against the Ploesti oil fields in Rumania, a key source of oil for the Nazi war machine. From April until August, Nate's bombers, sometimes 500 and 600 at a time, fought through the heavy Ploesti defenses to dump 13,300 tons of bombs on the refineries, which were concealed most of the time under a heavy smoke screen. By the time the Russians moved into the area in late August the oil flow from Ploesti had been reduced by about two thirds, but it had been a costly campaign. A total of 239 bombers and 43 escorts had been lost, and the casualties, which weighed heavily on Twining's shoulders, had been high. Twelve days after the last bomb fell, Twining put into motion a daring mercy mission. Fifty-six B-17's were converted to temporary transports and sent to land in the Bucharest area at a time when shells were still falling nearby, Nazi fighters roamed the skies over Yugoslavia, and political turmoil prevailed. In three days the planes brought out 1162 Allied airmen, most of them 15th Air Force men who had been shot down on missions to Ploesti.

After the collapse of Germany, Twining, then a bemedaled, three-star general, returned to the States, hoping for leave and a chance to "do a little huntin'," but Hap Arnold had other plans. Soon Nate was en route to the Pacific to take command of the huge 20th Air Force, backbone of the strategic air offensive against Japan. He had barely arrived when the hottest firecracker of the war was tossed in his lap; responsibility for dropping the atomic bombs.

"I really sweated that one," he recalls. "We had orders to drop only in good weather. It was impossible to forecast weather accurately over Japan. What would we have done if the weather had turned bad? Drop it in the ocean? Bring it back? To make it worse, I couldn't talk to anybody about it."

In postwar years, as Chief of the Air Force Matériel Command, Nate had the unpleasant duty of presiding over the closing down of the aviation industry. He cringes when he recalls that in his own outfit—A.M.C.—he had to lay off 47,000 civilians. "That was the worst," he says. In 1947, he was named Commander in Chief, Alaskan Command, a tour of duty that for frontiersman Nate could only be described as paradise. The trappings of

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the third-floor den in Quarters Eight reflect Twining's success: a polar-bear rug named Snowdrop and a brown bearskin rug, Rusty. Incidentally, most things in the Twining household are named, right down to the cuckoo clock, Herbert. Exceptions are the stuffed heads of a caribou, moose and big doll sheep staring down from the den wall. Explains Maude: "We never name the ones we eat."

When the Korean war broke out, Twining hung up his rod and rifle and hurried to Washington—where he had not served full time for seventeen years—to act as Air Chief Hoyt Vandenberg's personnel director. Three months later, Van, who felt the need of a good right-hand man to preside over the emergency expansion of the Air Force, jumped Nate to Vice Chief of Staff. It is difficult to imagine two men working hand-in-glove who were more diametrically opposed in character and temperament. Vandenberg was moody and temperamental. He believed that a latent prejudice against the Air Force prevented it from obtaining anything without a hard, open fight. A skilled Pentagon politician, he set a goal of 143 wings for the Air Force and was determined to get it, no matter what. Twining was in favor of a powerful Air Force, but he believed it could be obtained by quiet negotiations in the Joint Chiefs. Moreover, his long association with the Army and Navy had led him to believe that they were vital elements of our national defense.

Vandenberg won his fight for 143 wings, but along the way he had created enemies, and interservice relations reached a new low. Then, in 1952, Vandenberg and Air Secretary Finletter fell into bitter disagreement, and because of this, indirectly, Nate Twining almost lost his job. According to those who held a front-row seat at this little backstage drama, Finletter became determined to oust Vandenberg as Chief of Staff and replace him with Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, boss of the Strategic Air Command. In March of 1952, Finletter reappointed Van as chief for fourteen months—time enough for Van to reach his thirty-year retirement date, but not a day more. Meanwhile, to give LeMay top-level experience, he ordered Twining to switch jobs with him at S.A.C.

The orders were issued by the White House and confirmed by the Senate. At the last minute, Vandenberg fell ill with the cancer that would soon take his life, and President Truman canceled the LeMay-Twining switch—LeMay recently moved into the Vice Chief slot when Twining moved up to Chairman—on the grounds that it would be unwise to change all the top Air Force leaders at one time. Into this delicate situation Twining moved on May 7, 1952, as Acting Chief of Staff. However, he so impressed Finletter with his integrity and levelheaded approach—that the LeMay plan was eventually abandoned. In fact, when the Republican Administration came into office in 1953 calling for the scalps of all military leaders who had been in power during the Korean war, Finletter urged Secretary of Defense Wilson and Air Secretary Talbott to appoint Twining Chief of Staff. They took his advice. When he got the news, Twining telephoned Maude and said, "Well, I'm hooked."

Now vested with the power he had lacked as Acting Chief, Twining set out to bring order out of the chaos that had existed during the latter part of the ailing Vandenberg's tenure. He called the Air staff together and laid down the new Air Force party line. "All right," he said, "from now on we're going to knock off this wild-blue-yonder stuff. We're big enough and old enough to stop fighting our battles in the newspapers or on the Hill. The important thing is for us to stop grabbing for everything in sight and make the stuff we have work right." The first task was to get the various "warlord" factions of the Air Force working together toward a single, unified objective. To help him, Twining appointed brilliant Gen. Thomas White as his Vice Chief, later brought in tough-talking Hank Everest as his Deputy for Operations. (White is now Chief of Staff; Everest, promoted to four stars, takes over as Air Force boss in Europe.)

It was a critical point in Air Force history. In the first battle test of the autonomous Air Force—Korea—its men and equipment had performed well. But now the airmen faced an even greater challenge, a revolution in arms brought on by the hydrogen bomb, supersonic airplanes and intercontinental missiles. On the horizon, the Soviet Air Force, swirling in an arms revolution of its own, was emerging as a major threat to the security of the free world.

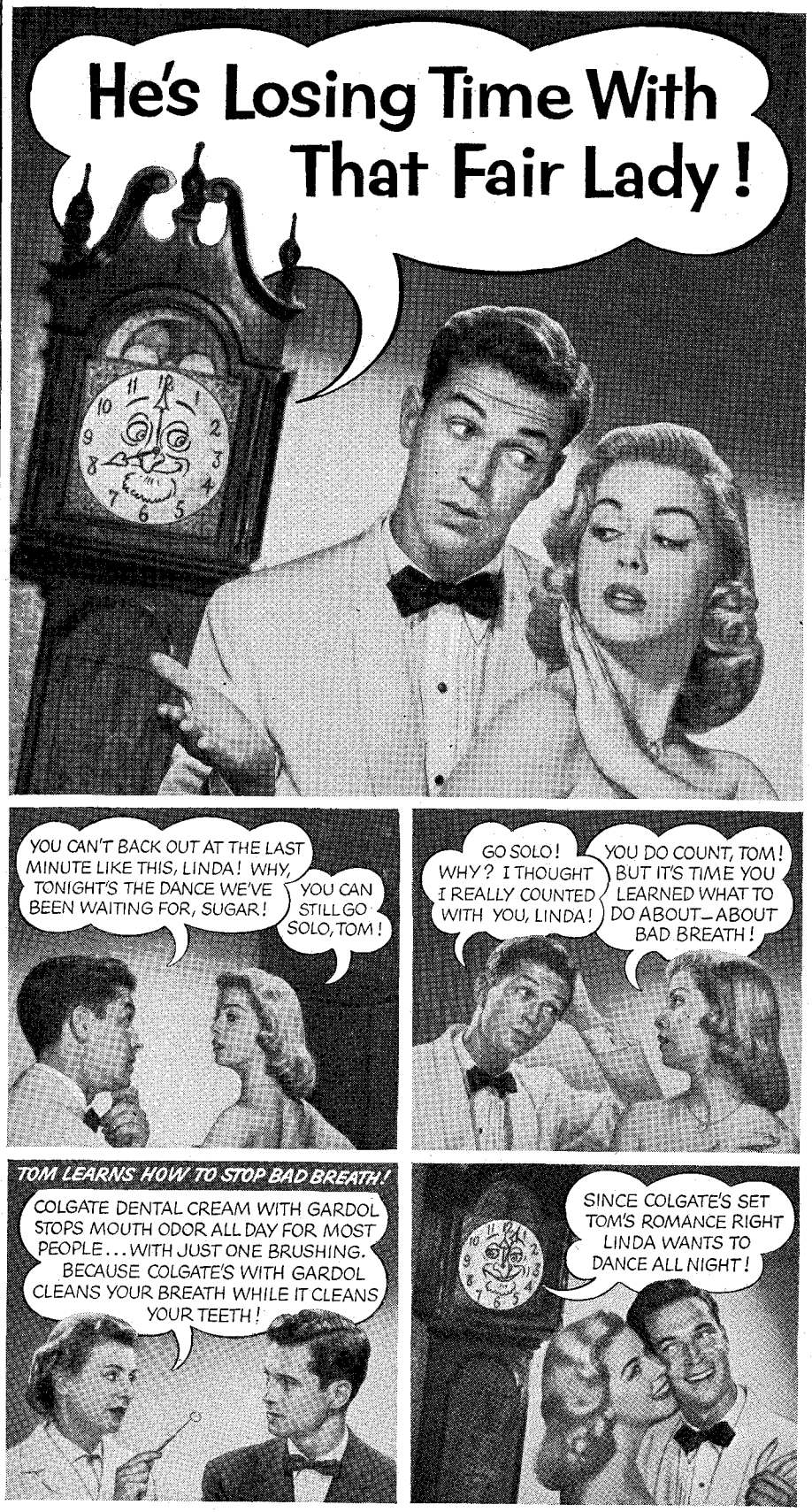
For four years Twining struggled with these brain-numbing scientific problems, steered the Air Force on a middle-of-the-road course between airplanes and missiles. At the same time, he kept the Air Force-in-being capable of moving on an instant's notice either against the heartland of Russia or into a peripheral situation. He abandoned the 143-wing program (the Air Force goal for next year is 128 wings), but in the New Look, which he helped author, our armed forces were reorganized around air-atomic power, and Nate bagged 47 per cent of the defense dollar for the Air Force. He became a close associate of J.C.S. Chairman Radford, and did much to restore the prestige of the Air Force in Navy circles. He infused the Air Force with a stability and dignity unequaled in its history.

As Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Nate will apply his common-sense approach and homespun philosophy to all three services. With spiraling defense costs and mounting pressure from the grass roots to cut the budget, he will probably have his hands full. The Air Force may be squeezed, but it seems likely that the Army and Navy will be cut hardest. In any case, the Army and Navy—as well as the Air Force—know that they will be certain of a fair and sympathetic hearing. The public can be sure that while Nate is in the driver's seat nothing radical will take place. As Twining puts it: "We've got to stop dreaming and do the best with what we get." THE END

Desert Town

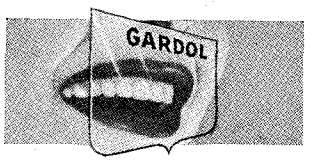
By Ethel Jacobson

The rose of the highest
cloud
Dies to a smoky gray
And the dusty desert town
Stirs at the end of day,
Wakes at dusk to flower
In scarlet, green and blue,
As gaudy blossoms burgeon
In neon's every hue.
The cluster of roadside
shacks
Is a garden of garish blooms
Whose petals spell out
EATS . . .
And GAS . . . and ROOMS.


He's Losing Time With That Fair Lady!
YOU CAN'T BACK OUT AT THE LAST MINUTE LIKE THIS, LINDA! WHY, TONIGHT'S THE DANCE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, SUGAR!
YOU CAN STILL GO SOLO, TOM!
GO SOLO! WHY? I THOUGHT I REALLY COUNTED WITH YOU, LINDA!
YOU DO COUNT, TOM! BUT IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED WHAT TO DO ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH!
TOM LEARNS HOW TO STOP BAD BREATH!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WITH GARDOL STOPS MOUTH ODOR ALL DAY FOR MOST PEOPLE... WITH JUST ONE BRUSHING. BECAUSE COLGATE'S WITH GARDOL CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!
SINCE COLGATE'S SET TOM'S ROMANCE RIGHT LINDA WANTS TO DANCE ALL NIGHT!

Brush Your Teeth with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM... Brush Bad Breath Away!

And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!



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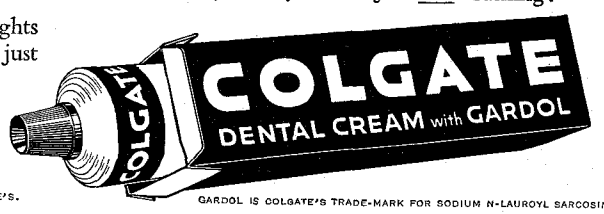
Of all leading toothpastes,* only Colgate's contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day...with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day...with just one brushing.



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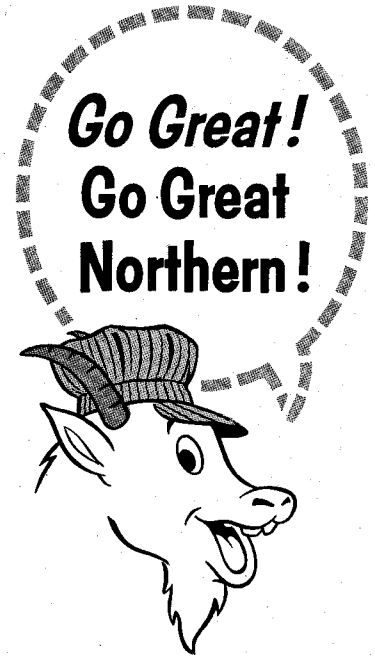

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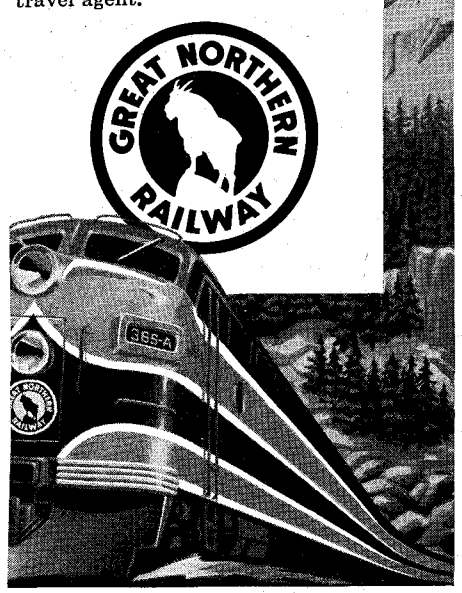

Boss Man of the Bums

(Continued from Page 31)

not ecstatic, press. One veteran newsman says he doubts that the Brooklyn writers would vote for a return to the blustery days of Durocher and Dressen. Another feels that Alston is doing a better job with the veteran Dodger team than Dressen, Durocher and Burt Shotton did with earlier editions of the club.

Alston's stock as a manager also has gone up in the eyes of most of the players. "Maybe it wasn't fair to keep comparing Walt to Dressen," says the now-retired Jackie Robinson, who has called Dressen the greatest manager he ever played for. "Walt has made considerable progress. My feelings toward him have changed considerably. He had certain faults in my eyes—of course, it could have been my eyesight. Finally, though, our personal relationship worked out fine."

Another Dodger veteran, still active, says of Alston, "He has improved steadily since 1954, but the biggest change came in 1956. He was far more aggressive. Perhaps winning the Series the year before gave him more confidence. He's a competent manager—maybe not a great one, but how many great ones are there?"

The Alston personality, which is surprisingly warm beneath his reserve, blooms slowly after being transplanted. "A guy," he says, his broad face a study in sincerity, "is made a certain way, and he can't get out of character. I still can't mix with a bunch of strangers."

When he first came up to Brooklyn from the Montreal Royals, it took people a while to learn that there was more to this blue-eyed, balding man than a mild and quiet manner. For instance, he has a puckish humor. Also, when something happens that outrages his sense of truth or justice, he has a violent temper.

One criticism of Alston as a manager is that he sticks too closely to the percentage book. "Sure he does," says Vice President Bavasi, "but isn't that why the book was written?"

Alston himself doesn't feel that he has any set managerial technique. "You have to adjust to the ball club," he said earlier this season. "I've been playing more for one run this year because our power has diminished and our pitching can be pretty good."

He doesn't overrate the importance of the manager's role. "The main thing is just to get along with twenty-five grown men," he says. "I doubt if it would make any difference if every club changed managers."

Alston runs a relaxed club, giving each man as much rope as he can handle. Both Pee Wee Reese and Junior Gilliam are allowed to steal without a signal, because Alston is confident they won't run at the wrong time. Reese can hit and run on his own. Others are always controlled from the bench.

When Roy Campanella is catching, Alston never calls pitches. But he often gives signs when less-experienced backstops are in action. And to make sure that his pitchers know the opposing hitters, he requires the man working the next game to keep a pitch-by-pitch chart the day before.

He is a dugout manager now, having turned over the third-base coaching box to Billy Herman in 1955. "The dugout is a better spot," he says. "Sometimes I like to talk to the next hitter, and I can get together with the pitcher between innings."

Alston wears a worried look from first pitch to last, and no lead is big enough for his comfort. The Dodgers clinched the 1955 pennant on September eighth, the earliest date in National League history, by trouncing Milwaukee, 10–2. Alston removed starting pitcher Roger Craig in the fourth inning, with the Dodgers ahead, 4–2. Craig had faltered a bit, and Alston didn't want to prolong the race a single day.

"I hate to lose," he says. "I worry and I fret, and sometimes I feel that my insides are being chewed out." During a game he often talks to no one in particular. He frequently hollers, "Bear down out there," when an umpire makes a questionable decision. He rarely goes out to argue, although in June he had a run-in with umpire Frank Secory that brought a three-day suspension.

"Alston never asks an asinine question," says another umpire, Jocko Conlan. "If you give him a sensible answer, he goes back to the dugout."

Alston's approach to the matter is to "try to stay off umpires unless I feel I have a good kick coming. Umpires are like ballplayers. Some you have to get on, and some others will get rockheaded and give you a hard time."

It takes a lot to make Alston explode. Of the many critical stories written about him in 1954, the only one which infuriated Alston was a piece saying he wasn't boss of the club. "Sure, I asked advice because I didn't know the league," he admits. "I'd do the same thing again. But I felt I was boss."

On reading the story, Alston accosted the reporter and hollered, "If you were younger I'd punch your nose in." The two are good friends today, and last spring the reporter wrote a glowing report about the "new" Walter Alston, whom he described as poised and articulate.

"When I do get mad, I get too mad," says Alston. "I know this, but I can't help myself."

At Montreal, Alston received a tip at three o'clock one morning that a star player was whooping it up in a night spot. Alston leaped out of bed and went looking for the player. "It's probably a good thing I didn't find him," says Alston, who is big (six-foot-two, 210 pounds) and remarkably strong.

Still livid with anger, Alston called a clubhouse meeting that day. "I'm fining you two hundred dollars," he told the offending player in front of the squad, "and now I want to hear the whole story. If you lie to me, it'll cost you five hundred dollars and I'll slap hell out of you." Usually he criticizes only in private, but that time he felt "the team had a right to know it was being let down." Once Alston cooled off, there was no semblance of a grudge.

Another time, after his Montreal team gave several lackadaisical performances, Alston let off a dangerous head of steam by shattering a chair against the clubhouse wall. With St. Paul, when some players began roistering on the train, Alston emerged from his drawing room and threatened to beat up the whole bunch. On Alston's teams there never has been any foolish talk about challenging the manager to fisticuffs.

Counterbalancing his occasional outbursts of temper is his sense of humor, which operates only when he is among people he knows well. Fans who think him colorless should arrive at the ball park earlier, when Alston is throwing batting practice. He works his entire twenty-minute stint with a broad grin on his face. He banters with the players, telling them they are indeed lucky to hit such good stuff. If a player misses a pitch, Alston is delighted. "My curve's getting better with age," he often quips.

Alston can take a ribbing and hand one out. As a practical joker he is at his best in his native Darrtown, Ohio, a hamlet of 200 inhabitants. When a hunting companion, Howard Cox, derided the Brooklyn manager for poor marksmanship, Alston revenged himself by secretly wiring a dead hawk into a natural-looking position atop a hill, and then getting Cox to blast away ineffectively at it. Another time he fooled a trapshooting opponent by bribing the trap boy to put five unbreakable aluminum birds in each set of twenty-five the other man shot at.

Long-time acquaintances are invariably Alston's stanchest supporters. Gilson Wright, who teaches journalism in Oxford, Ohio, at Alston's alma mater, Miami University, says bluntly, "Anybody who claims Alston is not good copy is either a poor newspaperman or looking for somebody who will make a clown of himself."

The fact that Alston gives the reporters little headline stuff is not due to an un-cooperative nature. Al Parsley, a Montreal writer, recalls a visit to the Dodgers' camp at Vero Beach in 1954. "I had just started talking to Alston," Parsley relates, "when O'Malley wanted Walt to meet a couple of guests. Finally we got talking again, and then a couple of umpires dropped by to barber about a trick play. After they left, I had just opened my mouth to ask something when Lee Scott, the road secretary, wanted to know what players were going over to Tampa to play Cincinnati. I waited until they got through. Then a couple of Dodgers wanted to talk to him privately and drew him aside.

"I gave up," says Parsley, "and went back to my own room to dream up a story. An hour and a half later there was a rap on the door. It was Alston. 'We never seemed to get down to brass tacks, did we?' he said. 'Now what was it you wanted to know?' We talked for an hour."

Nor was this an isolated favor for an old friend. In Darrtown one night Alston and his wife, Lela, obligingly stayed up to pose for an embarrassed rookie photographer from Cincinnati. At one A.M. the lad phoned back in distress to report that somehow his pictures hadn't turned out. "Well," said the sleepy Alston, "if you want to drive out we'll try again." He and his wife got dressed and posed until three A.M.

Alston has the kind of personality that wears well. This was in part responsible for his getting the Brooklyn job. After Dressen had demanded himself out of

... ...

Tight Squeeze

By Norman R. Jaffray

The bathing-suit couturière
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care
And really puts her heart
in it.

And when she's put each
tuck and pleat,
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She still must solve the
tricky feat
Of how to put the girl in it.

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employment, Walter O'Malley turned to four of his aides—vice presidents Buzzie Bavasi and Fresco Thompson and scouts Andy High and John Corriden—for advice on a new manager. All were men who had worked closely with Alston in the Dodger farm system.

Pee Wee Reese, the veteran Dodger shortstop, was the heir apparent to the job. But Reese decided against the dual role of player-manager. A prolonged public guessing game followed. Bill Terry, Frankie Frisch, Lefty O'Doul, Jimmy Dykes and even Fresco Thompson were mentioned.

When Alston's appointment finally was announced six weeks after Dressen's departure, O'Malley stated that the other members of the selection panel "were for Alston from the start. I had my own candidate." At that he looked sharply at Fresco Thompson.

The delay, plus O'Malley's remark, was interpreted to mean that Alston had been no better than a compromise choice. Recently, however, O'Malley said, "The delay was by design. We had just fired a popular manager and wanted things to cool off. That business with Fresco was just a gag. I've been kidding Fresco for years because he doesn't qualify for the baseball pension. I've been telling him the only way to do it would be to manage again."

Alston had considered making application for the big job, but, staying in character, he didn't. "They knew all about my work," he says. "I figured if they wanted me they'd call me."

In thirteen years of minor-league managing—ten of them in the Brooklyn chain—he had finished out of the first division only three times. He had won one pennant in two tries at St. Paul, and two flags and a Little World Series in four years at Montreal. Twenty-five of the players on Brooklyn's 1954 spring-training roster—including Don Newcombe, Roy Campanella, Clem Labine, Johnny Podres and Junior Gilliam—had played for Alston in the minors.

A particular champion for Alston was—and is—Buzzie Bavasi, who was business manager at Nashua, New Hampshire, in 1946 when Alston managed that New England League club. "Alston," says Bavasi, "is a sound manager who does things our way. There was some question about bringing in an unknown, but we wanted an organization man. Walt is great to work with. He isn't a yes man and he doesn't kowtow, but you can talk to him.

"There have been plenty of times when he's won a game with a smart move. You never hear him mention that. If Durocher or Dressen let somebody hit a three-and-oh pitch and it paid off, you can bet they'd talk about it. Not Walt."

Alston makes friends of the durable variety. There was an example of this in 1954 when the press had him on the pan. Danny Long, who played for Alston at Trenton, wrote to a New York columnist that Walt's critics were off base. Long called him an excellent manager, "scrupulously honest and fair-minded."

At Montreal in 1951, when Alston's Royals won the pennant, league writers failed to vote him manager of the year. Tommy Lasorda, a Montreal pitcher, was so furious that he invaded the press lair to upbraid the writers.

The author of this article, who pitched for Alston's Montreal teams in 1951 and 1952, can best describe him with an old baseball saying: "If you can't play for Alston, you can't play for anybody." Anyone who gave his best effort had no trouble with Walt Alston. At the same time he didn't demand the impossible, and didn't second-guess.

He always worked hard, and never felt that his managerial title exempted him from chores. After a game he always grabbed an armful of bats to help the bat boy. He still does this in Brooklyn. Ernie Cook, trainer for Alston at Montreal, recalls that whenever the Royals were pushed to catch a train, Alston would help pack the equipment trunks.

Such things, however, meant nothing—and still don't—to the average fan. At the time of Alston's appointment, Brooklyn followers knew only that a colorful and successful manager had been replaced by one untested and unknown. O'Malley increased the burden with his declaration that Alston's job was to beat the Yankees in the World Series. "I can see now where that may have been a mistake," O'Malley said recently. "But that's what he was hired for."

The 1954 season cast the stereotypes on Alston, stereotypes only now wearing down. He was pictured as colorless and indecisive, and by some as incompetent. The Dodgers, expected to waltz to the pennant, finished five games behind the Giants. It was a trying year. Always there were comparisons with Dressen. Dressen was lightning-fast on decisions, played hunches, used the hit-and-run freely. Alston, said his critics, was uncertain.

Some Dodger players still feel the five-game gap could have been narrowed that season, but none is willing to say that a pennant was possible. After all, Roy Campanella, following a hand operation, slumped from his .312 average of 1953 to .207. Carl Furillo dropped from .344 to .294. Johnny Podres underwent a mid-season appendectomy. Don Newcombe, slow to regain form after two years in military service, won only nine games.

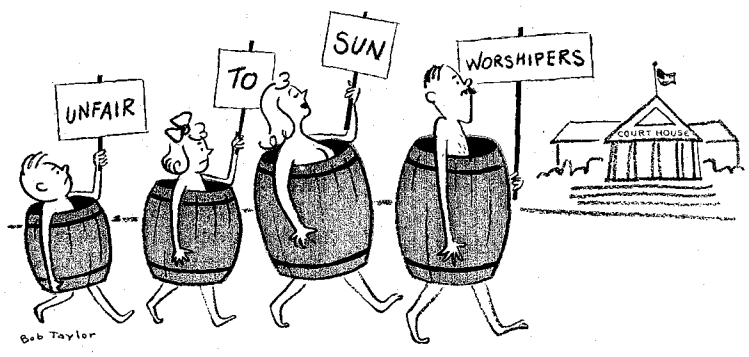
Nonetheless, several players feel that Alston didn't adjust quickly enough. "We had the reputation of being a home-run-hitting club," says one veteran, "and Walt was awed by the power we were supposed to have. He kept laying back for the home runs, and we didn't get them."

Alston admits this. "Since then," he said not long ago, "I've changed my mind on some players. At first, for example, I didn't think Furillo was a hit-and-run man. Now I recognize that he always gets a piece of the ball."

At the end of the 1954 season Alston went home feeling that he had done everything that could have been done. Did O'Malley consider replacing Alston at that time? "Let's put it this way," said the club president recently; "at no time has there been a sword over Alston's head. I can't imagine anyone winning the 1954 pennant with Campanella hitting .207."

Any doubts that Alston was firmly in charge were dispelled early in 1955. Coming north, Jackie Robinson complained to a newspaperman because he wasn't playing regularly. "When I'm fit," said Jackie, "I've got a right to be playing and Alston knows it. Or maybe he doesn't know it."

Alston boiled over, feeling that if Robinson had any complaints he should have



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

When the Sunnyside Sun-bathing Society applied for a charter as a nonprofit corporation "to further the practice of nudism," state officials turned them down cold. The officials cited a state law which forbade adults to go nude in the presence of the opposite sex, and explained that they couldn't charter a corporation organized to violate the law. The nudists, alias sun bathers, sued in court.

"To us and others who sincerely share our views, nudism is like a religion," their fully-clothed spokesman argued. "All we ask as nudists is the right to assemble peaceably with others of the same belief. The antinudist law, by depriving us of free assembly, is unconstitutional."

"Nonsense," the state attorney replied. "The law is a valid one designed to protect public morals and decency. Even if these people are sincere, many others who would like to run around nude are not above reproach."

If you were the judge, would you toss out the law and grant the nudists a charter?

... ...

The nudists lost. The court ruled: "The merits of nudism as a doctrine of life need not be considered in deciding this case. If the statute bears any reasonable relation to the public welfare and public morals, the courts may not declare it to be invalid."

Based upon a 1956 Ohio decision.

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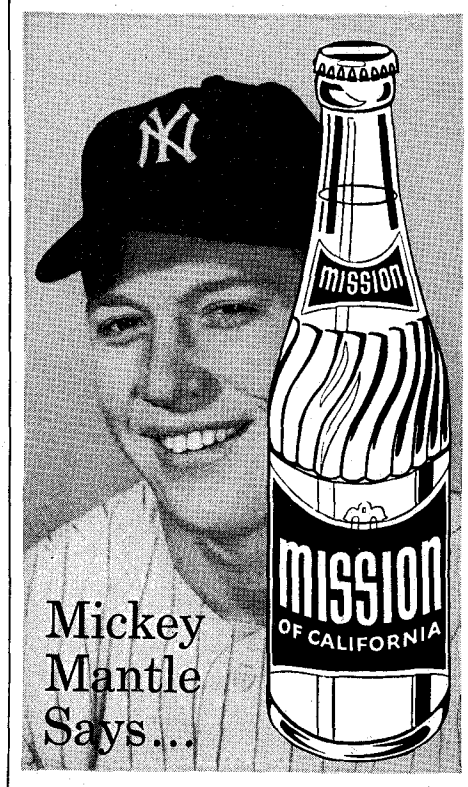

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made them direct. "The first year Jackie and I had it out several times," he says. "I didn't know Jackie, and I had no particular favorites. I thought that just because Jackie was a star was no reason for him to talk more than other players. This is one of the problems of managing. In trying to treat each man alike, you have to treat each one differently."

In Louisville, Alston held a meeting that Robinson later described as "a humdinger." Some say the 1955 pennant was won at that meeting. If Alston's authority needed another boost, it came on May fifth, when Don Newcombe balked at pitching batting practice. Alston told him to turn in his uniform. Next day the big pitcher made peace. He went on to a twenty-and-five record.

The Dodgers won their first ten games in 1955, and twenty-two of their first twenty-four. Alston confesses that he was a bit smug over this sensational start, because he had been under heavy fire for line-up experiments in Grapefruit League games. The Dodgers stayed on top all year.

The next season Alston had his most serious run-in with his team. It happened in July of 1956, when the Dodgers were five games off the pace. After they lost the first game of a double-header at Milwaukee, Alston sounded off in the clubhouse. A player leaked the story that he had called them "gutless." One writer said, "The Dodgers are mad at their manager, and the split is beyond repair."

"That story hurt worse than anything that ever happened to me," says Alston. "And it was a damned lie. I accused some rear ends of flying out"—backing away from pitches—"but I didn't call anybody gutless."

Several players resented the dressing-down. "He just made a bungle," says one. "We had battled back that day and almost won it. We wanted to win just as much as he did."

In the end, of course, the Dodgers did get going, coming from behind to edge out the Milwaukee Braves on the final day.

This season, although some experts picked the Dodgers once more, there were many who thought they wouldn't be able to do it again. One man high in the Brooklyn command said privately last winter that they were willing to settle for a fourth-place finish in 1957, with a transition from age to youth being made.

Since 1948 Dodger success has been based largely on the offensive and defensive strength of catcher Roy Campanella, first baseman Gil Hodges, shortstop Pee Wee Reese, center fielder Duke Snider, right fielder Carl Furillo and Jackie Robinson, who variously played first, second and third base and the outfield. Now Robinson is gone. Reese, at thirty-eight, is the oldest regular in the National League. Campanella is thirty-five, Furillo thirty-five, Hodges thirty-three and Snider thirty-one. Only Hodges batted over .300 the first half of the season. Together with left fielder Gino Cimoli, a surprising sophomore, he was supplying what little punch the once-powerful Dodgers were able to muster.

Alston anticipated the decline in offensive strength. On the other hand, he went into the season with what looked like a tremendous pitching staff. Injuries changed that too. Three top starters—Sal Maglie, Johnny Podres and Sandy Koufax—were side-lined at different times. Carl Erskine was unable to regain his old form. By June the pitching staff was so riddled that Alston hurriedly called up southpaw Danny McDevitt from St. Paul as an added starter.

Ailments also plagued the Dodgers at other positions. Alston had to try a number of infield combinations. In one unit Reese was shifted to third base, with Charlie Neal—regarded by Alston as a great prospect—at shortstop. Alston this year has been forced to juggle as no Dodger manager has done in almost a decade.

At midseason his club was in fifth place, and playing at an unimpressive .533 clip, but after the All Star Game break the Dodgers started a spurt that put them back in the pennant picture.

Wherever the Dodgers may finish, Alston feels he will have done a better job this year than ever before. "Experience is the big thing," he says. "A manager should get better each year. I learn something new every week."

For Walter Alston, learning about baseball started not long after he was born, December 1, 1911, on a 280-acre farm near Hamilton, Ohio. He grew up in a baseball-minded family. "Even before Walt started school," says his father, Emmons Alston, an old semipro star, "he would stay in the field with me all afternoon. When I rested the horses he would be ready for me to pass him a few"—meaning, to play catch. "He could put smoke on that ball." Walt is still known to some as Smokey, although his pitching ended in high school.

After being graduated from Darrtown High, Walt married classmate Lela Alexander and entered Miami University, eight miles away in Oxford. Although he was a basketball and baseball star at Miami, Alston had no athletic scholarship. To cut expenses Walt and Mrs. Alston stayed with his parents. He drove a laundry truck morning and evening, and racked pool balls during lunch hour. He became so proficient with a pool cue that he was allowed to play for the house. Today he has a pool table in his recreation room.

In college, where he majored in physical education, Alston was just as hard-working and serious-minded as he is today. Jay Colville, Miami trainer since 1922, says Alston never took much of his time. "He was a country boy who didn't expect anybody to pay him much attention," Colville observes.

Dr. Walter McNelly, chairman of the physiology department, says, "The boys depended upon him because he never got flustered." He remembers Alston as "a good student—high C, maybe B sometimes."

Alston was graduated in 1935, and immediately signed with the St. Louis Cardinals' chain as a first baseman. Four times in his minor-league career he hit twenty-five or more homers. His major-league experience, however, was limited to a brief trial with the Cardinals at the end of the 1936 season. He got to bat one time. Facing Lon Warneke, of the Chicago Cubs, he hit two loud fouls and struck out.

In 1940, Alston jumped at a chance to be player-manager for Portsmouth, Ohio. "I knew I had shortcomings as a player," he says. "I was an overstrider and had trouble with the curve ball. But above all, I wanted to stay in the game."

In 1941 and 1942 he played and managed Springfield, Ohio, and then went back to playing only. His nadir came in 1944 when, plagued by back and leg injuries, he was released by Rochester. Fortunately, Branch Rickey, the former Cardinal boss then at Brooklyn, remembered Alston as a potential leader, and signed him to manage Trenton. That was the beginning. Alston went on to Nashua, Pueblo, St. Paul and Montreal—then Brooklyn.

He taught school in the off season up to 1950 when he was earning $12,000 a year at Montreal. But baseball always came first with Alston, even though it took him away from the country and into the cities. "To this day," he says, "I still get almost sick every time we start into a big city."

At the end of the season the Alstons always are overjoyed to get back to their spacious three-bedroom ranch-style home in Darrtown. Walt's parents live just across the street. His father helped build the son's house while Walt was managing at Montreal. Together they made most of the furniture in Walt's completely equipped workshop. Walt and Lela Alston's only child, Doris, and her husband live with them. There are a four-year-old grandson and five-month-old granddaughter of whom Walt is exceptionally proud.

Around Darrtown everyone agrees that Walt Alston hasn't changed a bit. "In the off season," says Bob Howard, publicity director at Miami U., "we see Alston around the hardware store or the bank, usually in everyday work clothes, quietly visiting with people who know him. He attends Miami basketball and football games, but you never know he's around unless you look up and spot him in the crowd."

That's practically the way it has been at Ebbets Field. THE END

NEXT WEEK

Buckskin and Blanket Days

PART ONE

A Great True Adventure Story of the Old West

We Toured the Midwest in an Outboard

A Post Editor's Inexpensive Vacation Voyage

Good News for Diabetics

The Pill That May Replace the Hypodermic Needle

Can Labor Live Down Dave Beck?

An Estimate of the Damage, by an Expert

Baruch: My Own Story

Life Among the Famous at Hobcaw Plantation

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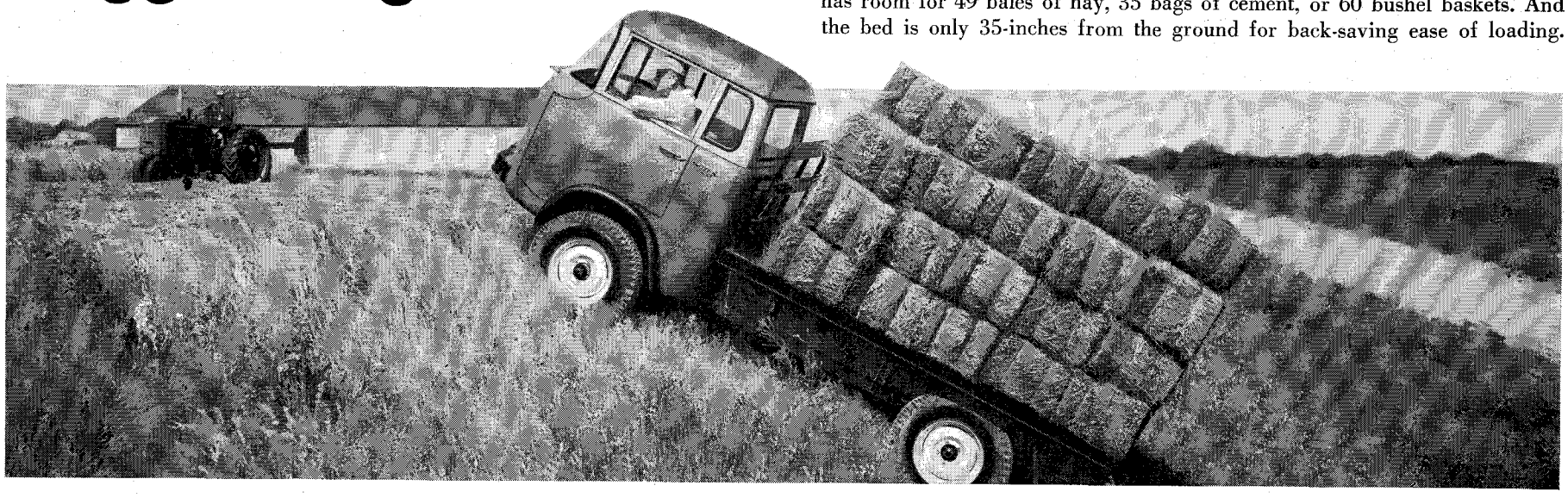

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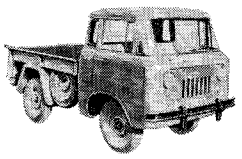
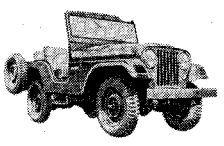


Forward Control 'Jeep' FC-150



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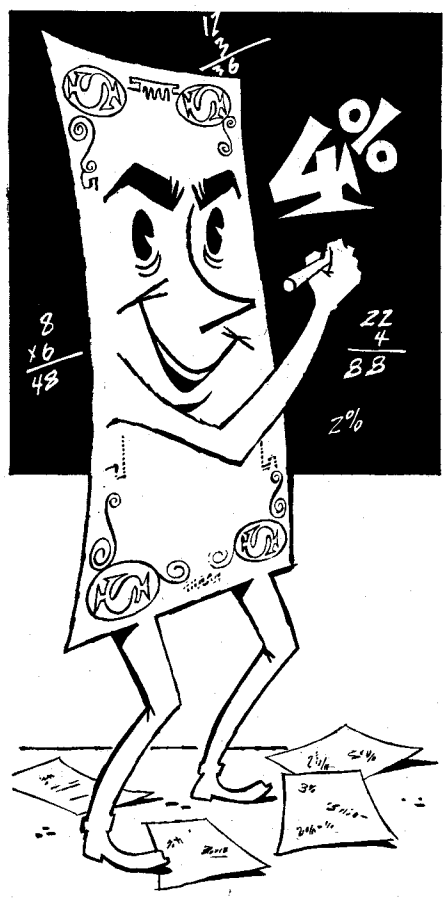

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Baruch: My Own Story

(Continued from Page 21)

I read the Financial Chronicle regularly. And every chance I got, I would pull open Poor's Manual, cramming into my head all sorts of information about various corporations.

It is too bad that in those days there were no TV quiz programs asking questions worth $64,000 or I might have earned a fortune painlessly. I could rattle off the routes of all the principal railroads in the United States, along with what commodities and products gave them their main sources of revenue. Nor did I have to consult an atlas to tell which railroads would be affected by drought in one part of the country or floods in another, by the discovery of some new mine or the opening of some new territory for settlement.

I soon acquired a reputation as a lad with a ready store of information at his command. Nothing would please me more than to have people ask me questions rather than go to a book and look up the answers.

I also began speculating in stocks on my own, buying and selling ten shares at a time, mostly of railroads in receivership or some industrials. Of course, I made money sometimes, but as soon as I got a few hundred dollars ahead, I would be cleaned out of everything, my original stake included.

I lost not only my own money but that of father as well. On this occasion I became convinced that a fortune could be made in an overhead trolley line running between the landing and a hotel at Put-in-Bay on an island in Lake Erie. The venture was brought to my attention by a personally charming promoter named John P. Carrothers, whom father and I met on the ship returning from Europe in 1890. So carried away was I that I persuaded father to invest in the scheme $8000, a considerable part of his savings. Every dollar was lost.

Although father did not reproach me by so much as a look, the loss weighed on my heart. I imagine I took it harder than father, who cared less for money than for human values.

Not long after the trolley-line derailing I remarked to mother that if I had $500 I could make some money in Tennessee Coal & Iron. "Why don't you ask your father for it?" she urged. I protested that after the Put-in-Bay disaster I could not ask him for another penny.

A few days later father came to me with a check for $500. Memory plays us subtle tricks, and I cannot recall whether I accepted this money. That detail is obscured by the larger significance of the incident; the profound lift it was to my self-respect to learn that after I had cost him so much of his earnings, father still had faith in me.

Unquestionably, father was psychologist enough to know something of the struggle going on within me. My mind was in a state of balance where the touch of a hand might swerve me in a direction that could determine the whole course of my career. In such circumstances some men grow desperate. I grew cautious.

I developed a habit I was never to forsake—of analyzing my losses to determine where I had made my mistakes. This was a practice I was to develop ever more systematically as my operations grew in size. After each major undertaking—and particularly when things had turned sour—I would shake loose from Wall Street and go off to some quiet place where I could review what I had done and determine wherein I had gone wrong. At such times I never sought to excuse myself, but was concerned solely with guarding against a repetition of the same error.

Periodic self-examination of this sort is something all of us need, in both private and governmental affairs. The more we know of our own failings the easier it becomes to understand other people and why they act as they do.

Also, human nature generates its own inertia, which tends to keep us moving in whatever direction we have started. It is always wise for individuals and governments to stop and ask whether we should rush on blindly as in the past. Have new conditions arisen, requiring a change of direction or pace? Have we lost sight of the essential problem and are we simply wasting our energies on diversions or distractions? What have we learned that may help us to avoid repeating the same old errors?

In those early Wall Street days, it wasn't too difficult to figure out what I was doing that was wrong. There are two principal mistakes that nearly all amateurs in the stock market make. The first is to have an inexact knowledge of the securities in which one is dealing, to know too little about a company's management, its earnings and prospects for future growth. The second mistake is to trade beyond one's financial resources, to try to run up a fortune on a shoestring.

This was my main error at the outset. I had virtually no capital to start with. When I bought stocks I put up so small a margin that a change of a few points could wipe out my equity. What I really was doing, in fact, was little more than betting whether a stock would go up or down. I might be right sometimes, but any sizable fluctuation would wipe me out.

Only after I had been wiped out repeatedly did I learn the lesson of not overplaying my hand and of always holding back some part of my capital as a reserve. Had I learned this earlier I would have saved myself many a heartache, and avoided going broke again and again. What I was fighting out inside of myself was the age-old conflict that every ambitious youth experiences—of choosing between a reckless impulse to shoot the works and the cautious massing of one's resources for the morrow.

While carrying on my own speculations, I was also working as a bond salesman and customer's man for A. A. Housman. In this work I was the soul of business caution. My aim was to win the confidence of customers so they would continue to do business with us. With great care, I studied the list of securities and tried to sell only ones I thought likely to increase in value. After I made a sale I would watch these securities and keep the purchasers advised as to when they should make changes.

The contradiction in this double financial life that I was leading was brought home to me by an amusing incident. Always fond of sports, I often patronized cock fights—"mains," as we called them—which used to be held at an inn overlooking the Hudson River at about 175th Street. One night a "main" was going full tilt when someone shouted, "The police!"

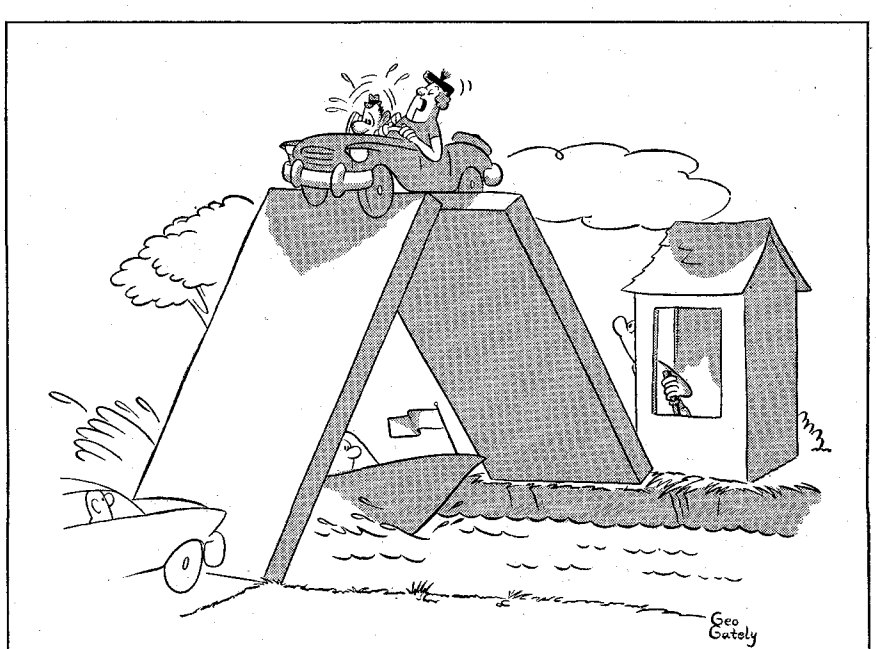
Out of the windows and every other exit we piled, I not among the hindmost. The alarm turned out to be a false one. Most of the spectators trooped back to the pit, but I went home. To be haled before a magistrate for attending a chicken fight, I decided, was hardly the kind of publicity that would help a young broker earn a reputation for sound conservatism among his customers.

In the spring of 1897 I managed to scrape together a few hundred dollars with which I bought on margin some shares of American Sugar Refining Company. This transaction marked an important change in my approach to the stock market. Before I bought these new sugar stocks I made a thorough study of this company's prospects. Although I still was speculating, this time it was on the basis of my own judgment after an analysis of the facts.

The key question was the tariff. A bill lowering sugar schedules had passed the House, and American Refining dropped sharply. I made up my mind that the Senate would continue the tariff, since the agricultural West would feel that a tariff benefited our own beet-sugar growers. When the bill which was passed left tariff rates substantially as they were, the sugar stock rose with a burst.

I had been "parlaying" my profits. That is, as the sugar stock rose, I used my gains to buy margins on still more stock. When I sold out, my total profit was about $60,000, which made me a Croesus in my own eyes.

The first thing I did was to telephone Annie Griffen, the young lady who had promised to marry me and whom I had kept waiting for years, while alternating dreams of wealth and poverty made life miserable. Our courtship had been opposed by Annie's father, who was the grandson of an Episcopalian minister, because of the differences in our religions.



"Forward or reverse?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Mr. Griffen withheld his consent to the last and was not present at our wedding. In time, however, he became reconciled. I was gratified when later he admitted that he had been wrong in thinking our marriage would not prove successful. For some years after our marriage my wife would accompany me to the synagogue for Friday-evening services. I always observed the Jewish holy days—as I still do. My wife attended her own church.

The second thing I did after the sugar deal was to buy a seat on the Stock Exchange. Perhaps more important than the profit I made in the sugar transaction was the fact that it marked the beginning of my education in what success in speculation requires.

Modern usage has made the term "speculator" a synonym for gambler and plunger. That feeling, in fact, cost me the chance to become associated with the elder J. P. Morgan. In 1909, Charles Steele, a Morgan partner, asked me to investigate the possibilities in a sulphur dome in Brazoria County, Texas, along the Gulf Coast near Galveston. The understanding was that if the prospect proved worthy, the Morgans would supply the capital, I would do the work and we would divide profits sixty-forty.

I enlisted the services of a highly qualified mining engineer, Seeley W. Mudd, and we went to Texas. Day after day I sat on Bryan Mound, as the property was called, watching drillers send their shafts down into the test holes and bring up cores of earth which were tested for their sulphur content. Night after night in the little hotel in the town of Brazoria I slapped mosquitoes, while studying figures on the world's sulphur trade. Finally Mudd reported that the chances were about fifty-fifty that the sulphur under Bryan Mound could be mined profitably.

Back in New York I reported this personally to Mr. Morgan, explaining that we could buy the whole property outright for $500,000. I added that I was willing to "gamble" half of that sum from my own funds.

"I never gamble," replied Mr. Morgan with a gesture that signified that the interview was over and I was dismissed.

Stung by his attitude, I decided to press ahead with my own undertaking. Eventually the project I went into became the largest sulphur-producing company in the United States and the most profitable single enterprise of my money-making career.

On the basis of an investment of three to four million dollars, the Morgan interest in the project would have been worth $45,000,000 by the late 1920's and, in addition, the Morgans would have received close to $25,000,000 in dividends.

Mr. Morgan's reaction to the word "gamble" did not strike me as a fair one. The development of any new mineral property is extremely hazardous. Not even the "safest" investment is without some risk and some element of speculation.

Actually, the word "speculation" comes from the Latin *speculari*, which means "to spy out and observe." I have defined a speculator as a man who observes the future and acts before it occurs.

To do this successfully—and it is an ability of priceless value in all human affairs, including the making of peace and war—three things are necessary:

First, one must get the facts of a situation or problem.

Second, one must form a judgment as to what those facts portend.

Third, one must act—before it is too late.

Many men talk intelligently, even brilliantly, about something, only to prove helpless when it comes to acting on what they believe. This need to act in time may point to the harshest single dilemma of a democratic society. In a democracy the will of the majority is supposed to govern, but, with many crucial problems, if action is delayed until its need is apparent to everyone, it will be too late. To be evident to all, a danger must be on top of us—out of hand, in fact.

There are some problems on whose solution we must wait for the workings of time. But with many other problems inaction is the worst possible course.

For example, my experience as chairman of the War Industries Board in World War One taught that if inflation were to be prevented in a second war, a ceiling had to be imposed on all prices, wages, rents and profits at the very start of the emergency. But when World War Two started, both President Franklin Roosevelt and Congress decided to "wait and see." The necessary over-all ceilings were not imposed for two years—and then only after the inflationary race was on. The same process of wait and err was repeated in the Korean War.

If effective measures to prevent inflation had been taken at the outset of both these conflicts, our national debt would be hardly half of what it is now. We would not be plagued by many of the problems that afflict us today.

Similarly, in other governmental affairs, things that once were possible become impossible or too costly if action is delayed too long. Whenever I think back to what Woodrow Wilson tried to do, I am struck by how the price of making peace has soared over the years. When Wilson proposed that we join the League of Nations in 1919, this action seemed too drastic to many Americans. Yet how little it was compared to what we already have been called upon to do for the cause of peace, and how much more we and our children still must do!

All through the cold war we have heard much of policies which were directed toward "buying time." We have not yet asked ourselves: For what are we buying time? Is time working in favor of peace? And if not, how can we see that it does?

In the stock market one quickly learns how important it is to act swiftly. I vividly recall one unforgettable experience. I was spending the July Fourth, 1898, weekend with my parents at Long Branch, New Jersey. Late on Sunday night, Arthur Housman, my employer, telephoned to say that a newspaperman had told him that Admiral Schley had destroyed the Spanish fleet at Santiago. Coming after Dewey's victory at Manila Bay, this news foretold a speedy end to the Spanish-American War.

The next day being the Fourth of July, the American exchanges would be closed. But the London exchange would be open. Sizable profits were possible if we could place orders for American stocks on the London market when it opened. But to do that we had to get to New York and on the cables by daylight.

At that hour on Sunday night, however, no trains were running. Routing out some railroad people, I hired a locomotive and tender with a coach attached to carry me to the ferry on the Jersey shore of the Hudson. It was my first ride on a "special" train. What a thrill it was! As the "special" roared past sleeping towns and hamlets it seemed to me that I was repeating on a smaller scale the financial feat which legend ascribed to Nathan Rothschild. At Waterloo, Rothschild is said to have been on the battlefield when Wellington routed Napoleon. By getting word of this to London a few hours in advance of official couriers, the Rothschilds were enabled to make large purchases before shares bounded upward.

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When I got to our office in Lower Manhattan I found that in my haste I had forgotten the key. Fortunately the transom was open. My youngest brother, Sailing, who was with me, weighed only about 150 pounds, so I boosted him through the transom. Before sunrise I was on the cable, making large purchases of American stocks in London. The next day, when the Exchange in New York opened, stocks advanced all along the line. Our London purchases showed good profits immediately.

Having successfully emulated Nathan Rothschild, one might have thought I had learned enough not to commit a mistake that would not be excusable if made by even the rankest amateur. But that is just what I proceeded to do next.

I had acted as an agent for Thomas Fortune Ryan, one of the financial titans of that day, in his purchase of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company. In the course of that transaction, which netted my firm a commission of $150,000, I had come to admire Ryan's sagacity. When someone whom I believed close to Ryan told me he had heard Ryan say that American Spirits Manufacturing was a good thing to buy, I poured everything I had into that stock.

American Spirits was then the largest manufacturer and distributor of liquor in the country. A move was brewing to combine American with three other large liquor concerns, which would have just about bottled up the whisky business in the country.

News of the forthcoming consolidation was made public, but instead of rising, American Spirits stock fell rapidly. Since I had made the mistake of leaving myself without cash reserves, I was forced to sell other holdings to cover my margins. Everything I could raise went into the pit, but it was a case of sending good money after bad. Within a few weeks I was scraping bottom. Rather sheepishly I admitted to Mr. Ryan the cause of my comedown in the world.

"Did I tell you to buy that whisky stock?" he asked.

I said, no, that I had never asked him about it, but I had heard a man very close to him and who liked me say that Ryan thought well of it.

"Never pay any attention to what I am reported to have said to anybody," Ryan replied in his quiet voice. "A lot of people who ask me questions have no right to answers. But you have the right."

I learned a good deal from this misadventure. It taught me one thing about tips—namely, that people sometimes drop remarks calculated to bring the little minnows into the net to be served up for the big fish. I had been a little minnow. The longer I operated in Wall Street the more distrustful I became of tips and "inside" information of every kind. Given time, I believe that "inside" information can break the Bank of England or the United States Treasury.

It is not simply that "inside" information often is manufactured to mislead the gullible. Even when insiders know what their companies are doing, they are likely to make serious blunders just because they are in the know.

There is something about "inside" information which seems to paralyze a man's reasoning powers. For one thing, people place a great store on knowing something no one else knows, even if it isn't true. This feeling of possessing "inside dope" makes a man feel so much smarter than other people that he will disregard even the most evident facts. I have seen insiders hold on to their stocks when it was obvious to nearly everyone else that they should be sold.

Over the long run, I have found it better to rely on one's own cold, detached judgment of the economic facts. Otto Kahn, of the famous banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, liked to relate how he met me one day when there was considerable market activity in Union Pacific. He started to tell me something, when I stopped him by saying, "Please don't tell me anything that is happening to Union Pacific. I don't want my judgment affected by anything you might say."

After my whisky crackup it was some months before I got back my confidence. The operation that did it was a test of the importance of sticking to one's independent judgment against what "insiders" thought would happen. It made me a millionaire.

In the spring of 1901—I was thirty-one at the time—the organizers of the Amalgamated Copper Company got together to put up the market value of their stock. The Amalgamated had been formed in 1899 as a combine which proposed to do for copper what Rockefeller had done with Standard Oil. In his sensational Frenzied Finance, published in 1905, Thomas Lawson told the strange way in which this outfit was put together.

According to Lawson, the Amalgamated organizers had purchased Anaconda Copper and other properties from Marcus Daly for $39,000,000. Daly and his friends received a check on the National City Bank for this sum with the understanding that they were to cash it later.

Then, the subscription books for shares in Amalgamated, which was capitalized at $75,000,000, were opened. Lawson was put in charge of arousing public interest. Some of the most luminous names in American finance—Henry H. Rogers and William Rockefeller, of Standard Oil, and James Stillman, of the National City Bank—were advertised as sponsors of the company. As a result, the issue was oversubscribed at $100 a share. Lawson went on to say that with this $75,000,000 in hand, the organizers told Mr. Daly that he could cash his check. He did, leaving a balance of $36,000,000 to the credit of the company, whose organizers had not risked a penny of their own money.

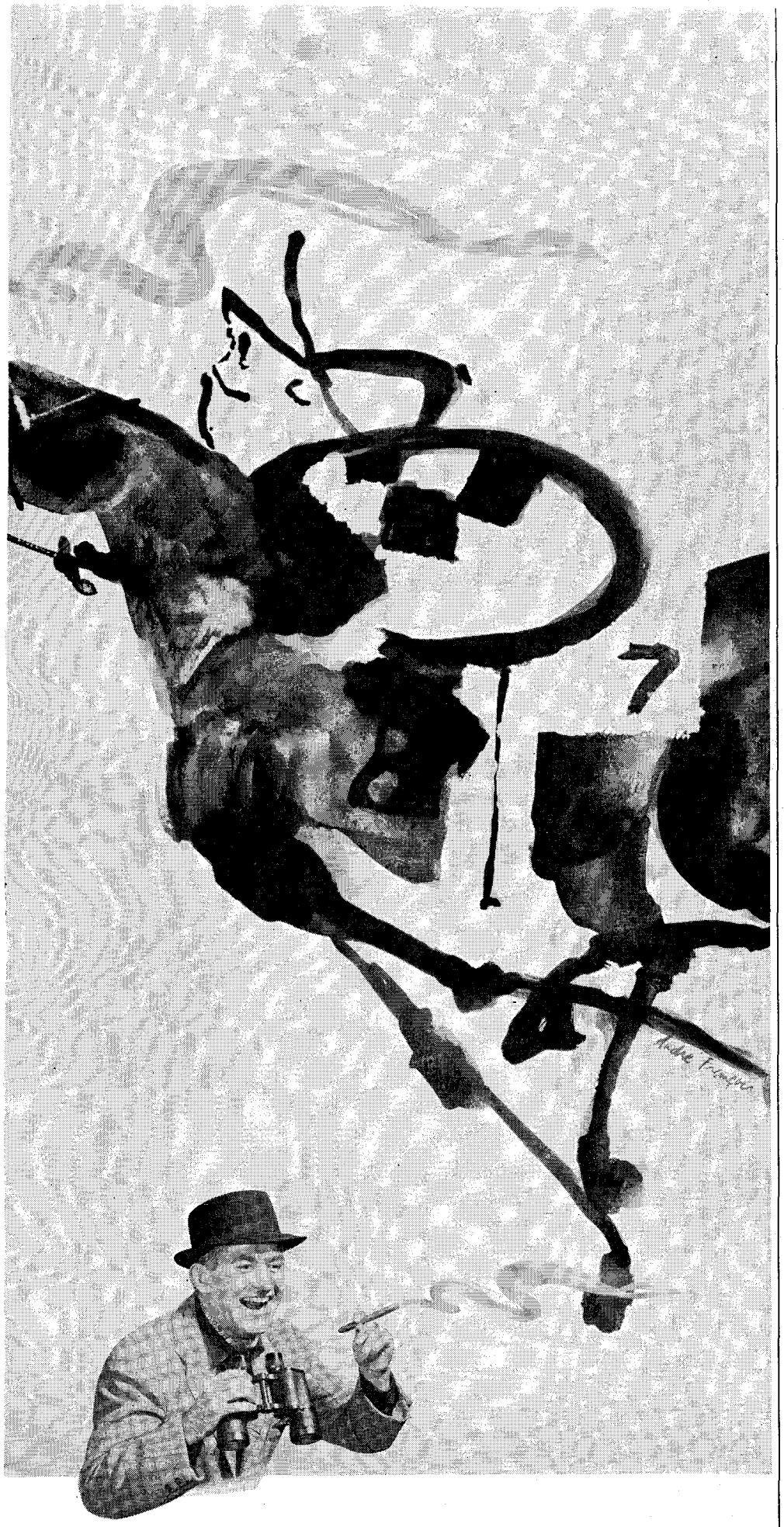
None of these details was known, however, in the spring of 1901, when the Amalgamated organizers set out to control the world's copper supply. By June they had boosted the stock from around par to 130. Wall Street buzzed with talk of its going to 150 or 200.

About this time, though, I happened to talk in the Waldorf Hotel with Herman Sielcken, a highly successful coffee merchant, whose judgment was sought after in all business matters. In reviewing copper conditions all over the world, Sielcken said the high price was curtailing the use of the metal. The market was becoming glutted. Our exports were declining. He predicted that the Amalgamated's effort to jack up copper prices would fail.

I thought all this over and decided to go "short" of the market. In selling Amalgamated short, I was, of course, backing my judgment that the stock would go down regardless of what the company's organizers might do to try to lift the stock. If the stock continued to rise, I would have to pay dearly for every share.

I had scarcely begun my operations, when Thomas Ryan approached me and said, "Bernie, I hear you are short of Amalgamated Copper. I just want to let you know that the big fellows in it are going to twist your tail."

Among the "big fellows" who were working with Amalgamated was James R. Keene, whom I regarded as the ablest speculator on the street. Naturally Ryan's word and Keene's position made



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me stop and think. But I kept remembering Prof. George R. Newcomb, who had taught me economics at C.C.N.Y. He had a squeaky voice, which he tried to improve by sucking sugar, and I recalled how that queer voice had droned away repeating the law of supply and demand. The Amalgamated organizers, as I saw it, were trying to defy the workings of that economic law. All the facts I could gather indicated the supply of copper would exceed the demand and the price had to drop. And so I continued to sell short.

On September 6, 1901, President McKinley was shot while attending the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. When he died a week later, after assurances of his recovery had been spread widely, the market broke. One also heard talk in the Street that some Amalgamated Copper insiders were trying to sell their stock. I increased my short position, but cautiously.

My confidence in the basic strength of my position grew as I heard squawks from the big insiders. I was being told, by friends who knew them, of how wicked it was to be short of the market and to tear down a constructive enterprise. All this was nonsense, of course.

If the Amalgamated organizers had not overcapitalized and then blown the stock up, it never would have risen to such heights or descended to the depths it afterward did. What was driving the copper shares down was the irresistible force of economic gravitation seeking its proper level.

I am not imputing evil motives. Many times men engaged in enterprises of this kind have a vision of empire which, if proved sound, will justify the high prices they have paid for properties. But I felt the whole course of the Amalgamated Copper people was unjustified by sound economics. I did not think them wise in jacking up copper prices artificially. That opinion I backed with my money and the money of no one else.

And so, in the face of these attacks, I sat silent, knowing that if I were right, I should win. If I were wrong, I should lose. All eyes were centered on the approaching meeting of the board of directors of Amalgamated. Would they continue their 8 per cent dividend? Cut it? Or omit it?

If they continued it, we "shorts" might be in a bad way. It was a week of excitement and uncertainty. On Thursday, September nineteenth, the Exchange closed for President McKinley's funeral. The consensus of New York's financial writers was that the dividend would remain unchanged.

The directors' meeting was held on a Friday, September 20, 1901. After the market closed came the momentous news that the dividend had been reduced from eight to six dollars. In the short Saturday session Amalgamated lost about seven points, closing just above 100. I expected that Monday would witness the crisis of my operations.

Then a strange thing happened, one that put me on the road to making an immediate fortune through no wisdom or forethought of my own. My mother telephoned, saying, "Son, you know Yom Kippur is coming?" It fell on Monday, the next business day.

My heart sank. I knew mother would expect me to keep that holiest of Jewish holydays, the Day of Atonement, which meant utter seclusion from all mundane matters.

I made my decision and did what I could to anticipate what might happen. I told Eddie Norton, the broker whom I had been using to hammer down the stock, to continue his operations. To protect myself against a possible rise in the stock, I gave another broker an order to buy Amalgamated stock if it rose to a certain price. Although I was almost certain the stock would go down, one never could tell what these powerful interests, with their corps of brokers, might have up their sleeves.

Then I left word that on Monday I would be inaccessible to everyone on all business matters, regardless of their nature. Nevertheless, on Monday my telephone started ringing. We were still in our summer house at South Elberon, New Jersey. When New York could not reach me, the Long Branch brokers were asked to find me. But I would take no message. In the afternoon, my wife and I visited mother at her house about a mile away. The telephone calls followed me there.

Only after sundown, which ends the holyday, did I learn what had happened. Amalgamated had opened at 100. Within an hour it dropped two points. A further decline was followed by a rally which held the stock above 97 until noon. If I had been on the floor at the time, I probably would have closed out then, taking a comparatively small profit, and that would have ended the story. But, in the afternoon, the stock declined steadily, closing at 93¾, which left me a handsome profit and a fine margin of safety against a rally.

Thus fortified and confirmed in the belief that Amalgamated was destined to drop still further, I let my profits run. In December the stock touched 60.

I do not recall at just what figure I closed my transaction, but my profits were around $700,000. It was the largest sum of money I had made up to that time in any single operation. It was made possible by two things—my acquiescence in mother's request to observe a religious holyday and the errors of the Amalgamated people in trying to defy the law of supply and demand.

Both my failure in whisky and my success in copper emphasized one thing—the importance of getting the facts of a situation free from tips, inside dope or wishful thinking. In the search for facts I learned that one had to be as unimpassioned as a surgeon. And if one had the facts right one could stand with confidence against the will or whims of those who were supposed to know best.

Later in public life I found this rule equally valid and applicable. In every Government assignment that was given me I would begin with a relentless search for the facts of the situation. President Wilson took to calling me "Doctor Facts." I also strove to let the facts shape my recommendations. Many times, as in my long fight against inflation during World War II and afterward, friends would come up to me and argue, "Bernie, why aren't you more reasonable? What you propose isn't politically possible."

But even in such situations I held my ground, feeling that if the facts called for certain measures nothing less would suffice. I still believe that no President or Congress can make two and two equal anything but four.

Editors' Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Baruch. In next week's Post he tells the remarkable story of Hobcaw, his world-famous plantation in South Carolina.

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His Finest Race (Continued from Page 23)

Even more fantastic was Ernie's intimate knowledge of the cars themselves. He knew stuff you wouldn't find in a dozen racing manuals: the exact engine capacities, the suspension, braking and steering of every European Grand Prix winner in the past thirty years. He knew the carburetion, ignition and horsepower. And he used to tell us about the great moments and the terrible ones. Like when the steering wheel broke off in Nuvolari's hand at a hundred and thirty miles an hour, and the great man steered through the pack safely into the pit holding on to the hub with bleeding fingers. Or when Le Veigh's Mercedes plunged through the crowd at Le Mans and killed eighty-three people. And when Bernd Rosemeyer fish-tailed his way over an oil slick at full throttle between three flaming wrecks and never lost control. But whether he was a mechanic, driver or spectator wasn't clear. And when we'd ask him point-blank, he would clam up and say, "Oh, I was there. I been around."

Doc has a great sense of humor and he used to say that Ernie was Mannie's crocodile bird. And then he explained that the crocodile bird sort of hangs around the crocodile and waits on him, flying in and out of his mouth, picking his teeth with his sharp bill. Ernie did more than just hand up wrenches and fetch coffee. He ran out for parts and delivered cars for Mannie or picked them up. And when things needed steadying for Mannie, he steadied them. Or he hammered metal into shape or welded things or filed things down.

Come to think of it, we should have noticed then, so we wouldn't have been so surprised later that there wasn't much Ernie couldn't do. But those soft hands threw us off. And with all those racing yarns, we figured he just talked a good game and wasn't much of a mechanic.

When we think of it now, we hardly knew anything about Ernie. Except that he didn't have a regular job and lived in a dirty rented room. And that he had stomach trouble. And lived on some kind of small remittance that trickled in once a month. We didn't even know his last name. Except that it was Italian and funny.

Ernie really came into focus the night the Stracchini was hauled in for some delicate carburetor revamping. The Stracchini is one of Italy's minor masterpieces. Brilliantly and unorthodoxly engineered by four brothers of that name, this tiny, all-out-competition job is a red-hot, fire-breathing piece of watchmaking. Weighing in at eleven hundred pounds ready for the road, it will scream from zero to a hundred in nine seconds flat, corner as if it had suction pads, and decelerate like a cat with its tail grabbed. Loving hands have fashioned it from the finest steel, aluminum and magnesium alloys. And there isn't a superfluous cotter pin in it. Endless wind-tunnel tests have shaped its suave little body. All together there may be eight or ten of them in the country. And they are all owned by millionaires.

The "disciples" covered that Stracchini like ants on a spot of sirup, gabbing a mile a minute, while Mannie had a group around him at the bench where the carburetors were disassembled. Just to see a real Stracchini up close was an event, even in Mannie's.

Ernie was strangely unimpressed and sat hunched over his container of coffee, looking sicker and paler than we had seen him in some time.

"Have you ever seen one of them before?" Doc asked.

"Sure," said Ernie. "That's one of the last series they made in Modena before they moved to Turin. It's a Fifty-four C with twin Webers and magneto ignition. They could improve it plenty, though, if they wanted to."

This was news—and downright heresy. For the Stracchini had creamed everything on American tracks and in the shorter road races in the 1000-c.c. class. It was the car to beat. This was an admission more than an accomplished fact. For winding up at over 7000 r.p.m., it outran everything in its class. And, essential to all competition machinery, it had a fabulous reputation for holding together flat-out.

Doc asked Ernie just how it could be made better.

"Well, disk brakes for one thing," Ernie said. "You could take it into corners faster. And fuel injection would get it out quicker. Pick up some extra horsepower too. And it could be lightened a hundred pounds maybe. Which is like adding more horses."

They swarmed all over Ernie for that, including Doc, who is usually mild. This was defiling an altar. Here was the greatest. And Ernie had the gall to say it could be made better! After a while, Ernie got red in the face and, swearing in two languages, he jumped up and slammed out into the night.

The ruckus took about a week to die down, and every night somebody needled Ernie about how he was going to improve the Stracchini. And finally Ernie retreated into a stubborn silence and no one could get a word out of him.

It was about a month later that we saw a queer mess of aluminum tubing in the back of Mannie's. And then two decrepit, tiny Fiats appeared in the back lot. And a junked Crossley engine, as well as sundry springs, shock absorbers and steering components.

It was a while before we found out what Ernie was up to. And at first we couldn't believe it. Ernie, all by himself, was going to build a competition job to beat the Stracchini! And—hold your hats—he was going to drive it himself!

There's nothing novel in building a back-yard hot rod. The country is full of Fords with Caddie mills and stiffened springing to compete in jalopy races. Nor is there anything worth turning your head in an MG with a Ford V60 engine crammed under the hood. But what Ernie said he was doing was something far different. This was to be an out-and-out 1000-c.c. road racer, with the acceleration, brakes and all-around roadability and stamina needed to take the world's finest bit of engineering in that department.

Ernie had no chassis to modify, no body to rework and certainly no engineering department to compete with the Stracchini wizards. Nor was there a wind tunnel, a dynamometer or the metallurgical technicians and the facilities of Italy's finest forges and foundries at his disposal.

The general opinion was that old Ernie had really blown a gasket. For at least three millionaire American sportsmen had taken up the challenge and been swept off the tracks in half a dozen states. The Stracchini certainly wasn't going to be taken by any crate Ernie could make. Moreover, if the crate was ever finished, and it ran at all, certainly not with sick old Ernie driving it.

But a sick old man isn't funny, so, after a while, we stopped ragging him. And Ernie sucked in his little ratty mustache and said nothing.

Ernie was bending aluminum for the chassis one night when Doc asked to see the plans and the scale drawings.

"What do I need plans for, Doc? I know the layout like the back of my hand. I got it all in my mind, just how it's going to be. She's going to weigh in, dry, at nine hundred pounds, deliver ninety horsepower at the clutch, have torsion bars all around. She'll peak at about sixty-eight hundred and have fuel injection and spot disk brakes. What do I want drawings for? I ain't going to set up no assembly line. I'm only making one."

Word got around that the crazy coot was making the crate without drawings of any kind. And soon Ernie was a bigger attraction than Mannie, who took it all with majestic good humor. He would even lend a hand on some difficult fabrication or scrounge a part or scrap of metal for him.

It took all of one winter for the chassis and engine to materialize. Ernie's remittance would peter out toward the end of the month and work would slow to a standstill. Dust would gather on the partly finished chassis, and Ernie would simply squat there sucking his scraggly mustache, drinking coffee and waiting 'til the next check came.

Then, like a dried-up stream coming to life in the spring, engine parts would begin to arrive again—a coil, a distributor, specially made manifolding for the Crossley block. And steering parts, new and salvaged. Springs and gears from the junked Fiats were reworked. And far into each night Ernie would be filing and fitting, welding, hammering, cold-riveting. And all without so much as the scratch of a pencil on paper to guide him.

With almost glacial slowness the tubing took on the outlines of a chassis, the cylinder block began to bristle with appurtenances. Ignition appeared in place. And a cooling system. The rough outlines of a dash appeared. And a soap box full of instruments. Transmission and rear end, utilizing the best of Italy and Detroit, miraculously arrived on the scene.

Just when a few of us began to think that maybe Ernie could actually build a car from nothing but memory and guts, he fell sick. He wasn't at the club for three days. And his landlady hadn't seen him come out of his room. The door was locked. So Doc climbed in the window and found him barely breathing.

The ambulance took him away with Doc aboard. And we found later that Doc had operated himself. There were weeks in the hospital. And weeks more when Ernie just sat around, too weak to lift a hand.

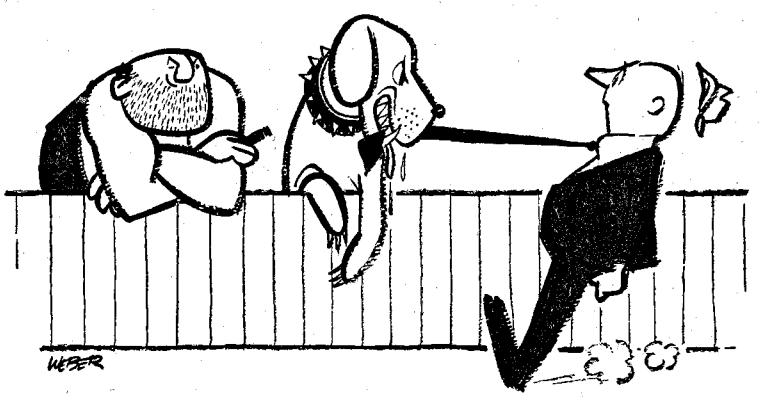
But with Doc's help and a special diet, he came around. And after a while he looked normal. Not healthy, you understand, just normal for Ernie, a hundred pounds soaking wet. And from that time on, Doc encouraged him with the crate.

It must have been all of three months before we saw the chassis dusted off and a few new fittings. The brakes really were the toughest job. They and the fuel injector. For they didn't exist in this country, either new or in junk yards. Disk brakes were on only a few British Grand Prix cars. And fuel injection, in those days, existed in the 300-SL Mercedes only, available at $7500 per copy, slightly used, in New York.

But it seemed that Ernie knew a man in the old country who knew a guy who worked for Dunlop. And apparently he was the right guy, because a crate of disk-brake parts arrived from England. And the fuel injector grew out of an airplane supercharger and the finest machinings ever seen outside a watch.

"Goin' to run her at Thompson, in June," Ernie said in late March. And though there was no body yet, or lights or dashboard or seats, the chassis was practically complete, and it looked possible.

Sports-car racing has its own screwball rules. And (*Continued on Page 78*)



The Perfect Squelch

Howard insisted on keeping a big dog in his tiny back yard. This was hard on the dog and even harder on the neighbors, for the dog, cramped for space, naturally became ill-tempered. He barked whenever anyone nearby opened a window. He snarled at anyone walking on the other side of the fence. His bad temper was matched by that of his owner. When the neighbors objected, Howard scoffed at their "nonsense."

Finally Howard turned in anger upon one mild little man who persisted in objecting. "What do you expect?" he demanded. "After all, this dog was a war dog."

"Oh," said the little man. "Whose side was he on?"

Roy J. Colegrove

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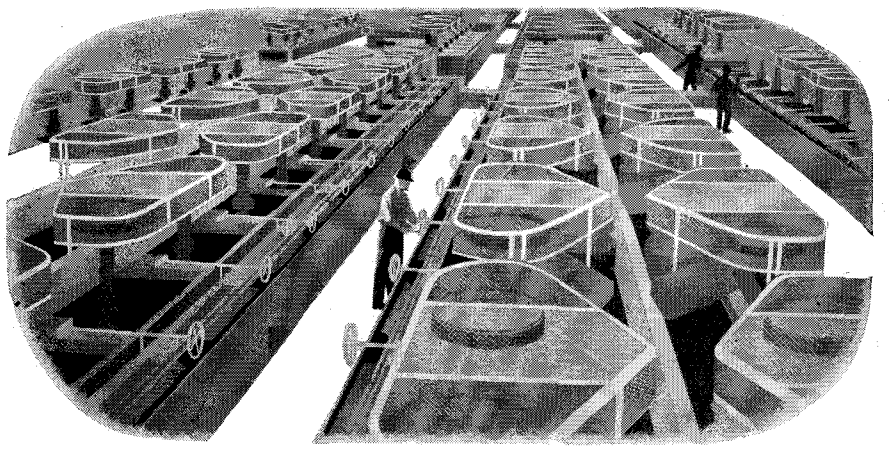
INCO NICKEL
PROGRESS REPORT



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(*Continued from Page 76*) one of them is the polite fiction that a sports car, as different from a Grand Prix car, can be used for everyday driving as well as competition. And though no two people will agree on the exact definition of a sports car, there is general agreement as to what road equipment it must have in order to qualify. For instance, it must have at least one door, seats for two, head and tail lights, a self-starter and reverse gear, and carry a spare tire and wheel.

Ernie's crate stayed within the rules, although it crowded them hard. The tiny lights, for instance, when he finally attached them, wouldn't have lighted the road thirty yards ahead. And while there was a second seat, unupholstered and unsprung, but at least visible in aluminum outline form, it was strictly for a Chihuahua. Ernie's seat wasn't much bigger, and he practically had to wedge himself behind the wheel. And the clutch, brake and accelerator pedals were so small and so jammed together that only tiny feet like Ernie's could manage them.

And the fact that there was no fan, so that at low speed or waiting in traffic it would have boiled over, didn't seem to bother anyone. It was common practice. And in Ernie's design there was simply no room for a fan. It might have weighed an extra three or four pounds.

June came and went, and Ernie didn't run her at Thompson, although it really looked as if he were nearing the end. By then we were all crazy to see the crate go.

The better the crate appeared, the worse Ernie looked. Now his skin had a sick yellow cast and hung in creases from his puny bones. But the burning brown eyes were brighter than ever.

It was only then we realized we'd seen a miracle. Here were engine and chassis design and workmanship of the highest order. There wasn't a false note or amateur compromise anywhere. The Stracchini brothers themselves couldn't have done better. And in the injection setup and the brakes, Ernie had gone them one better, in theory at least. How it would go and hold together was something else again. And one little old guy with a memory like nothing we'd ever seen had done it all by himself, without plans!

If we had to find fault, it was in the body, which was only an aluminum skin anyway. Its contours had been dictated by expediency, without benefit of panel beaters, jigs or presses. It was welded and bolted together with no attempt at smooth lines or graceful contours. The tail was chopped off almost square. And against the tiny flat stern was an elemental taillight and a license bracket.

The first tryout was over before we knew it began. Ernie took it out at about two in the morning and returned to practically make it over. There was too little ground clearance and it scraped over rough roads. And the shift lever came too close to the dash, so Ernie cracked his knuckles. And, worst, the rear shocks tore loose and bent the tank brackets.

"She's got plenty of stuff, though. She's going to be all right when I get her set. Maybe the brothers are going to get a surprise at Watkins Glen this year."

Of course, the brothers meant the Stracchinis. By that time we were all working out ways to play hooky from our jobs for a couple of days and go see Ernie pour it on at the Glen.

For the second tryout we were tipped off, and we lined ourselves along the parkway at one o'clock in the morning. The crate wound up with a scream and burned rubber taking off. The hundred came up as fast as with any Stracchini. And braking was near perfect, laying down four even black smudges in the moonlight. But the springing was still too soft. And she scraped in the rear wheel arches on bumps, and in the front fenders cornering.

It was another month before Ernie was satisfied. He tore the engine down because he didn't like what he called a bearing knock. No one else could hear it. But Ernie set the bearings up again anyway.

With Ernie looking as sick and washed out as he did, we all did our best to talk him out of driving in the Glen, which is a tough course. But it was like talking to a wall. He didn't build the crate not to race it, he said. And no one else could fit in it anyway.

How he got the Sports Car Club to O.K. him for competition we found out only later. It was on his credentials as a former Grand Prix driver that they let him in without the usual preliminaries. But he was qualified. And the crate passed the technical inspection and was entered in the thirty-miler for the 1000-c.c. class as the "Ernesto Special."

That September was extra warm. Six carloads of us, kibitzers and pit crew, had driven up to Watkins Glen two days before and were parked in motels on the edge of town.

If you've never seen the Glen at race time, you've missed an important part of American sport. Racing cars, antiques, foreign cars, hot rods and back-yard "specials" fill the rolling vineyard country. The air is blue with smoke and stinking of castor oil. Motors race and brakes shriek. From every alley, garage and motel pour the racers and their friends. Mechanics hammer and race engines. All night the blue neons are on in the garages, and cars tear madly up and down the steep hills and winding roads of the Glen, supposedly testing, but mostly just having a wonderful time.

There are Rolls-Royces and Aston Martins, fender to fender with MGs, hopped-up Fords and motorcycles. Ferraris line up with Jaguars and Austin-Healeys. Tweeds and silks are shoulder to shoulder with the black horsehide jackets of the motorcycle boys. And from the Golden Gate to Park Avenue, and all the filling stations in between, the fans are there.

The two days before the race are filled with time trials as the drivers familiarize themselves with the course. But they really go nuts on race day. From before dawn the spectators come drifting in, with the traffic getting heavier and heavier as they take vantage points in the hills, on the straightaways and at the turns along the two-and-a-half-mile course. State police and air cadets from nearby Sampson Air Force Base handle the sprawling crowd. It is a country fair, but larger, noisier and infinitely more dangerous.

Here, just for kicks—certainly not for the silver-plated cups which are the only rewards—men and boys from all over the world try to hurl themselves around the course faster than anyone else, and faster than they went last year.

Overseeing the apparently hopeless confusion is the Sports Car Club of America, which handles the million details essential in dealing with crowds, assembling the contenders, giving the prizes, keeping children, fools and stray dogs off the track and getting the six events off almost on time.

Doc and Mannie and four of us disciples were in Ernie's pit crew. From every man of us who had called Ernie a crazy old coot had come the spare wheels and tires, the gasoline, fire-fighting equipment and spare parts that filled the pit. And, luckily for Ernie, who practically had to shoehorn himself into the tiny cockpit, the 1000-c.c.-class race didn't have a Le Mans type of start, where the drivers have to dash across the road, jump into their cars and drive off.

Ernie sat bolt upright in the Italian style, arms extended stiffly before him, grinning and confident. There was wax on the tiny mustache and a bright red silk scarf around his neck and floating back over his shoulder. He was immaculate in white coveralls, his shrunken, pale face covered with a synthetic-glass shield suspended from a battered, foreign-looking helmet none of us had ever seen before.

A few hundred yards down the track the sun glinted off the two bright red Stracchinis owned by a fabulous Texan who had been mopping up track records with them. The suave, beautiful little machines accented the crude contours of the crate, which, besides being ugly, was by far the tiniest machine there. One of the Stracchinis was driven by the Texan himself, the other by a stocky Italian reputed to have been shop foreman for the Stracchini brothers in Modena.

Racketing and belching blue smoke, fourteen cars lined up for the flag, including a Cooper, the Stracchinis, some Renaults, some Fiats, a Giaur, several

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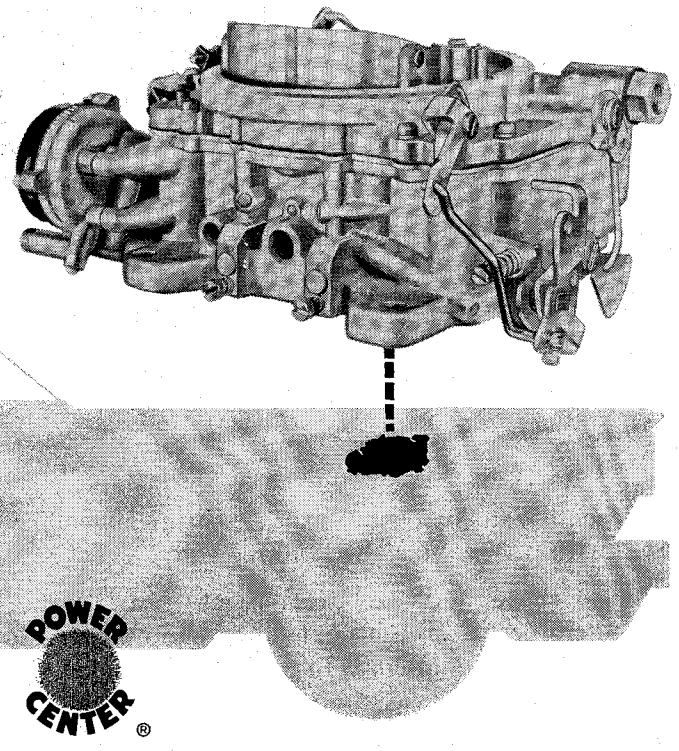

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Crossley back-yard variations and the crate.

When they snarled off in a barrage of dirt, the crate and the Stracchinis were neck and neck till the first turn, where they left our sight. The loud-speakers on the post told us what we couldn't see. The crate, identified officially as No. 14 "Ernesto Special," led the Stracchinis out of the turn down the seven-eighths-of-a-mile straightaway. On the straightaway, the Stracchinis, No. 8 and No. 10, slowly caught up to it. But on the next turn Ernie pulled away again.

Ernie and No. 8 and No. 10 were the whole show. The Stracchinis had the edge on top speed, but the crate could outcorner them coming and going. The disk brakes let him go deeper into the corners before cutting off power, and the fuel injector got him out with just a shade more scat. The rest of the pack, with the exception of the Giaur, which was running a slow fourth, were just along for the ride. And the only time we even gave them a second look was on the sixth lap, when one of the Crossleys spun out on a turn and smacked a Renault broadside.

The mad cornering of that ungainly crate was something to see. It circled as though it were on rails and rocketed out of the turns like a Grand Prix Maserati. It was crazy, wild, to see this rough aluminum dwarf leading the world's finest competition machinery. But it did. And the crowd loved it.

Until the tenth lap it looked as if all Ernie had to do was keep the crate running. The Stracchinis couldn't catch him. And then we saw that the tail-light assembly had pulled loose and was dangling. We signaled from the pit, but Ernie pretended not to see it. And the next time round the light was gone, shaken off somewhere out of our sight. On the twelfth lap the aluminum skin over the tank and spare wheel flapped loose. On the thirteenth, the crate, with Ernie's long red scarf whipping out over nothing, passed a length and a half ahead of the first Stracchini. The entire covering had ripped away. It was a wonder Ernie wasn't flagged off the track. But apparently the parts had fallen off where they didn't constitute a hazard, and they let him run.

Races are seldom won by the fastest car, only by the fastest that finishes. The word "finish" is the cue. Brakes, tires and engines fly apart fast when they're full out. And the way the crate was falling apart made it doubtful. The Stracchinis looked as good as when they started. And they never stopped pressing.

Ernie roared by on the fourteenth and went into the turn, and then the sirens blew and the yellow flag went out. Somewhere out of our sight there had been a crack-up, and the caution flag kept all the cars in their places.

Then the race was stopped. And the ambulance went screaming around, followed by the fire engine. We never saw Ernie again.

The loud-speakers blared the facts. Coming out of the second turn, Ernie was lapping the pack when the Cooper hit a Renault and bounced into the crate. Ernie rolled over and caught on fire. Then there were a lot of muddled announcements about what a great loss to racing the death of world-famous Ernesto Stracchini was. But we were too numb to notice how they got Ernie mixed up with the Stracchinis.

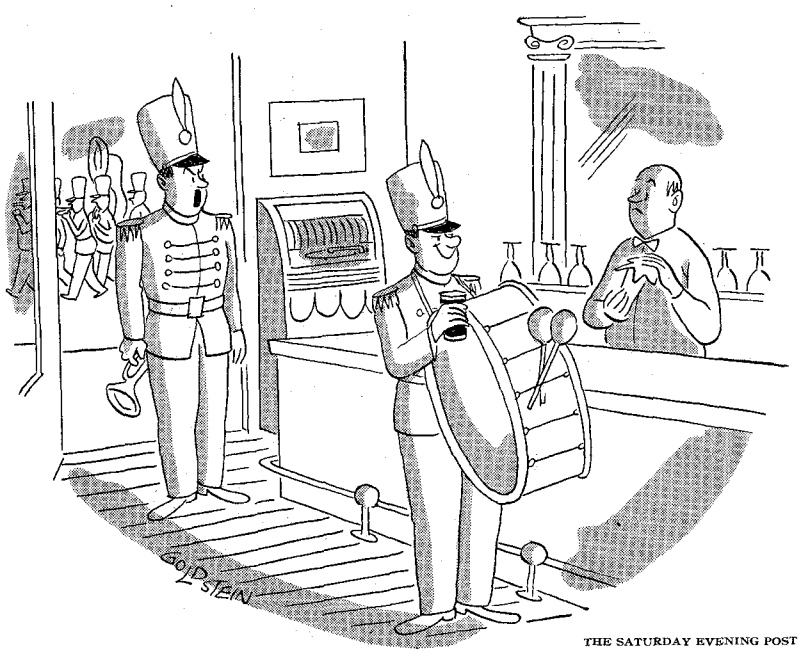
There was a lot of routine with the sheriff and the coroner, and a confusion of papers and questions. So it wasn't until the next day, driving back, that we got the rest of the story from some of the papers that Doc filled out.

Ernie had come by his knowledge of competition machinery honestly. According to Doc, Ernesto Stracchini was the oldest of the Modena tribe and the most famous for his engineering. He had separated from his brothers years ago, after a lawsuit in which he lost his share of the factory.

About the only thing we couldn't understand was Doc's attitude. He didn't seem shocked dumb the way we all were. It was as though he wasn't touched much by the accident. And although I suppose doctors are more used to those things than most of us, it still seemed funny.

But we should have known there was a reason. With Doc there's always a reason. And always a kind one. It came out when he said, "Ernie was remarkable. When I operated on him six months ago, we didn't give him three months more to live. And yet that darn crate kept him alive longer than anything we could do for him. He had more guts in him than anyone I ever saw. So that he died the way he wanted to. Not flat on his back, but out ahead of the pack, getting even with his brothers and going like hell in something he designed and built himself. If it hadn't been for the crate, he'd have been a statistic months ago."

THE END



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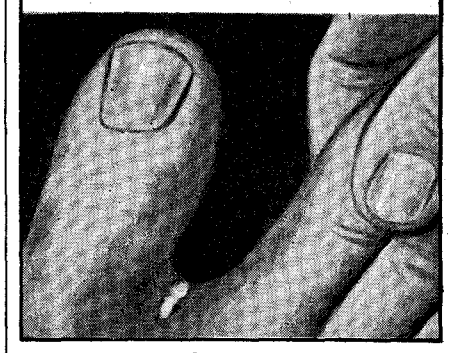
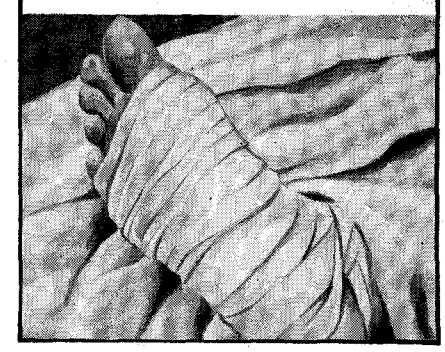


BECOMES THIS!



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California Passage (Continued from Page 43)

They toiled onward. Presently Cameron spoke, "Storm, what are your plans after this trip is ended, if we live to see the end of it?"

"Plans?" Luke was aware of a bleak emptiness, of a complete hopelessness. "Plans? I hadn't figured. Oregon maybe. It's a green country. Or I might linger in California. They make good wine, these Californios, I tell you now. Rum don't shine with it. They don't fret about life, an' time is just something to spend easy an' slow. The señoritas are pert an' sassy."

It was the first time since that day far back on the Platte River when Ellen had reminded him of his dead parents that he had lapsed into the jargon of the mountain men.

And once again Ellen had turned and was gazing at him with that same protest in her eyes. "Stop this boasting of wine and women!" she burst out. "This—this eternal roaming—wasting your life! This—this ——" She was suddenly almost in tears. Finally she said shakily, "I'm sorry. I had no right to say that. Please forget it. Your life is your own. Who—who am I to judge?"

Emery Dixon placed an arm around her shoulders. "I know how you feel, my dear," he said. "We all share the same emotion. We have been through so much together that, if we survive, the parting will be difficult when the time comes to go our separate ways. But part we must. Your husband will be happy, Mrs. Jarrett, when you ——"

Ellen suddenly had drawn away from him. "I have no husband," she said. "My name is not Jarrett. I am not married."

"Ellen!" Abbie cried protestingly.

"I can't live this way any longer, Abbie," Ellen said. "I must have help. I can't carry my burden alone another instant. I can't let your uncle believe things about me that are not true. Nor your aunt. You have known for a long time. And Luke has known ever since that night in Independence. He has remained silent because he feels under obligation to me. I do not know why you have kept my secret, Abbie." She looked at Emery Dixon. "I am a fugitive from the law," she said flatly, irrevocably. "I am wanted for murder."

"Murder?" The missionary and his wife were horrified.

At that moment all the oxen in the yokes aroused from their stumbling lethargy. They snuffled the wind. Then their pace quickened. They broke into a shuffling run, dragging the wagons into wild motion.

"Let 'em run!" Luke yelled. "There's no stopping 'em anyway! They've smelled the river! Water an' grass! We're near the Carson! We've made it! We're across the sink!"

A mile farther on, the frantic cattle raced knee-deep into a clear, rushing stream the source of which was in the great mountains to the west. Cottonwood and alder grew here. It was past nightfall by the time the camp had been made and a meal prepared. The successful crossing of the sink was an invigorating tonic, and Luke's hopes arose.

It was taken for granted that the company would remain at the meadows for a day or two to recuperate. But Luke said reluctantly, "Get all the rest you can tonight. We must stretch out at first daybreak. It's still a week's travel to Carson Pass for most people. We've got to do better. Some day, and soon, it's going to start snowing up there."

That dampened their spirits. And at Ellen's wagon there had been no lightheartedness at all. Hardly a word had been spoken; the missionary and his wife still had that stunned look in their faces. Abbie, grave-eyed, had remained silent. Vance Cameron had been as inscrutable as ever. Luke waited. He was certain Ellen had not been able to say all that she had intended to tell them.

Now she and Abbie finished the last of the camp chores. She removed her gingham apron and brushed at her hair. First she gazed around the camp, making sure that none of Menafee's men nor any other member of the company was within earshot.

Then she faced Emery Dixon. "My real name is Ellen Jessup," she said, keeping her voice low. "Perhaps you have heard that name. My father is Henry Jessup. He and I are charged with bringing about the murder of a bank clerk in Baltimore named Ralph Gilmore in an attempt to cover up the embezzlement of some two hundred thousand dollars from the bank of which my father was president."

"I do recollect hearing of the case," Emery Dixon nodded reluctantly, "but only vaguely. I do not recall the details. Why are you making this confession, Ellen?"

"'Confession' is not the word," Ellen said, her face rigid and without emotion. "It is merely my story. I feel that you are entitled to know who I really am. And—and I also am entitled to see to it that you hear all the truth, even though you are under no obligation to believe me." She turned now and looked at Luke. "Above all, Luke," she said, "I want you to hear what I have to say."

Then she turned again to include the others. "I am accused of conniving the murder of a man whom I had led on to his death by promises to marry him," she said. "I had never made any such promises. I was not in love with Ralph Gilmore; I had told him that it would be better if he did not try to see me again. That was several weeks before all this other affair came up."

Her voice began to shake a little. "The—the night of the—the murder, I was in my room at our home, reading, and my father was in his library downstairs, where he often worked in the evenings. It was Saturday evening, which was the housekeeper's night out. There was no one else in the house. I heard a carriage stop at our driveway. I glanced around the curtains and saw Ralph Gilmore walking to the door. I heard him knock, heard my father admit him. They went into the library, apparently talking in a friendly manner. I thought nothing more of it, taking it for granted that it was some errand concerning the bank that had brought Ralph there. I fell asleep not long after. It was morning before I discovered that my father was missing. There were no signs of a struggle. Nothing! And on the following day, which was Monday, examiners learned that there was a shortage in my father's accounts at the bank. Then, four weeks later, they found the remains of Ralph Gilmore's body in the bay. They had previously found letters in his room that said that if anything happened to him, my father and I should be held to account for our actions."

"And so you fled to escape arrest?" Emery Dixon asked gravely.

"Yes. But there were other reasons. Witnesses told the authorities they had seen my father driving a carriage out of Baltimore late that Saturday night. After that he vanished. The carriage and team were found abandoned in a woods miles from Baltimore a few days later. There were dried bloodstains, indicating that a body had been carried somewhere and abandoned.

"Meanwhile I discovered that I was being watched. I did not know at the time that the investigators had found those letters in Ralph Gilmore's room in which he said he feared for his life. The authorities believed Ralph had been done away with and that I would eventually lead them to my father's hiding place."

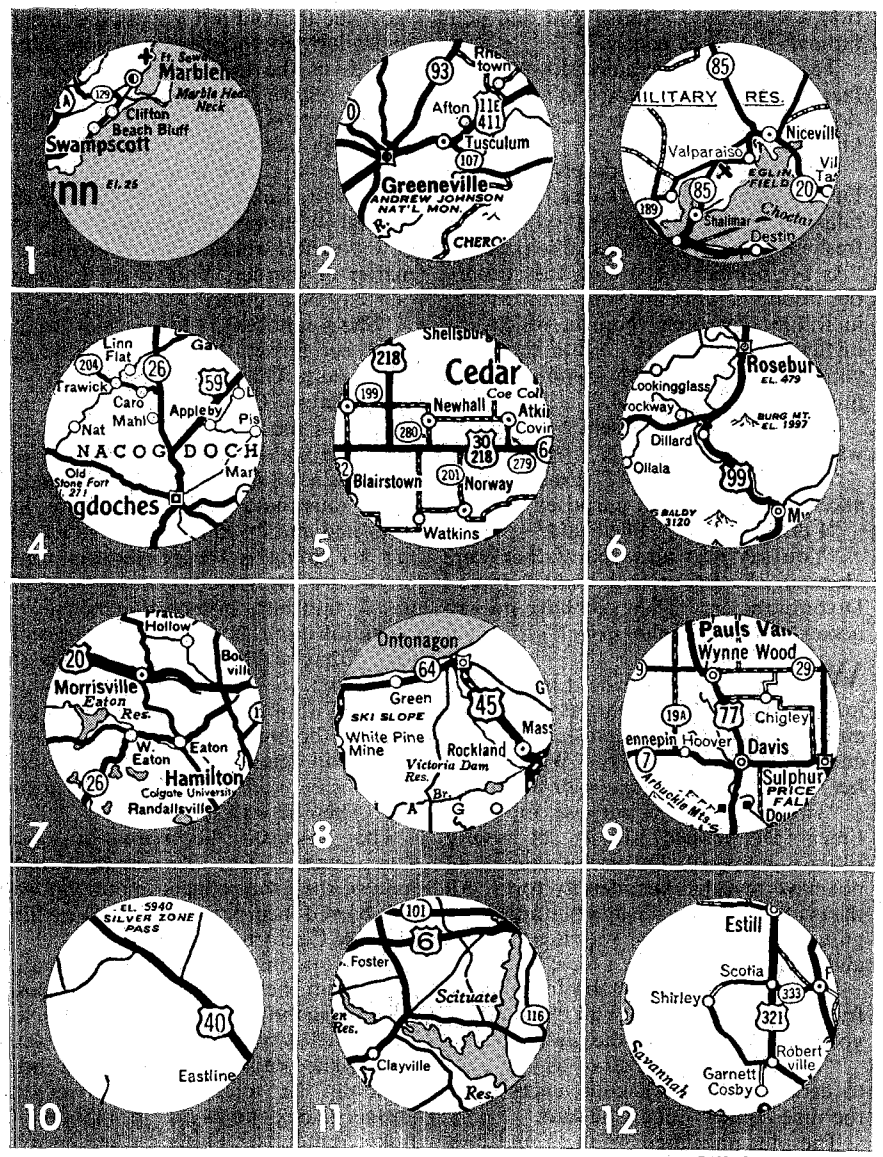
"There are others who figure the same way," Luke said. He did not look in Cameron's direction.

"All that I knew," Ellen went on, "was that both my father and Ralph Gilmore had disappeared and that two hundred thousand dollars was missing from the bank. The bank closed. Now creditors moved in, seized our home and everything they could lay hands on. However, I had more than two thousand dollars in cash in my own private account that I managed to hold onto, as well as some jewelry that I sold later. It was this that financed me on this journey.

"I moved to a little rooming house in a modest district in Baltimore. I was still being watched, but an old sea captain named Jonathan Tremaine, who had been a friend of my father's, managed to come to me secretly one evening. Captain Tremaine was master of an old square-rigger that hauled lumber from Maine. He had just arrived in Baltimore with a cargo. But it turned out that his previous cargo had been delivered in New York harbor. His ship had been docked in the East River, discharging lumber. At a berth nearby was a small bark named the Whiton, which had finished loading and was casting off. The Whiton was crowded with gold stampeders and freight, but, small as she was, she was sailing for the California gold fields by way of Cape Horn. Captain Tremaine handed me a package. It contained two objects that he had noticed floating alongside the dock from which the Whiton had sailed."

She waited, thinking. "What Jonathan Tremaine had found in the water of New York harbor," she finally said slowly, "was my father's hat and his frock coat. His name, Henry Jessup, was printed inside the hatband. Apparently some attempt had been made to burn the hat and coat, but had been given up, and they had been thrown through a porthole into the harbor. They belonged to my father. There was no question about that. And there was no question but what they had been dropped from the Whiton before she sailed for California."

Vance Cameron spoke sharply. "What was the date of Tremaine's find?"



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 83*)

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MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •

strewn along the bank of the stream they had reached.

These were the first habitations they had seen since leaving Fort Laramie. They broke into a staggering run and entered this mining camp. Their cries brought bearded men from the warmth of the shanties and the dugouts to help them.

Amid that confusion Luke glimpsed a familiar figure who crossed the beam of light that streamed from the door of a cabin. It was Tracy Menafee. Presently he caught sight of Al Thorne and Chape Parker. Then they faded off into the background. He felt Ellen's fingers tighten in fear on his arm. She had seen also.

And Cameron murmured, "You were right, Luke. They waited for us."

They were led into a cabin where a tiny stove glowed; they gratefully absorbed its warmth. Luke saw that Cameron, as always, was at Abbie's side. But she drew away. And Cameron, after that, sat stony-lipped and gray.

Ellen also watched this while they ate the hot meal the miners set before them. She waited until the four of them had been left alone.

Suddenly she said, "You are wrong, Abbie. I am responsible for enough without breaking your heart, too—and Vance's. He is not what you suspect. He is watching me. That is true. But not because he is after the money. He is following me to arrest me." She looked at Cameron. "That is correct, isn't it?"

Cameron was amazed. "How long have you known?" he asked.

"Not until recently," Ellen said. "Then I began to realize that Luke knew something about you—something that oppressed him, divided his mind. I began looking back at everything that had happened. And I could see that Dan Slater hardly would have been sent alone on such a task."

Abbie was staring. Cameron gazed at her gravely. "I'm afraid that, on the contrary, this will place me even lower in your opinion," he said. "It is true. There is no longer any point in delaying. I must arrest Ellen now on a charge of complicity in murder."

"Handcuffs and all, I suppose?" Luke said coldly.

"No," Cameron said. "At least not as long as you do not attempt to see that she escapes from me. I must ask her to give me the same promise."

"To hell with you," Luke said. "I'll give you no promises."

They stood measuring each other, and the wildness rode Luke's eyes. Ellen thrust herself frantically between them.

"No!" she choked. "Not you two! I will not let you and Vance —— It would be monstrous for you two to fight with guns. Why, you've been like brothers! . . . Vance, I will make no attempt to get away from you. I will do what you say. What is your plan?"

"I must ask you to accompany me to San Francisco, in the hope we can find trace of this ship you say is named the Whiton," Cameron said reluctantly. He added, "There's still your father and the money to be accounted for. I hope to start in the morning if it can be arranged."

Ellen was without color. But she nodded.

"I will go with you, Ellen," Abbie said, and took her hand.

Luke sat for a long time, his hands, thinned by toil and privation, lying flat before him on the rough table.

Ellen watched him, waiting. She finally said, "No, Luke."

He looked at her now. "But I've got to know," he said. "I've got to know what happens to you. I'll go too."

Accompanied by Emery Dixon and his wife, they arrived in Hangtown in the forenoon of the second day aboard a rude ranch wagon that served as a stage from the upriver camps.

They bought fare on another stage that was leaving in less than an hour for Sacramento. From the window of an eating house they presently watched three horsemen splash into town through the mud, for what had been snow on the high passes was rain in this more balmy lower climate. They watched Tracy Menafee and Thorne inquire at the stage station, saw them look toward the eating house. Then the three men rode off down the street.

"They'll never quit," Cameron said. "And if they ever put us out of the way, Luke, and get their hands on Ellen ——" He didn't finish it. There was no need.

They saw no sign of the three when they boarded the Sacramento stage. There were only the four of them now. Martha Dixon and her husband had remained at Hangtown, too worn to continue. Luke sat next to Ellen, their shoulders pressed against each other. Only once did she touch him otherwise. Then she laid her hand on his for a moment.

"To think," she murmured, "that once I thoroughly detested you."

Then she quickly drew away, as though regretting any action that would tend to bind him closer to her.

Abbie sat straight and rigid alongside Cameron. But Luke noticed that she no longer made a point of shrinking away from the dark-haired detective. Occasionally her lips moved and Luke knew she was praying.

It was nearing twilight when the stage unloaded them at the station in Sacramento, which stood on a muddy, busy street facing the levees. The rain had thinned to a mist.

The river front groaned and roared and strained with the worry of the gold rush. Floating craft of all varieties were tied up along the newly built wharves and docks which lined the shore. A sidewheel steamboat which had just finished discharging a flood of passengers was berthed nearby. It evidently had just come upriver from San Francisco Bay.

Luke approached a brass-buttoned man whose cap marked him as the captain. "We're just in off the trail from Independence, captain," he said, "and anxious for news about a bark-rigged vessel that sailed months ago from New York, with San Francisco as her destination. The Whiton is her name. Do you recollect seeing her in the bay or hearing anything of her?"

"Just in from Independence, are you, friend?" the captain boomed. "And anxious about news o' the Whiton? Well, there she is, just ready to berth in from Cape Horn an' New York!"

Cameron and Ellen and Abbie had heard. They came with a rush, gazing unbelievingly at the Whiton.

The riverman guffawed. "It's a small world, for sure. The two of you come

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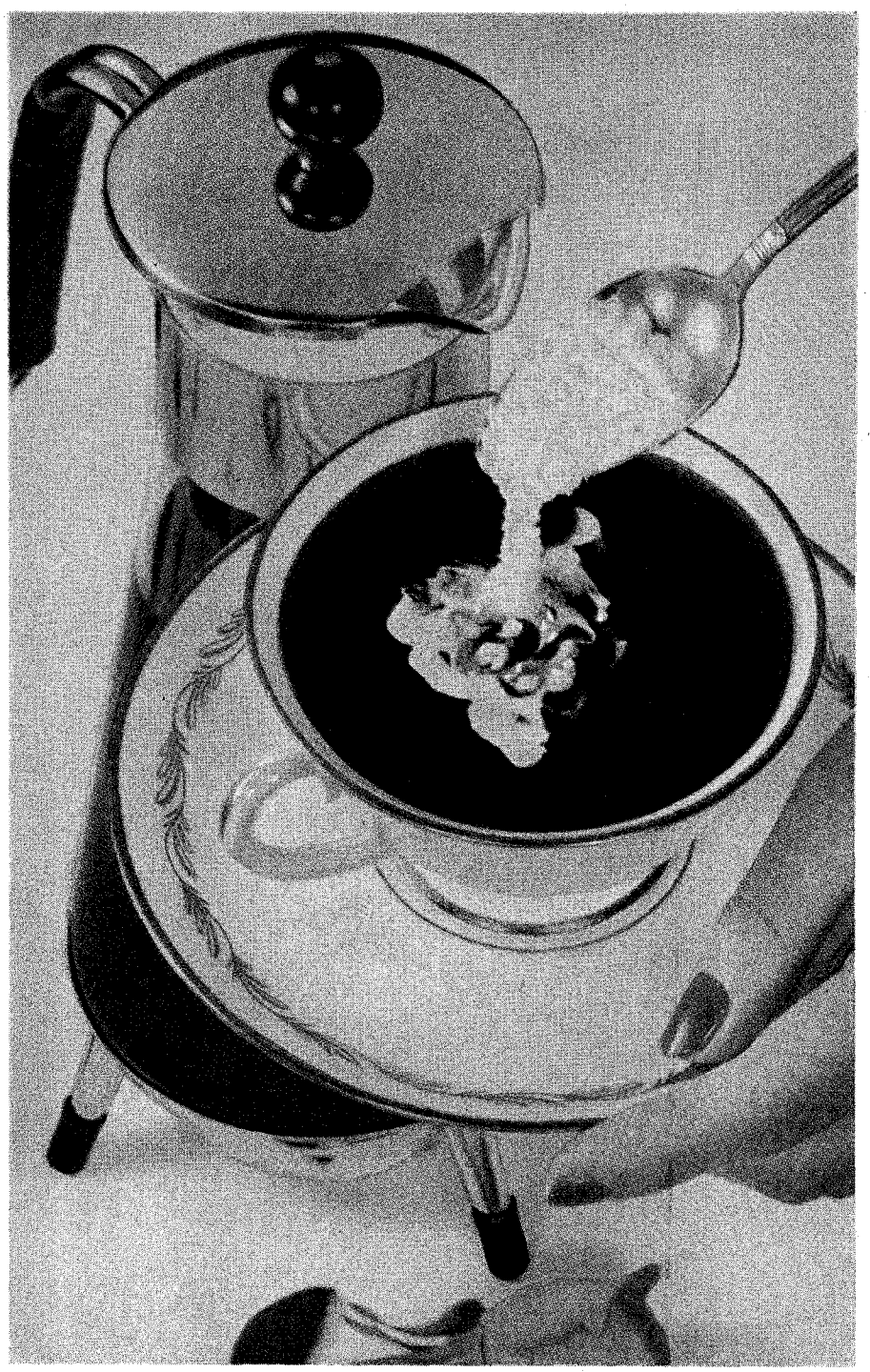
Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 81

1. Mass.	2. Tenn.	3. Fla.
4. Texas	5. Iowa	6. Ore.
7. N.Y.	8. Mich.	9. Okla.
10. Nev.	11. R.I.	12. S.C.



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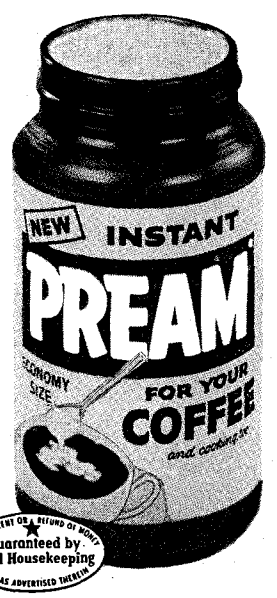

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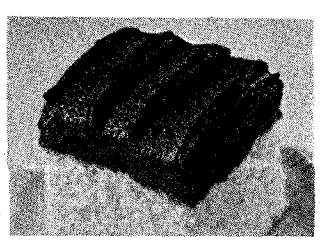

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thousands of miles by different ways, an' here you are, reachin' the same spot at the same time. Lucky you didn't go to San Francisco or you'd have missed her. There's a smallpox scare in Frisco. The Whiton decided to sail direct to Sacramento, bein' as most of her passengers was bound here anyway."

"May God be merciful," Abbie breathed.

That was all that was said. They stood waiting for the Whiton to tie up. Luke felt the aching tautness which he knew held the others. This was Ellen's final moment of ordeal, perhaps the end and the parting for them.

At the stage station across the way, another crowded coach, that had been only minutes behind their own vehicle all during the trip from Hangtown, had now pulled in and was discharging its fares. Among the arrivals were Tracy Menafee and Thorne and Chape Parker. They singled out Luke and his companions on the levee. Meanwhile the Whiton had been winched alongside the landing. A gangplank was dropped. Down it came a stampeding stream of passengers.

It seemed to Luke that Ellen stopped living as she stood there scanning every face. It was as though her heartbeat had ceased and her existence suspended.

Then she spoke, and her voice was so faint that Luke barely could hear, "Ralph. Ralph." In the next instant, as though she had grasped life again in all its power, she screamed wildly, clearly, "Ralph! Ralph Gilmore!"

Her outcry cut through the drone of activity on the wharves, reached so far that faces a hundred yards away turned toward them.

A man who had been descending the gangplank from the Whiton halted, frozen, his eyes, startled and suddenly desperate, searching the swirl of humanity on the river front.

He was a slender, tall man of about thirty, Luke judged, and his jaws and chin were covered by a soft brown beard. Luke had the impression that the beard was strange to its wearer; he wore a seaman's knitted cap and pea coat, and these, too, seemed out of place.

Ellen gathered her skirts and ran nearer, staring with numbed wonder. "It—it is you, Ralph!" Then she screamed again, pointing at him. "You are alive! Why—why, you did it yourself! It is my father who is dead! Murdered! Why, you—you're the one who killed him!"

The slender man dropped the duffel bag he was carrying. He leaped to the levee, shoved bystanders aside and raced down the river front. Luke, impeded for a time by spectators, pursued the fleeing man. And Cameron was at his heels.

"Of course!" Cameron panted. "Of course! How stupid of me! I took it too much for granted that Gilmore was dead! But that body they found in Chesapeake Bay was really the body of Ellen's father, on which Gilmore had planted his own clothes and ring."

Their quarry darted into the open door of a big, gloomy freight shed that fronted on the wharves. Luke and Cameron followed. They pulled up. The interior was black and unlighted. At intervals, bands of gray daylight from the misty outer twilight struck through the gloom. These came from the open wagon ports, big enough to accommodate horse-drawn trucks, which opened onto the docks.

They could hear the pound of Gilmore's footsteps somewhere. Luke shouted, but the sounds continued onward into the shadows. Then, so faintly they could not exactly define them, came other sounds, then silence.

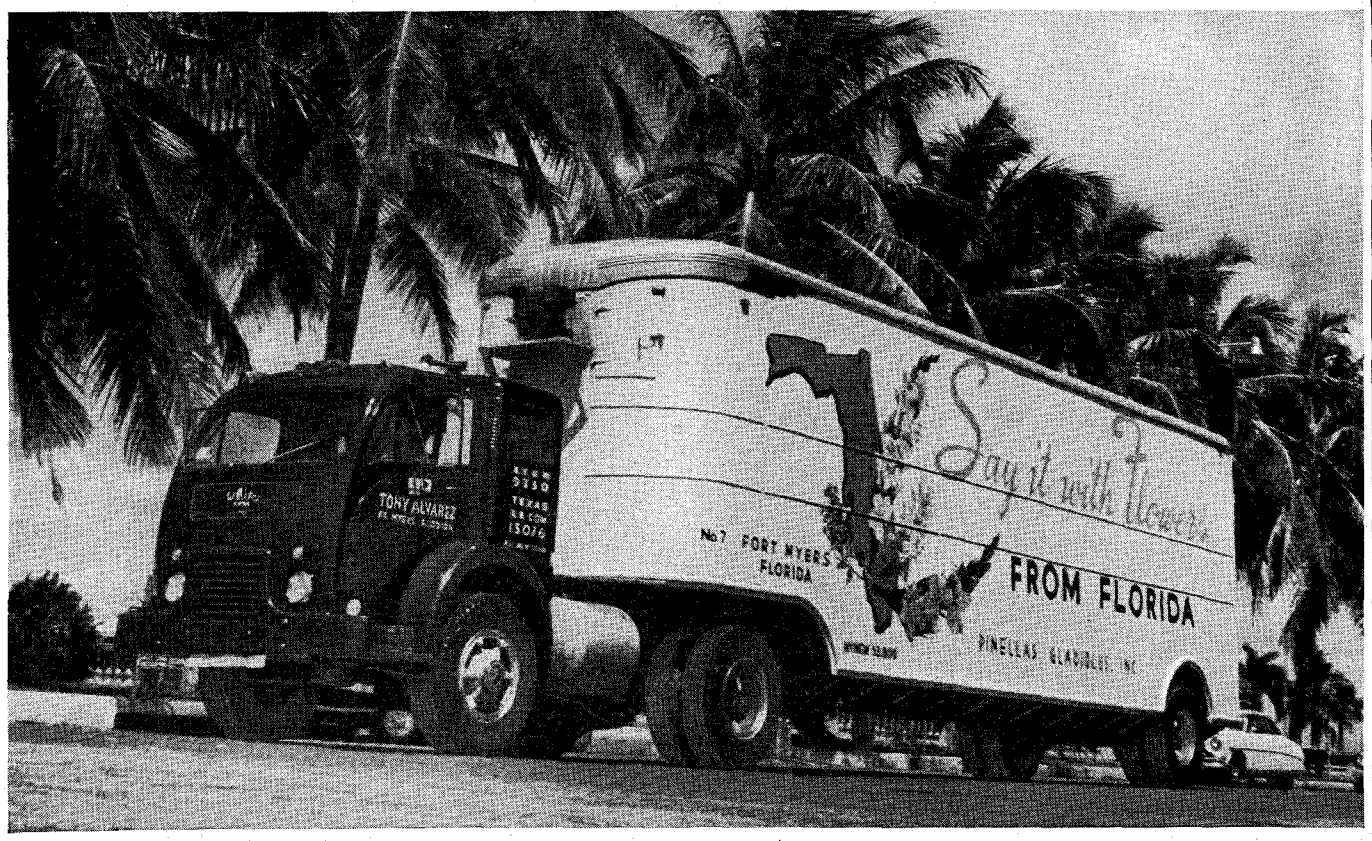
"Stay here!" Luke said to Cameron. He raced ahead.

He stopped abruptly again. He could hear those other movements more plainly now—as though they might be coming from more than one source. He moved ahead again and was forced to cross one of the islands of light. Instantly a gun roared from the gloom ahead of him. The bullet passed so close to his head that its sound was a deadly snakelike buzz.

Crouching, he raced with straining strides toward the point from which the shot had come. The gun exploded again, deafeningly. The flash seemed to leap into his eyes. And a second pistol to his left, but several yards away, also lashed out at him. There were at least two of them. But both bullets had missed. Then he collided with a figure in the darkness. He slashed out with the muzzle of his pistol, but missed. However, the fingers of his left hand caught and held a man's throat.

At the same moment the gun to the left opened up again, firing twice. In the lightning flicker of the powder flame Luke saw the face of the man he had grasped. It was Chape Parker. This was the first warning he had that he was up against Menafee and Thorne and Parker. They had flanked the warehouse and had entered by way of the ports. For Ellen's screaming revelation of the name of the man who had arrived aboard the Whiton was all they needed. Ralph Gilmore or Henry Jessup—it did not matter to them. One or the other held the secret of the location of the stolen money.

As all this drove through Luke's mind he felt Chape Parker sinking in his grasp. There was a choked, bubbling sound from the man. "You—you've killed me, Al," Parker gasped complainingly.



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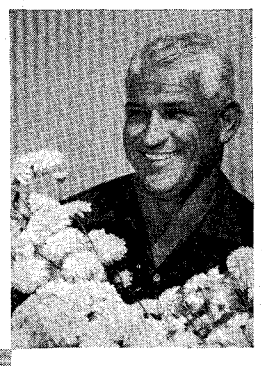

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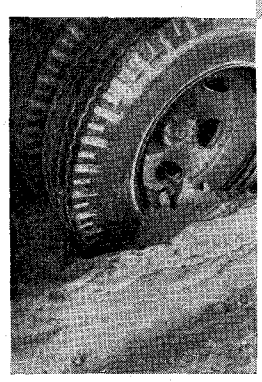

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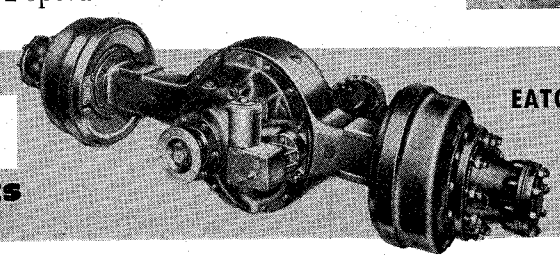

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Then he sagged down. And Luke let him fall. The two bullets that Al Thorne had fired had found not Luke, but Thorne's own comrade.

Thorne's gun exploded twice again. Luke fired three times into the powder flashes, thumbing the hammer as fast as his finger could move. He fired once more, and this time he heard the hard smash of his slug through flesh, heard a man's convulsive gasp and heard a body fall.

Now shooting started at the far end of the building. Luke realized that this was Cameron's gun.

Tracy Menafee's voice, high with fear, desperate with the need to ward off death, now began shouting surrender. Silence came.

Then Cameron said harshly, "Walk into the light where I can see you, Menafee! With your hands up! And if that's Ralph Gilmore with you, let him do the same!"

Luke saw two figures comply. He understood now that Gilmore, in his flight through the warehouse, had run into the arms of Menafee and his men.

Luke walked cautiously toward the point where he had heard his bullet strike. There he came upon Al Thorne's body.

"Luke!" It was Ellen's voice, prayerful, pleading, but without hope. She had

... ...

Notes on the Cap-Pistol Set

Baby angel wings rub off
As little boys grow older,
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By Edith Blanchard

... ...

entered the building even while the shooting was going on. And Abbie, too, was in the warehouse, which was acrid with powder smoke. Luke heard the rush of skirts as she raced to where Cameron stood confronting Menafee.

"Luke!" Ellen called despairingly again. Then she found him. She touched him timidly at first, then with a wild hope. "Are you ——" she asked.

"I'm all right," Luke said. "Not a scratch."

He took her in his arms. He kissed her, and then he held her there for a long and fulfilling moment.

She clung to him with a desperate strength, saying over and over again, "I'll never let you go! Never! Darling! Darling!"

Presently they went to help Cameron with his prisoners. Neither Menafee nor Ralph Gilmore had been injured during the fight. Cameron lodged them both in the town lockup and arranged for reliable men to stand guard over them. In addition to charges of conspiracy against Luke's life that Cameron intended to try to prove, Menafee was accused of assault with intent to kill in connection with the slugging of Clint Phillips. He faced certain indictment and conviction, for even more heinous in the eyes of the miners was the fact that he had broken the unwritten law of the trail by deserting his comrades in an attempt to save himself. That, Luke knew, ranked as almost a capital crime in the code of the stampeders who were certain to sit on the juries in the newly organized state.

Ralph Gilmore would await extradition to the East to stand trial for the murder of Ellen's father. Gilmore tried to deny his identity until Ellen confronted him. Then he crumbled. He told the whole story. He had methodically robbed the bank and had made all the plans for placing the blame on Henry Jessup and for taking passage on the Whiton to California. He had imitated Ellen's handwriting, having a talent for such things, and had left the forged note inviting him to the Jessup house where it would be found in his room.

"You were so damned scornful of me," he flashed at Ellen. "If you'd have married me, none of this would have happened. I wanted mainly to see you dragged in the mud—you and your pride."

Gilmore confessed that he had slain Henry Jessup with a blackjack that night while Ellen slept in her room. He had traded clothes with his victim and donned a false beard and mustache that resembled Henry Jessup's, helped himself to the banker's carriage and made sure he would be glimpsed driving out of Baltimore by back roads at midnight.

He had dropped Henry Jessup's body in the bay, then had made his way to Philadelphia. From there he had gone by night train to New York to board the Whiton. Aboard the vessel he had tried to burn Henry Jessup's clothes. Finding that impractical, in a momentary panic he had hastily weighted the articles and dropped them overboard.

They located the money in a trunk that Gilmore had shipped on the Whiton.

Wearily, Luke and Cameron and Ellen and Abbie walked through the chill, damp darkness and muddy streets of Sacramento town in search of lodging.

They found an inn. Its name was the Overland Inn. Ellen stared at the painted sign over the door. Suddenly she began to sob, and then to laugh hysterically.

"The Overland Inn!" she wept. "Where—where I first laid eyes on you, Luke! Independence, where I first saw you, Abbie dearest; and you, Vance!"

Abbie had said no word to Cameron. She was walking at his side, her piquant face wan. Then Cameron suddenly lifted her bodily in his arms, so that her feet were far off the ground. He kissed her with all the demanding hunger of a man who had long been refused.

"We're going back to Hangtown tomorrow," he said.

"To Hangtown?" Abbie murmured. "Why, pray tell?"

"Your uncle is a minister," Cameron said. "He marries people, as you well know. Or is that reason enough?"

"Reason enough," she sighed. "And high time too."

Luke looked down at Ellen. "Hangtown?" he asked.

All the secrets and all the shadows and all the barriers were gone from her dark eyes. She kissed him with the fullness of a woman's yearning and warmth and tenderness.

"Hangtown first," she said. And her heart was dancing in those dark eyes now, and in her voice. "And then—anywhere. Oregon, Taos—it doesn't matter. I've learned to cook, you know. I can drive oxen. I've skinned antelope and dressed buffalo meat. I will learn to pitch a lodge and to sew buckskins and make moccasins. I will ——"

She paused. "But one thing," she said positively. "There will be no more Spanish señoritas, no matter where you go. For I will scratch out their eyes."

The four of them stood in the dim light that streamed from the entrance to the inn. They were laughing, for tomorrow they were to marry, and tomorrow the world was theirs. Then they went into Sacramento's Overland Inn arm in arm.

THE END

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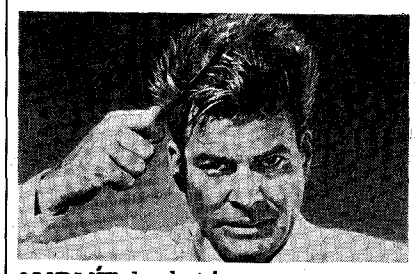

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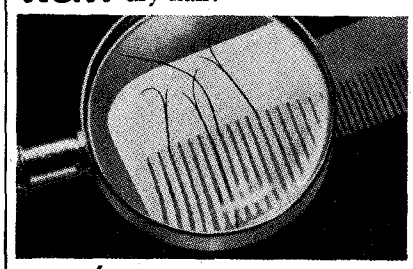

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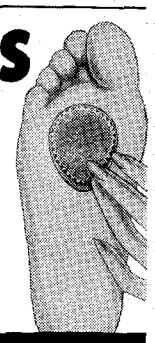

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Husbands Can't Win

(Continued from Page 35)

So I tell Mabel at the supper table that night that I figure I'll go cruising over to Atlantic Avenue the next afternoon and see what I can see.

"You won't go alone," she tells me.

"So why won't I go alone?" I ask her.

"You'll come back with some horrible color," she says. "I know your taste, Manny Keefe."

"Color!" I yell. "For cryin' out loud, we're not buyin' no painting! This is a car, baby!"

"And it's painted," she says, "and if we can get a nice color, I'd just as soon get a nice color as some horror you might pick out."

"O.K.," I say. "So I can't pick out no nice color without my wife peekin' over my shoulder?"

She looks at me across the table. "When you stop wearing a blue tie with that green sport shirt of yours," she says, "I won't have to peek over your shoulder."

You see what I mean? You go out to look for a good, cheap, used car, and you have to be an artist no less. You have to know colors; not motor, transmission, brakes, rubber, or what have you, but you got to know what's a good color.

So the next afternoon after dinner we pack the two kids into the car, and we head down toward Atlantic Avenue, where this Danny Breitfeller works at the Acme Used Car lot.

Danny is glad to see me even if he knows that when I buy a used car it's not going to be a big deal. He looks over my car, and he tries to be nice about it, and he asks me to start it up, which I do, and he listens for a while, and he watches the water gauge shoot up, and I can see he's trying to figure how I even got it down here from our block to the Acme lot, which is about a distance of a mile and a half or so.

"Best I can give you on this," he says, "is seventy-five, and Mr. Rosen will have my head when he finds out about it. Now how much do you have to play around with, Manny?"

Mabel and I have figured that we can dig up about three hundred for this new used car without we go to the poorhouse if I get laid off or somebody's sick for a few days.

"I got three hundred skins," I tell him, "but it's not to be played around with."

"I might have something here in the second line," he says, "which might fit you, Manny."

This is the way these used-car guys talk, like they're selling you an overcoat or something.

I tell Mabel, as we're moving back to the second line of cars, that we're not doing any buying today; we're looking them over, and I want to look over a lot of them before I lay out my three hundred. You know how it is in these used-car lots. They got the good stuff up front on the street, the first line. The second line they got cars that have been around a little. In the back they keep cars like the jalopy I'll be turning over on this trade-in.

So Danny Breitfeller shows us this two-tone, blue-and-cream job which has been through the wars, but is not in too bad a shape. For three hundred and my car, I don't expect to be walking out with no '57 limousine.

This car has some mileage on it, and the rubber is not too good, and one fender is damaged some, but right away I see Mabel's eyes light up. We been riding around the past six years in a black car which even before I bought it had lost all the shine it ever had, so this two-tone, blue-and-cream boat is right out of this world.

Even before Danny takes us out for a ride in it, she's whispering, "Take it, Manny. Take it."

"I ain't takin' the first car I see," I tell her, "even if it's painted pink an' has silver stripes like a zebra."

She gives me one of those looks, but I will say this: the car does seem to run pretty good; she don't overheat, and she seems to be hitting on all cylinders, and Danny says she don't use too much oil, which can mean anything. "Well," I tell him, "we'll think this over, Danny boy."

"They move pretty fast," Danny warns. "Don't wait too long."

So we ride away from the Acme Used Car lot, and Mabel is fit to be tied. "What was wrong with it?" she demands.

"Nothin' wrong with it," I tell her, "only maybe I can do better someplace else. How do you know till you look around? Besides, you have to dicker with these guys. Maybe I go back there next week an' he gives me another twenty-five on my car. How do I know?"

We don't ride around too much this afternoon, partly because I don't think the jalopy will take too much riding around, and also because the kids start to cut up. So we go back to the house, and Mabel says I should go back tomorrow night and put a deposit on the car before I lose it. This I won't do, so already I'm in the doghouse, or at least I got my head in it. The rest of me goes in later.

So this night I'm sitting out on the porch, and I'm telling my neighbor, Joe Armbruster, about this new used car we figure on getting, and right away he says I'm smart not to grab the first one I see. "Take somebody with you knows used cars," Joe advises. "Those guys skin the ears off you, Manny. You want, I'll ride along with you tomorrow night after work. How many used cars I buy?"

I'm thinking about how many used cars I buy, myself, and I don't need nobody like Joe Armbruster to tell me which is a good used car and which is a lemon, and this is when my brother, Al, who drives a hack around Borough Hall, Brooklyn, shoots up to the door. Al is a bachelor, and he never got married to nobody, and he's been driving this cab for maybe ten, fifteen years, off and on. You ever stood on the edge of a curb, and a cab shot by on a rainy day, moving on the inside of a waiting line, and you had mud water splashed all over your pants, and you lost some skin off the tip of your nose, that's brother Al.

Joe Armbruster says right away, "How about Al? He knows cars. That guy lives in one."

This, I'll admit, makes sense. Al has been around cars long enough to know when they're running right.

So Al bounces out of the cab, his cap on the side of his head, grinning as always, cuffing my boy, Joey, who is nine, and yelling a greeting to Saul Ruskin, my neighbor, who is on the next stoop. "How's it?" he whoops at us, and then he grabs Joe's ankle and nearly yanks him off the stoop. This is a guy with a sense of humor.

"We been talkin' about used cars," Joe says uncomfortably. "Manny's buyin' one, Al."

"I got a friend out in Queens," Al says right away. "He'll give you a steal on a used car, Manny boy."

"They're all steals," I tell him. "Everybody's stealin' from everybody else."

Anyway, we make arrangements to meet tomorrow night after supper, and take a ride out to Queens to see Al's friend, Mac Beardsley, used-car dealer.

When I tell this to Mabel, she just looks at me, and she says that I'm to just remember not to come home with anything until she sees it, and that if I come home with something that looks like a cross between a fire chief's car and a circus wagon, I'll be riding in it by myself. This I let go in one ear and out the other, because you know how women talk, and besides I don't go for red cars neither.

So all the way out to Queens, brother Al is sitting in the back seat of my car telling us about this fight he seen on TV the other night, and how this one guy is taking it for seven, eight rounds, and then all of a sudden he comes up with a roundhouse which ends the fight.

Then he tells me to pull over to this used-car lot which takes up about half a block, and looks like a carnival with all the lights strung along the street. There's a big sign running the whole length of the lot, and in letters six feet high it says: MIGHTY MAC BEARDSLEY.

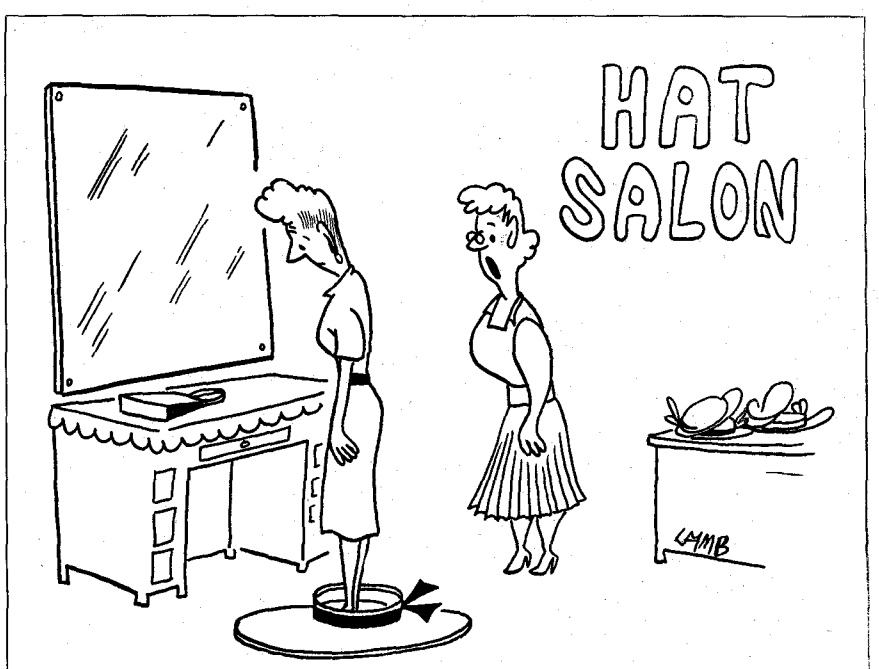
Down below in smaller letters, maybe only a foot high, it says:

HE'S CRAZY! HE'S GIVING CARS AWAY!

Joe Armbruster says, "Why they call him Mighty Mac, Al?"

Al don't know. "Maybe he just likes it," he says.

This Mighty Mac Beardsley, who gives cars away, is sitting out in front of his



"I believe we'd better try a smaller size!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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pigeon coop of an office, and he don't even get up from his chair when we get out of the car. He's a little fat guy with a dead cigar stuck in his face, and he's straddling this chair, his arms resting across the back of it, and his shoes not even touching the ground, and he's watching the cars go by. This, from the looks of him, he does all day long, except when he goes down to the bank to make deposits.

"How's it, Mac?" Al grins. "Brung a customer." Mac just nods. He looks past me at the jalopy at the curb, and then he rolls the cigar in his mouth and he watches some more traffic go by.

Al has told me on the way out that he's to do all the talking because he knows Mac Beardsley from way back, and if I want to make a good deal I'd better keep my fat mouth shut. Al says casually, "So what's she worth on a trade-in, Mac?"

He nods back toward my car at the curb, and Mac's beady eyes go over the car like a X ray. From where he sits he looks under the hood, and through the engine block, and into the radiator, and around the brake linings, and then he shifts the cigar in his mouth and he says without interest, "Take fifty off anything you want to buy an' roll it to the back."

"Fifty!" I scream.

Mighty Mac just shrugs and he watches some more traffic go by.

Al pulls me by the arm, and we go back to look at the cars. He says, "Don't let it worry you, Manny. Mac will make it up on the car you buy. That's the way he does it."

That's not the way I like it to be done, but we're here, and we might as well look at some of these cars. Mighty Mac don't come back with us, but his nephew, Lennie, who is young and who wears glasses, does, and Lennie shows us the second and third lines. Mighty Mac even has a fourth line, but this we don't look at. I buy in the fourth line I might as well keep what I got.

Lennie says, "For Al's brother I got a real buy, Mr. Keefe."

"A steal," I tell him sourly. "Make sure it's a steal."

He laughs, and then he takes us to the end of the third line, and he shows us this two-door sedan.

"Look at the rubber," he says. "Those shoes don't have five thousand miles on them. . . . Am I right, Al?"

Al says he's right, so Lennie gets into the car and starts her up, and Al lifts up the hood to listen.

"She runs smooth," he says.

"Brakes are almost new," Lennie tells us. "She might use a quart of oil every two thousand miles. That's much? And look at that rubber."

The rubber I'm looking at, too, and he's not kidding anybody about the rubber. Maybe I don't know too much about motors, but tires I know because I've changed enough of them in my life. This two-door sedan has good rubber, and you can say that again.

"A steal," Lennie says, "at three and a quarter with your car. We'll take it out for a ride."

There goes that steal again. I'm looking the car over, and I'm a little dubious, but we get in anyway and Lennie takes us up the street a mile or so and then back. Anybody can see that she rides pretty good; she has nice pickup, and the brakes hold.

Joe Armbruster says, when we come back, "There's your car, Manny. . . . How about that, Al?"

"Don't let it get away," Al warns.

We stand there looking at it while Lennie goes to see another customer, and Mighty Mac Beardsley is still in his chair, not having moved since we came to the place.

"I don't know," I say.

"You don't know?" Joe repeats. "What do you mean, you don't know?" You'd think this guy was selling the car, and not Mac Beardsley.

"That color," I tell them.

Al says, "What's wrong with the color?"

"It's green," I say, and this is a real green too. This is shutter green, and it looks like it's been painted by some guy over in New Jersey. It's a homemade paint job and there's no two ways about that.

Al looks at me. "If it was a horse you was buyin'," he says, "you got a kick, but this is a car, Manny boy. They go in colors nowadays."

I never seen one this color before. Maybe that green would go in combination with something else, but this car is all green—roof, sides, hood and all.

"That ain't a bad color," Joe Armbruster says.

"You cop a prize with that in a Saint Patrick's Day parade," Al grins. "You got a motor there, boy; you got transmission; you got rubber and you got brakes. You want color too?"

"I don't want color," I tell him. "I'm thinkin' Mabel won't be goin' too much for this shade o' green."

"Mabel's gettin' a beauty of a car," Al says. "Put your deposit down on this baby, Manny."

I'm this way and that way about it. This green car I figure is a better car, what with the rubber and all, but I don't think Mabel's going for the color. So we're standing around, and Al and Joe

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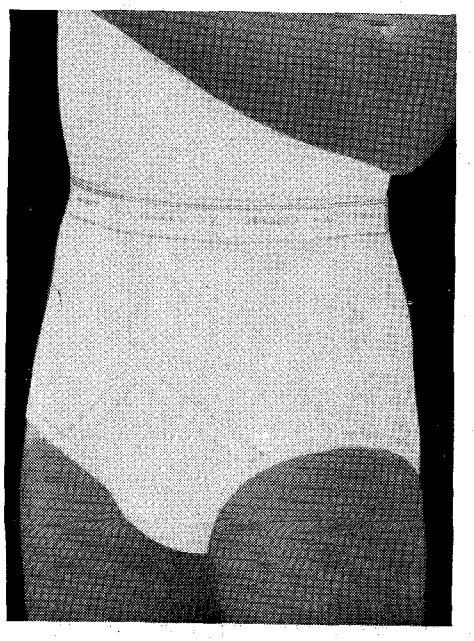

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are trying to argue me into it when Lennie comes back and says, "You could put fifty down on this car, Mr. Keefe, and pay the rest when you come out with it to make the exchange. That satisfactory?"

It's satisfactory with me, but I got more than me to think about here, and I'm still on the fence.

Lennie says, "A car like this will go fast, Mr. Keefe. You saw that rubber."

I saw the rubber, and I'm thinking of all the flats I won't have to fix if I buy this car instead of that blue-and-cream job Mabel likes, but which has so-so rubber on it.

Joe Armbruster says suddenly, "There's a guy looking at it now, Manny. What'd I tell you?"

"They go fast," Lennie says.

There's a short, fat guy who looks something like Mac Beardsley looking over the car, and then I see him get in and sit down behind the wheel to kind of get the feel of it.

"What'd I tell you?" Joe says, real excited.

I don't know, but this fat guy could be Beardsley's relative working the old come-on game, and then again maybe it's legitimate. I watch him get out of the car and look under the hood.

"They go fast," Lennie says again. "Will you pardon me, Mr. Keefe, while I talk to that customer?"

"O.K.," I say heavily. "I'll put down the fifty skins."

"How could you go wrong?" Al wants to know.

"I'm a married guy," I tell him. "You're single. There's eight hundred an' ninety-eight ways I can go wrong even while I'm right."

So while this guy who looks like Beardsley's relative, and maybe still could be, is looking in under the hood, I put down my fifty and get my receipt.

"You didn't make no mistake," Al says as we're riding back to Brooklyn.

If I did, I'm thinking, I'm out fifty bucks because I got about as much chance of getting that fifty back from Mighty Mac Beardsley as I have of becoming president of U. S. Steel.

Joe Armbruster is sitting in the front seat with me, and all the way home that's all he keeps saying, "I don't know why you're worryin' so much about the color, Manny. It's just green."

"I know it's green," I tell him, "so give it a rest."

I'm thinking that I'll hear plenty more about that green before this night is over, so I don't want to hear no more about it now.

Back at the house, Al hops in his cab and scoots it to downtown Brooklyn, and Joe says good night to me and goes into his own house. I take a deep breath and go up the stoop and into my house. I'm wondering how I'll break this news to Mabel real easy, and I figure the only way is to come right out with it and put the cards on the table.

She's watching TV when I come into the front room, and the kids are in bed, and I say to her, "Baby, I put a little deposit on a knockout of a car tonight. Had to do it or I would o' lost the car."

She gets up and she snaps off the set even though it's one of these love romances playing, and she goes for them. She says quietly, "How much deposit?"

"Fifty dollars," I tell her. "This other guy was lookin' at it. If I'd walked away, this other guy'd have got it."

"That the only used car they have out in Queens?" she asks. "What color is it?"

"You never seen better tires on a used car," I tell her. "Don't use no oil, an' she can stop on a dime."

"What color?" she says again.

"Green," I tell her. "Kind of green."

She just looks at me a minute, and I see her mouth getting a little tight around the corners.

"What shade of green?" she says. "Light, dark, medium, forest green, emerald green?"

"Look," I say. "What am I supposed to be, a painter? So it's green. What's bad about green?"

She don't say anything, but she goes out into the kitchen and she comes back in a minute with one of these little folders you get at the paint store, and which shows different colors.

"Show me the green," she says, and she hands me the folder. It's like I'm on the witness stand, and this is the D.A. putting me over the fire.

Anyway, I look at the chart, and there is the green right in front of my face. It's not a dark green, and it's not a real light green. This one they got labeled "Forest Green" on the chart.

"There she is," I say, and I point to the little square.

I see Mabel wilt a little. "That?" she says. "That!"

"What do you mean, 'that'?" I holler, because that last "that" was a holler too. "You oughta see the tires on this job."

"All of it is that color?" she asks.

"For cryin' out loud," I say. "Not the wheels, not the inside."

"But everything else? Top, sides, front and back?"

"She's green," I say, and I'm getting hot under the collar myself now, but I'm wishing this screwball over in New Jersey, or wherever he came from, had painted his car some other color, maybe red or brown or yellow, or some color my wife likes. Green she don't like.

"I knew it," Mabel says softly. "I knew it. You have a deposit on this car?"

"I have fifty bucks on the barrelhead," I tell her.

"I'll never ride in that car," she says. "Never! Never! Never!"

So out she walks into the kitchen, and I'm left holding this color chart in my hand. I hear her bouncing things around out in the kitchen, which is not necessary, because this is not suppertime, but she's bouncing things, anyway.

Then she comes back to stand in the doorway, and she says, "I wouldn't even have that horror standing in front of the house."

She says it pretty loud, so I say pretty loud, too, "What have you got standin' out there now?"

"It's not conspicuous," she says.

"It don't go, neither!" I yell at her. "That what you want?"

So she slams more things around in the kitchen, and I go out and across the street to Sam's Candy Store for a pack of cigarettes. When I come back I meet Joe Armbruster, who has been walking his dog down to the corner. I tell him what's happened, and he shakes his head and he says "That's real tough, Manny. I'm afraid you're out fifty bucks."

"You," I tell him bitterly, "an' Al, an' Beardsley's relative. You all ganged up on me."

"Maybe Beardsley will give you your deposit back," he tells me.

"Maybe hell will freeze over," I say, "but I'm not countin' on it."

The next day on the way to work with my friend Dave Rosenthal, who lives on my block and works in the same shop with me, I tell him my troubles, and he says right off, "Take your loss, Manny."

"Fifty bucks!" I argue.

"Take it," he says.

This is a guy who's been married twenty-three years, and his wife don't let him forget it one minute.

"Put it down to experience," Dave advises. "Take your loss. You'll have no rest, day nor night."

This I don't have to be told, but that night I see a little ray of hope. Mabel who has not been talking to me particularly, says without looking at me, "I'd like to take a ride out to see that car, if you don't mind."

I don't mind, so after supper we pack the kids in the back and we're off to Queens. I park the jalopy a little above Mighty Mac Beardsley's office.

When I get out I wave to him and I say, "Want to look over the job, Mr. Beardsley."

This guy hasn't moved from the chair since the night I bought the car. He's sitting the same way, his shoes not touching the ground, and that dead cigar butt in his mouth. He just nods to me, and we go around to the back.

"There she is," I tell Mabel.

She takes a look, and she turns around and starts back for our car. "Never," she says. "Never, never."

"You mean you only bought one?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

O.K., never, never, I'm thinking, and I walk after her. As I'm going, I see Beardsley's relative with his head poked in under the hood of a car in the third line, and Lennie, the nephew, is talking to this guy who is watching the relative and looking a little harried.

Mabel gets into the car and she slams the door shut, and I see Mighty Mac turn his head to look at us. For once he's not watching the traffic go by.

Back home, Mabel goes right into the house, and I see Joe Armbruster sitting out on his stoop, and I go over.

He says, "How'd you make out, Manny?"

"Never, never," I tell him.

"Take your loss," he advises.

This is the kind of advice I get all over my neighborhood, and from my good friends, no less. This kind of advice I could get from guys don't even like me.

So about Saturday I head out to Queens again because that is the day I tell Lennie I'll be back. I go alone this time because who wants to go with a loser?

Mac Beardsley is sitting out in front of his office, and he's the same, excepting this time the cigar is lit. I catch a glimpse of Lennie inside the office, but Lennie I don't want to see today. Lennie sells the cars and puts up the front with his glasses and all, but when you want your dollar back, it's Mighty Mac you have to see.

I say cheerfully, "How's it, Mr. Beardsley? Nice an' warm sittin' here in the sun, ain't it?"

He looks at me and he nods, and then he watches the cars.

I say, "You remember that car I was figurin' on buyin', Mr. Beardsley—that green sedan back in the third line?"

"You have fifty deposit on it," he says.

I'm asking this guy does he remember something with a dollar sign on it. Does an elephant ever forget?

"My wife don't like the car," I say. "I'm wonderin' if I can get my deposit back, Mr. Beardsley?"

I'm like a little boy standing out in front of the elephant cage, and I'm asking the elephant can I have my peanuts back. That's how much chance I got of getting my fifty skins.

"We don't return deposits," Mr. Beardsley says, and I see my fifty fly over the wall, easy come, easy go, only it didn't come so easy.

So I go back to Brooklyn without my fifty, and chugging along on, maybe four cylinders, and with plenty of bad rubber.

"You didn't get the money?" Mabel says when I come in the house.

"I didn't get the money," I tell her, and I'm expecting the roof to cave in, but it don't. She don't say anything, not even one word, so right away I'm on my guard. When it's quiet, like with the Indians, then watch out.

The whole weekend passes, though, and she don't say anything about the fifty we lost, or about a car, any kind of car, so on Monday I go to work, and I'm still up a tree.

Monday night it breaks. I come home from work, and I'm taking off my shirt in the bedroom when Mabel calls to me from the kitchen.

"You'll find the fifty on the dresser," she says.

I see some bills on top of the dresser, and I look at them, and then I go out to the kitchen in my undershirt.

"What fifty?" I say, and I'm like Clark Gable standing there, very calm, very cool, only I'm a volcano inside, and I'm asking, "What fifty?"

"The fifty-dollar deposit on the green car," Mabel says. "You couldn't get it back, so I thought I'd try. I took the deposit slip and ——"

So now the roof is hit, only it's in reverse. This (*Continued on Page 90*)

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1851

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(*Continued from Page 88*) time, maybe for the first time since we're married, I hit it, but good. "You thought you'd try!" I yell. "How do you like that? You thought you'd try!"

"Manny, please stop shouting," Mabel says. "I got the money back, didn't I? Mr. Beardsley wasn't too bad about it."

"He wasn't too bad?" I yell at her about twice as loud as before. "What'd you have to do, sit on his lap or somethin'?"

"Manny!" she gasps, and she's shocked.

"So what'd you do?" I whoop. "He wouldn't give me the dough, but he gives it to you. What'd you do?"

"Well," Mabel says, "there really wasn't much to it. I told Mr. Beardsley I had to try out the car myself before buying it, and he let me take it out. When I came back I told him I didn't like the way it ran and I wanted the deposit back."

"Just like that," I sneer, "an' old Shylock handed you the dough on a platter."

"Not right away," Mabel says. "I parked right out in front of him on the street, and I kept my elbow on the horn for about five minutes. That's when the crowd started to come around, and the patrol car pulled over to the side, and then Mr. Beardsley told his young man to pay me off and clear the street."

I'm looking at her, and I got to admit this is pretty smart, only I don't admit it out loud. You know what I mean? She went around me, and that was wrong. When it's business and there's dough involved, the man of the house has to be in the driver's seat, even if he don't know which way he's going and he can't drive. He has to be there.

"O.K.," I say, and I'm not yelling any more. "So we got the fifty back, an' we got our old car, an' we're keepin' it. You hear me? We're keepin' it. We're ridin' it till we're down to the rims, all four wheels; we're ridin' it till all the fenders come off an' the motor falls through to the pavement."

So I walk out of the kitchen, and I got no more to say the rest of the night or even the next morning when I go to work.

"Manny," Mabel says, and she's worried, "don't be silly."

"I got showed up," I tell her. "I got showed up real good. You wanna start wearin' the pants around here?"

I guess she's kind of got the point now. One thing a wife don't want to do, in Brooklyn, in Squeedunk, New Jersey, or in London or Gay Paree. She don't want to show her man up. It's not worth fifty bucks; it's not worth fifty thousand bucks.

I go to work with Dave Rosenthal that morning, and I say to him, "Dave, my wife's in the doghouse."

He looks at me like I'm crazy. "You got brain fever, Manny," he tells me. "Such a thing has never happened before. I don't even think it's legal."

"I'm makin' my own laws," I tell him, and all the way to work he's looking at me like I'm General Grant or somebody. This he never heard of.

I come home that night, and Mabel has made liver and bacon with plenty of fried onions, which is what I like, and I notice she has a very nice house dress on, and one of them fluffy aprons.

She says, "How did it go today, Manny?"

"Lousy," I tell her, "like always."

"Well," she says, "I've been thinking, Manny. Why don't you get that green car if the tires are so good?"

I look at her, and she's smiling, and then pretty soon I start to grin too. How long can you keep your wife in the doghouse when she makes liver and bacon like this? I say, "Come here, baby."

That's when the phone rings, and who is it but Danny Breitfeller from the Acme Used Car lot, and Danny wants to know have I made a decision about this blue-and-cream job because there's two, three other guys interested in it now.

This I take with a grain of salt. This I put in the same league with Lennie's relative who looks under the hoods, but I say to Danny Breitfeller, anyway, "I'll be around tomorrow night to pick it up, Danny boy."

This I say because my wife, Mabel, is sitting on my lap and smiling as I say it, and looking very nice in this house dress with the apron. So the rubber on this job is not too good, which means that I'll be fixing plenty of flats the next few years, and so what? I can't fix a flat? You know what I mean?

Day of Decision (Continued from Page 30)

orphanage. When he was fourteen, Brother Basil had taken him down to Furnivall's and placed him in what he called "a splendid position" as a cashboy at four dollars a week.

In 1914, the youngster who could get a foot on the bottom rung of any ladder in Austen Furnivall's department store might consider himself lucky. Old Mr. Furnivall dated from an era when apprentice merchants lived in, kept a curfew and were warned against Spanish segars, pool halls and oyster suppers, on pain of dismissal. His principles bade him have a concern for young people in his employ; he gave them sermons and quaint rules to live by; he also made it possible—not easy, but possible—for them to go on with their education, if they had the will. Barry Lovat left the orphanage for an approved boardinghouse, with a burning ambition to make a good place for himself in the world, and to create the home and family he had not inherited.

By the time he was twenty-eight, after a long pull through night classes, he had completed the work for a bachelor's degree in business administration. Barry was then assistant buyer in a strange new department—radio—at fifty dollars a week and considering marriage. That year, 1928, old Mr. Furnivall died, only a month after he had shaken Barry's hand, presented him with a reliable watch as a reward for perseverance in his studies, and referred to him publicly as a diligent and promising young man.

Sometimes it was hard for Barry to realize that his own career, linked to Austen Furnivall's, covered a whole changing era. Mr. Furnivall had opened his first store, with reach-me-down suits flying like banners under a sidewalk awning, in the year of Appomattox. The old man had never lost the keen instinct of a merchant. It pained him to see a customer waiting, with money in his pocket and a desire unsatisfied, while merchandise rested on the shelf. Even in the year of his death at eighty-seven, he would step behind a crowded counter and handle a sale in person, rather than be tortured by the thought of a lost transaction.

Everything was different now, Barry felt, and because his world had changed so much, he considered it unlikely that he would ever be president of Furnivall's. This morning the board of directors would choose a new head of the store for a five-year term, to fill the vacancy created by George Wellington's retirement. If they passed over Barry Lovat, who was in his mid-fifties, he would never have another chance, in spite of his record as general manager. A younger man, like Merritt, the merchandise manager, would certainly stay ten years in the post, and by then Barry would have retired. That is, assuming Merritt did not make it impossible for him to remain at Furnivall's. Their ideas on policy were far apart.

Outside, at nine o'clock in the morning, the sun was kindly in a spring sky. It had rained overnight, and the air had a crystal clarity, as if washed clean of every trace of dust or haze.

Their house, with its small, pleasant garden, lay on the side of a hill. Eight miles away and a thousand feet down, the city was visible in the sharp detail of an architect's model, with the red brick and white limestone trim of Austen Furnivall's taking up one whole side of Center Square.

Claire was waiting for him at the wheel of their small black convertible. The top was down and she had tied an Italian silk scarf around her head to keep down her copper-colored hair.

"It's such a nice day," she said, as he took the seat beside her, "I thought I'd drive you all the way in."

"Perfect. I don't feel like making commuter's conversation."

"What time is the meeting?"

"Ten. Half an hour after the store opens."

She let the car roll down the driveway and turned into the winding road that laced through the estate development. "You're not nervous about it, are you?"

"Not really."

"It won't upset you if they decide on Merritt?"

"Of course not."

Claire drove for a minute in silence, and then pulled up at the Stop sign where they would turn into the city expressway. Her eyes crinkled a little, either from the sun or to keep from crying, he could not tell which.

"It will, though," she said, groping for her handbag, on the seat between them. "It's what you've always wanted, isn't it?" There was a brief opening in the through traffic, and she slid the car expertly into a slot on the outside lane. "Be an angel and light me a cigarette."

"We went over the whole picture last night," he said, reaching for his matches. "Nothing's changed. I won't just step aside, but they're not likely to pick me over Merritt."

"That crew cut!" she exploded.

"He has the advantage of youth," Barry said, putting the lighted cigarette between her parted lips. "Fifteen years, to be exact. And the accent's on youth these days. I'm positive that three of the seven directors will vote for Merritt."

"That leaves three for you."

"Not necessarily. But even so, there's good old Frank Vernon to cast the deciding vote against me. In his eyes, I'm still the sybarite who wanted to have a bed in his office."

"Oh, dear, hasn't he forgotten that?"

"Frank Vernon has never forgotten anything in his life."

The incident, now ten years old, was an outgrowth of Barry's civilian war service, two years spent in Washington with a retail-dry-goods division of OPA. His post had been high enough to command an administrative suite, two secretaries in an anteroom, and a large private office, with a rug on the floor, leather armchairs and a leather couch, almost a badge of rank in the bureaucracy.

It was an exhilarating change for Barry. Mr. Furnivall had never believed in giving his executives anything but cramped cubbyholes. Primarily they must be merchants. The more uncomfortable they were in their offices, the more time they would spend out on the floor, where they belonged. The old man's death had modified the tradition and new management techniques altered it even more. But there were limits.

A crisis arose when Barry, appointed general manager after his return from Washington, enlarged and redecorated his office. Among other novelties, he ordered a leather couch. Frank Vernon, seventy-one, and chairman of the board, had the couch summarily removed, without consulting Barry. Then came one of those power struggles that spring from minor causes, like the War of Jenkins's Ear, but rumble and reverberate into far corners of the world they affect.

Points of prestige and authority became involved. There were meetings about it. Frank Vernon never referred to the point at issue as a couch. He managed to imply that Barry's stay in Washington must have been one long wallowing in Byzantine excesses. "What would anybody want with a bed in his office?" he kept asking. The episode was an uncomfortable memory for Barry Lovat. He had been foredoomed to defeat in any direct encounter with Frank Vernon, who had been Austen Furnivall's right-hand man when Barry was a cashboy. The trust agreement controlling Furnivall stock included a provision that assured Vernon of a strong voice in management as long as he cared to remain active. He was the only employee on the board. Even now, at past eighty, he was around the store every day, continuing the Furnivall tradition.

Traffic thickened steadily as they approached the turnoff for the central city. Claire eased the car along with a skill that had become second nature. "I hated Frank Vernon," she said, "for making such a row over a silly old office couch. So pointless, (*Continued on Page 92*)

Love's Messages

By Audrey Lee

A boy with searching eyes
Seeks words to speak;
And finding none, reaches
To touch a cheek.
A girl with pounding heart,
And also mute,
Painstakingly picks lint
From her love's suit.
And readily they lend
Each other smiles,
Oblivious of clocks'
Indifferent dials.
And sequined skies glitter
High up above,
While two in silent gestures
Say "I love."

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To keep your engine clean... to keep all the horsepower you paid for... drive into that clean, friendly Gulf Station and ask for Gulfpride—*the clean-working oil.*

Gulfpride *The World's Finest Motor Oil*

Super-refined by Gulf's exclusive Alchlor Process. Gives you the most complete engine protection you can buy.

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(*Continued from Page 90*) except as a way of breaking you down."

"It was a symbol to him," Barry said, defending the Furnivall gospel, even when it ran against him. "I think he was appalled by the mere thought that somebody might take a nap during office hours and on store time. From his point of view, I was driving a great wedge into the foundations of the commercial world. He still drops a hint now and then, to warn me that he hasn't forgotten my treachery. That's why I think Merritt will get the top job."

"Merritt and his pie charts."

"He's good," said Barry. "You can't deny that. He has ideas, and some of them work. His Eastern reputation doesn't hurt, either, or his M.B.A. from the Wharton School. Sure, he's graph-happy, but that impresses the board. I disagree with his approach, because Merritt thinks of our customers as units that he can run in one side of the building and out the other. During a predictable average stay, Furnivall's target is to relieve each customer of a standardized amount of money, in exchange for an optimum volume of merchandise. You can prove it with time studies and flow charts, to justify high quotas. But it turns too much pressure against individual attention, and individual attention built Furnivall's. People like it, because it makes them feel important."

"Nobody's supposed to feel important any more," said Claire. "It's antisocial, didn't you know?" She drove off the expressway and down a ramp into one of the streets that led to Center Square. "And yet Austen Furnivall made you feel important, at his store commencement exercises, when he gave you your graduation watch. And I felt important, sitting in the audience, because I was secretly engaged to you, and there was the great Mr. Furnivall, in his preacher's coat and white tie, telling everybody what I knew already—that Barry Lovat was the most wonderful young man in the world."

"I doubt whether he put his thought in just those words," Barry said, smiling, "but I wasn't really listening at the moment. I was afraid you hadn't come, and then I caught sight of you in the third row, and the whole evening became the most important thing that ever happened to me."

"I was late because mother disapproved of you, and I had to leave the house by the basement door and the areaway. It was terribly romantic. Almost like an elopement."

She had been Claire Hilton then, the daughter of J. V. Hilton, a broker whose net worth ran to five million dollars in the paper values of 1928. The Hiltons had a formidable town house, a mountain lodge, four cars and eight servants, not counting the people who worked on the showplace they called a farm. Barry and Claire met in the only way they could have met, in Furnivall's, when he helped her to pick out a present for her father, a seven-tube superheterodyne radio that would bring in Hawaii on favorable nights. A year later they were married, very quietly, in the rectory of St. Peter's. The papers ran headlines: SOCIETY HEIRESS WEDS STORE CLERK. Claire was furious. By that time she knew the vast gulf between a clerk and a buyer, and she was proud of Barry's position. Barry shrugged his shoulders, even over the scarcely hidden implication of fortune hunting. He had made it plain that he expected Claire to live on what he made at Furnivall's.

They were on their two weeks' honeymoon in Mexico City when the stock-market crash of 1929 wiped out J. V. Hilton & Company completely and without hope of revival. The town house, the lodge, the farm, the cars, Mrs. Hilton's jewels, all went to satisfy creditors. In the end, the old people had nothing more than the clothes that would go into two trunks and three suitcases.

Barry took a larger house than he and Claire would have needed for themselves, and asked her parents to live with them. He did it naturally and spontaneously. He could not, in fact, imagine doing anything else. In an emotional moment, after both parents died ten years later, Claire once said that she had married the best man in the world. No one else could have assumed so easily a burden that was not really his. Barry was puzzled. His years in the orphanage had given him a strong sense of the solidarity families ought to have. To cast anyone adrift was unthinkable.

They came to a red light at an intersection. A hundred yards farther on was the employees' entrance to Furnivall's.

"Right on the dot," Claire said. "You have fifteen minutes till the store opens."

"I'll get out here," he said. "Look, the meeting will be over by eleven. Stay downtown and we'll have an early lunch."

She touched the scarf that bound her hair. "Darling, I'd need a hat."

"Buy yourself one."

"Now you've talked me into it. Usual place?"

"At the fountain in the Garden Court."

"Good-by, darling. And don't let them worry you."

"I won't," he promised.

Barry crossed the street and went into the narrow doorway that you used if you worked at Furnivall's. One wall of the entrance corridor was taken up by racks of cards and the time clocks. On the other side, the Protection Office maintained a small outpost with a plate-glass window. At the end of the corridor, Barry could see sales people taking the dust covers from the counters and arranging stock in the stationery department.

In this part of Furnivall's store, which had been new when Barry first saw it, under tow of Brother Basil, in 1914, nothing essential had changed in all the intervening years. Even large, implacable Matt McDermott, who guarded the door, was the same McDermott who used to discipline the cashboys, Barry included. Every morning McDermott put them through a severe review. He made certain their black shoes were shined, their blue suits in order, their white shirts and black neckties immaculate. Their ears had to be clean, their hair neatly plastered down, their faces glowing with zeal and recent soap.

"Good morning, chief," Barry said. He had never been able to bring himself to call McDermott by his first name.

"Good morning, Barry," said McDermott genially, who still had never addressed the general manager as Mr. Lovat.

In the store, Barry walked through the stationery department. It was his morning habit to make a general inspection on his way to the offices on the fifth floor.

Weissman, the buyer for stationery, was fussing over a display of note paper. He was an elderly German with a slight accent who was near retirement. Barry respected him as a friend and because he was a straightforward merchant, with an almost romantic loyalty to his occupation. Once, at a store dinner, with a little wine taken, Weissman had expressed to Barry his low opinion of colleagues who, he thought, treated Furnivall's merely as a convenient way of making money. He had colored slightly as he said, "Why, the store is something they should look up to. Where would they be without it?"

He turned as Barry passed, and said, "Frank Vernon was asking for you just a minute ago."

"What did he want?"

"He didn't say. Just checking up, I guess, as usual."

Weissman made no reference to the meeting that would elect a new president. He confined his views and speculations to stationery. Upstairs was only a place where he went to fight for advertising appropriations and floor space or to defend his sales record.

Barry went on, past notions, and books, and candy, and silverware. This brought him to the Garden Court, a wide, handsome customers' lounge, bright with flowers and potted shrubs. In the center, stone dolphins sported with a smiling cupid around a Renaissance fountain in whose fluted shell goldfish loitered, giving the court a pleasant, noncommercial character. Once Barry had seen Merritt gazing at it thoughtfully, his lips pursed. It was wasted selling space. But it was also something that set Furnivall's apart, a place where people met, as he would meet Claire later that morning, as he had met Claire, for that matter, the day he proposed to her.

He went up on the moving stairs and came out into the luggage department. Henry Fox, the buyer, tall, thin, with an inquisitive nose, cornered him at once.

"This is the big day," he said. "Who do you think they'll pick for president?"

"I have no idea," said Barry. "They haven't consulted me."

"They haven't?"

"Why should they?"

"I thought you might have heard something." Fox's manner became confidential. "Don't quote me on this, but I hear they're bringing in somebody from San Francisco. Anything to it?"

"You know as much as I do," Barry said, moving on. Fox was the sort of man whose real ability was tainted by an obsession with store politics. He was rarely right about anything, and it was unlikely that anyone was coming in from San Francisco. Yet the thought lodged in Barry's mind, and made a small irritation.

He walked slowly through the rest of the second floor, noting small corrections to be made later, and went up to the third. On the moving stairs, he found himself behind Imrie, who was Merritt's assistant. If Merritt became president, and Barry had to leave, Imrie would be the new general manager. He might make a pretty good one, too, Barry thought dispassionately. Of his kind, which was not Barry's kind. Imrie would be a driver, a whip-cracker, an efficiency expert of the wrong sort.

By the time Barry had covered half the third floor, the store opened. It was 9:35 when he saw the first customers coming up the stairs and spreading out into the aisles of paints and hardware.

That was Dick Hoban's department. Hoban, smart, young and keen, had the look of a racing man, someone you might see on the clubhouse lawn, primed with all the stable information available. He had special inside sources that he cultivated, an intelligence network made up of secretaries that he took out for dinner and dancing, secretaries that knew other secretaries who typed letters and kept confidential files. Unlike Henry Fox, he had his interest strictly under control, but his predictions were often surprisingly accurate.

"Who do you like in the Presidential Stakes?" Hoban asked.

"It's a horse race," said Barry.

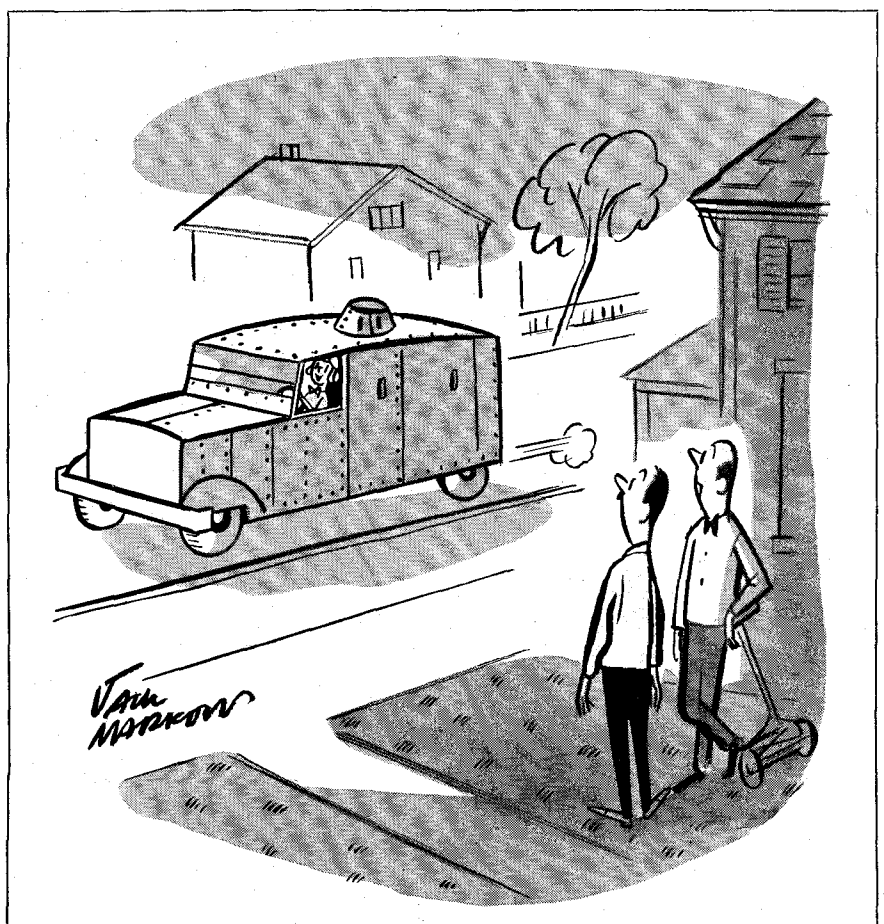
"My spies say it's Waterman in a walk."

"Waterman!" In spite of himself, Barry showed extreme surprise. Waterman was a name that had never entered his head. Oscar Waterman was comptroller of the company, and a very good one, cold, precise and utterly remote. But unthinkable as president. "I thought Merritt was the favorite."

"You're probably right," Hoban agreed smoothly. "Waterman was tipped to me as an outsider. . . . Excuse me, I see a customer waiting."

Barry walked on, annoyed with himself. Hoban had slickered him into mentioning a name, breaking his rule never to discuss personalities with subordinates. That was all Hoban had wanted, some kind of advance hint from upstairs. The Waterman nonsense was only a come-on.

(*Continued on Page 94*)



"I just bought it for my wife to knock around in."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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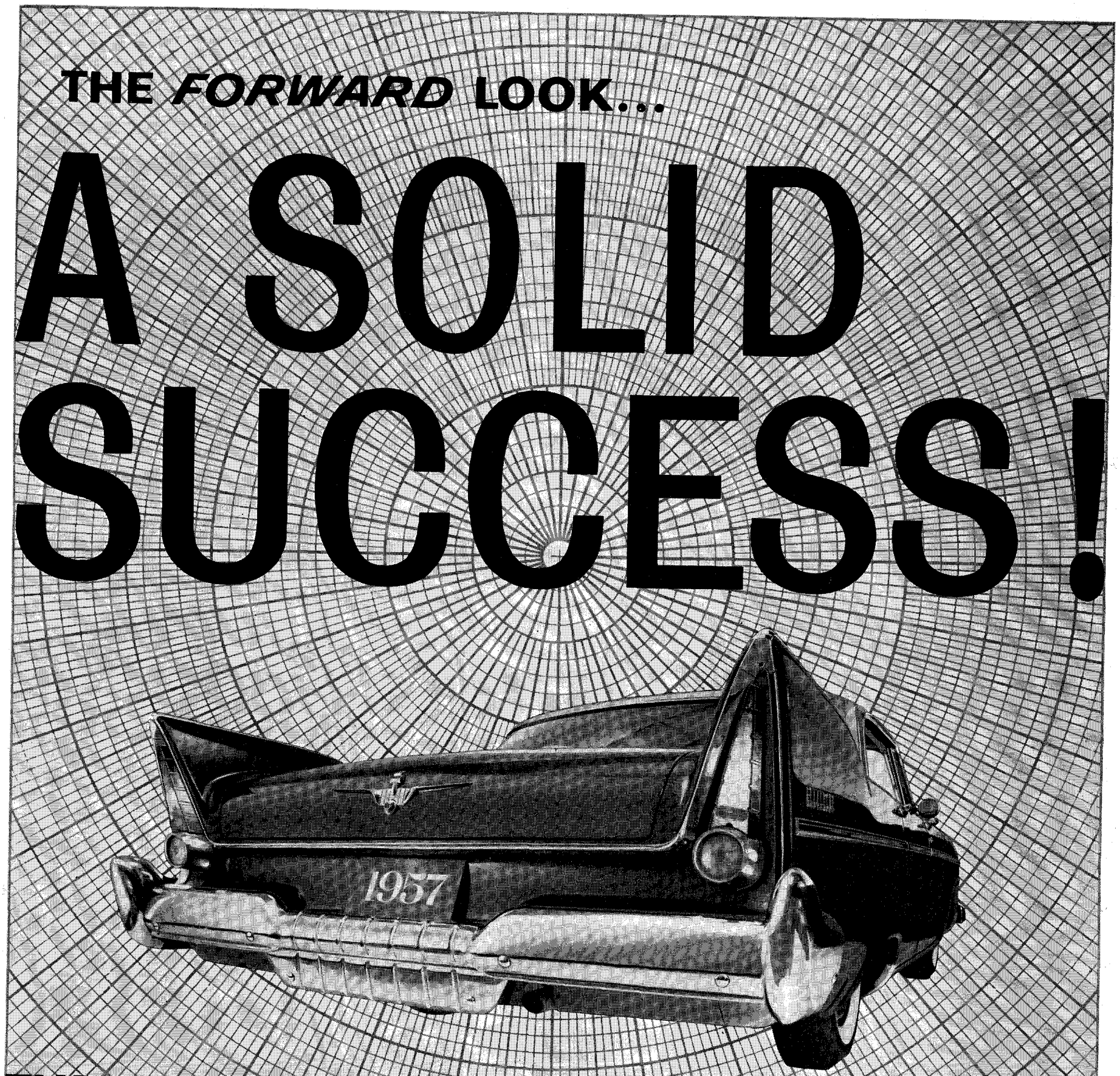
THE *FORWARD* LOOK...

A SOLID SUCCESS!



THE MOST ADVANCED DESIGN OF OUR TIME

GIVES YOU THE BUYING OPPORTUNITY OF THE YEAR

See! Drive! Compare! Discover why the switch is on to the five cars of Chrysler Corporation. Here's the look that caught competition napping. Lean, long, low lines that hug the road... high-canted fins that *flow* into the design (not just "stuck on"!) . . . and the easiest-riding car on the road. This design — so right from the start — scored from the start. Your own eyes can tell you what sales and survey figures show. America is loving it, buying it, wanting it over any other car design! So, visit your nearby showroom tomorrow. Wise buyers know . . . NOW'S THE TIME TO GET THE MOST ADVANCED DESIGN . . . YOU'LL FIND IT EXCLUSIVELY IN THE *FORWARD* LOOK CARS.

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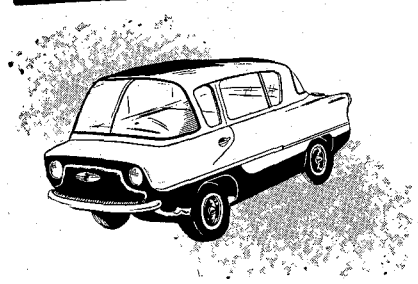
Money Gone, Mom?

Certainly not! Mom carried safe First National City Bank Travelers Checks—got a prompt refund in full. Safe?—everywhere. Spendable?—yes, yes the world over. Famous for 50 years, they're backed by America's greatest world-wide bank. Cost only $1 per $100. Good until used. Buy them at your bank.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

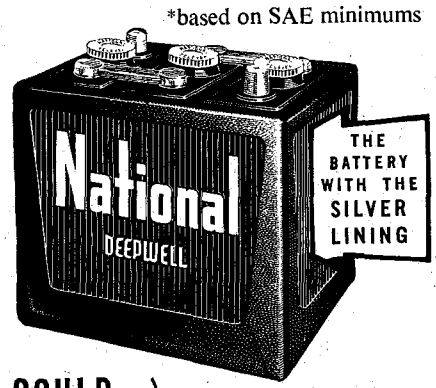
Backed by The First National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS NEW CAR?



New car styles every year—but not batteries—until new National Silver Cobalt/Sealed Charge with triple overcharge resistance*, longer life, faster surer all-weather starting. Car is a Russian Bielka, gets 50 miles to the gallon.

*based on SAE minimums



GOULD-NATIONAL BATTERIES, INC.
ST. PAUL 1, MINNESOTA
Gould-National Batteries of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

(*Continued from Page 92*) The clock said 9:50 as he reached the fourth floor—rugs, carpeting, linoleum, home furnishings, appliances and furniture. In ten minutes he would have to be upstairs for the meeting. It should not be difficult to get there on time. At this hour, the fourth floor was only sparsely patronized.

Whenever the board gathered in the stately conference room upstairs, for one of their semiannual meetings, the top executives of the store were supposed to be on hand in an adjoining office. The theory was that any one of them might be called in, at an instant's notice, to amplify the reports Frank Vernon submitted on the various divisions of the vast enterprise that was Furnivall's. In practice, the board never went behind his version of affairs. On this morning, however, when they would elect a new head of the store, the man chosen would be summoned to appear before the board and acquaint them with his ideas on policy. The moment Barry did not like to think about was the moment when someone else would be called in and he would be passed over publicly. Claire had been right. The presidency was the prize he had always set for himself. It would be hard to see it slip through his fingers.

Far down the floor, in the archway that divided furniture from appliances, he caught sight of Frank Vernon's shaggy white head. He was talking to Dillingham, one of the division managers. Barry turned in that direction, and then stopped short when a voice called after him, "Young man!"

It was a customer—an old lady with a mild, firm manner. Barry classified her type at once as a woman who had a purchase in mind that she regarded, rightly, as an enormous and important venture, about which she intended to be absolutely certain in every detail before committing herself.

"Yes?" said Barry pleasantly. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to buy a set of furniture for a man's den."

"Let me find a salesman for you."

"I don't want anybody else to wait on me. I want you. I've been looking at you, and you're just about the same build as Arnold."

"I beg your pardon?"

"It's for my son-in-law, who's an attorney, so, of course, he has a great deal of work to do at home, only up till now he couldn't use anything but Alice's—that's my daughter's—sewing room, which is also the children's playroom in wet weather. You know how it is."

"I do indeed." The clock on the wall behind her earnest and innocent face said 9:55. The three furniture salesmen in sight were all occupied. Barry controlled his impatience, listening politely, as she went on. Arnold, it seemed, had just been made a partner in his law firm, and they were moving to a new house, so now he would have a real study. The point was, she had offered to furnish it for them as an anniversary present, and she wanted everything to be exactly right.

"Naturally," he said. "What did you have in mind?"

"I've already picked out a set. It's over here, a couch and two armchairs, in maroon leather, two hundred and ninety-five dollars."

They went to look at it. Barry bent over to verify the tags, and said, "You couldn't have made a better choice. That's an excellent value. Where would you like it sent?"

"Only one thing bothers me," she said. "The couch looks a little short for Arnold. Would you mind lying down on it, so I can get a better idea?"

"Not a bit."

That was how it happened that Frank Vernon, hurrying along the aisle toward the moving stairs that would take him up to the board meeting, found his general manager stretched out on a couch at 9:58 in the morning. As Barry told Claire later at lunch, Vernon looked as if he might have an apoplectic fit, then and there.

"I've been chasing all over after you!" he shouted.

Barry ignored him. "You can see, madame," he said, addressing the customer from his recumbent position, "that this really is a full-length couch. Your son-in-law will find it extremely comfortable."

She considered lengthily, the tip of a little finger between her lips. "I wish I could be certain of Arnold's height. How tall are you?"

"Five feet ten."

She turned to Frank Vernon. "How tall are you?"

The old man glared at her. "Six feet."

"I wonder if you'd mind?"

Barry got up from the couch. "No trouble," he said. "Is it, Frank? Here, you stretch out for the lady, just to make sure."

Now the furniture buyer and a fascinated salesman were hovering in the background. With a kind of sulky majesty, Frank Vernon lowered himself to the couch and extended his legs. There was plenty of room. He forced a smile, looking up at the customer.

"How's that seem?" he asked.

"Perfect, thank you. I know Arnold isn't six feet. I'm afraid I've been an awful bother."

Vernon got to his feet and straightened his coat. "When you've finished, Barry," he rumbled ominously, "I'll be in the rug department. I want to talk to you before we go upstairs."

"I'll take it," the customer decided. "C.O.D., please, and it must be delivered by next Wednesday, at the latest."

For the details of the transaction and the writing of the sales slip, Barry was able to turn his customer over to one of the men from the department, who had his book ready.

This, Barry thought, walking down the aisle toward his explanation with Frank Vernon, *is just not my day*. He found the chairman of the board staring at a Kermanshah rug.

"What are you trying to do?" he said, turning on Barry. "Make a fool of me?"

"The woman was a customer," Barry answered with spirit. "She wanted to see how long the couch was."

"Who's talking about that?"

"Aren't you?"

"Look," Vernon said patiently. "That was a sale. You don't have to teach me anything about selling. Austen Furnivall and I were pulling customers in off the sidewalk at the old store before you were born." He glowered for an instant. "Long before you were born. Actually grabbing people by the arm and hustling them into the clothing emporium. Forget the dad-burned couch."

"All right."

"What I mean is," said the old man, "you're making me look like a fool with the board. I painted them an oil portrait of you as the ideal Furnivall man, born in the gardens, so to speak, never absent, never late, devoted to the store. Now we keep them waiting fifteen or twenty minutes. What'll we tell them?"

They walked toward the stairs. "The board won't know whether I'm there or not," said Barry.

"They're electing you president, on my recommendation."

Barry's pulse skipped a beat, and then raced. He had difficulty controlling his voice, to conform to Vernon's matter-of-fact manner. "Thanks. I appreciate that. What about Merritt?"

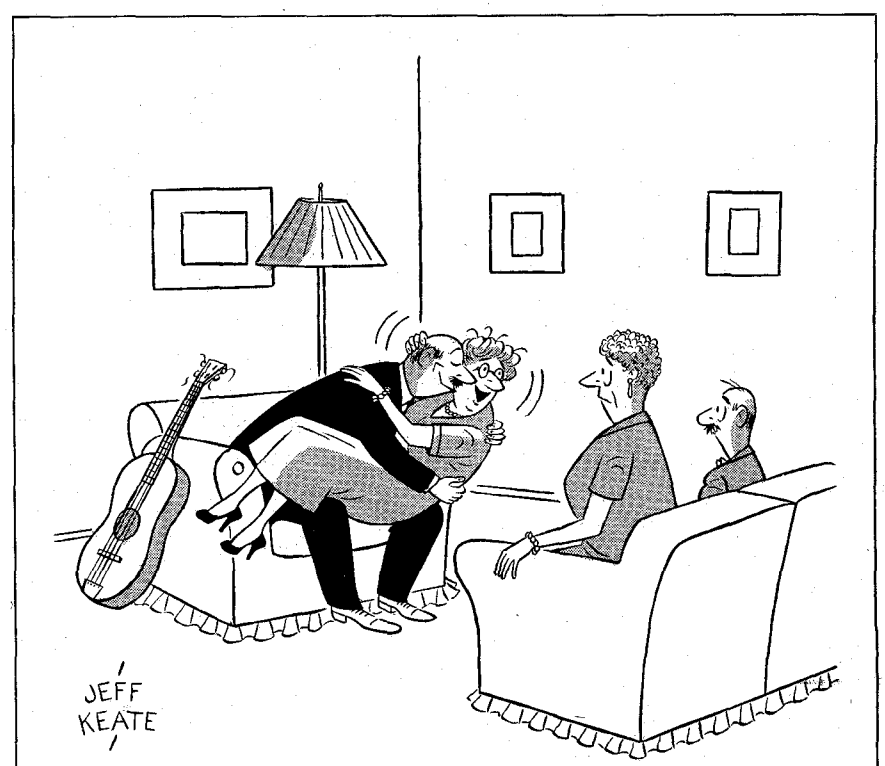
"He's your problem. If you want my advice, I'd keep him. You'll have ten years to lick him into shape. Reminds me a little of you when you came back from Washington. Hot shot. Big ideas. Going to change everything overnight." He gave a rumbling laugh and put a hand on Barry's shoulder. "Claire claims I rode you to death."

"Claire?"

"I was looking high and low for you this morning, and I ran across her in the Place Vendôme shop, trying on hats." A note of awe entered his voice. "She sure chewed me out. Said I was persecuting you."

"Didn't you tell her?"

"Not me. I got out of there, fast. I don't mess around with these redheaded women. Besides, Barry, I figure this is the kind of news a man likes to bring home himself." THE END



"Gerald's never let the romance go out of our marriage."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Secrets of the Unknown War

(Continued from Page 34)

The message reminded Ritter that whatever he might want himself, he had put himself outside the pale of the arctic community, which he had learned to love before the war, simply because he had become a German naval officer.

Having captured Eskimoness, Ritter had to decide what to do with it. Eske Brun's signal suggested that Eskimoness might be used not only as an advanced radio station to help the United States Air Force, but also perhaps as a base for an attack against Ritter's own weather-reporting station at Hansa Bay, seventy miles to the northeast. He could only play for safety and put the whole place out of action once and for all. He did not want to do it. It offended his sense of arctic propriety.

In the end, Ritter decided to wait, to give the Danes a fair chance to come back if they were still in hiding in the hills. Also, he decided to leave one small outbuilding standing. To some extent, that salved his arctic conscience. If any traveler happened to come along after he had gone, depending on Eskimoness for rest or shelter in a storm, the smallest of the huts would be enough to save his life.

Ritter and his men stayed there for two days. Ritter inspected every item of equipment in the house. There were dumdum bullets—standard ammunition for hunters after big game. There was a mass of old letters, family photographs, a certain amount of money and all the sentimental odds and ends which men accumulate. There was also another logbook—Kurt Olsen's—which told Ritter of Poulsen's plan to spy on the German base from the Sabine hills, and here and there, a very large collection of valuable furs. Ritter took the logbook, but he collected all the personal possessions of the Danes, including the furs, and put them in the little hut, which had been used for curing skins. As a symbol, he also hauled down the Danish flag and put it with the furs; and then he wrote a message and nailed it up inside the little hut:

The U.S.A. protects its defense interests here in Greenland. We do the same. We are not at war with Denmark. But your governor had given orders to capture or shoot us, and you are giving weather reports to the enemy. You are therefore making Greenland a theater of war. We have stayed quietly at our post without attacking you. But if you want war, you shall have war. Remember that if you use illegal weapons (dumdum bullets) such as we have found here, you must take the consequences, because you will put yourselves outside the rules of war. Note that we have put all personal property of your hunters and all furs in this hut, while we have destroyed the radio apparatus operating for the U.S.A.

Signed: H. RITTER
Commander of the Wehrmacht Unit,
Eskimoness.

But it was nearly six months before this note was found, and it never came into the hands of the sledge patrol.

After they had finished these preparations, Ritter and his party smashed the radio, shot some of the dogs because they could not take all of them away, and set the wooden house on fire. Soon there was nothing left at Eskimoness except the hut and the ashes of the hunting station.

If Ritter had known exactly what had happened to Poulsen, he would have had a good reason for feeling remorseful, because nobody, on that night of March 23, 1943, could have said that Poulsen had any reasonable chance at all of saving his own life.

The temperature was about thirteen degrees below zero. Poulsen, standing on the hillside above Eskimoness that night, in his shirt and trousers and his skin shoes with no socks inside them, had no protection at all against frostbite, and he knew it. But he did not go back to the house. By then, he was so angry with the Germans and with himself, for what he regarded as his own failure, that he would have gone through any ordeal which might have helped to retrieve the situation. So, in his absurdly inadequate clothes, Poulsen turned away from his captured home and began to walk, although he knew that nobody in the history of the arctic had done such a foolish thing before.

First, he went to a place where he knew Henry Rudi had hidden a rucksack, and he was thankful to find it gone. So the old man had at least got away from the house. He took it for granted that the two Eskimos, William and Evald, had escaped with their dog sledge. Next he ran to the cache he had laid in the hills. He was encouraged to find that somebody had been there before him and taken some of the food. It might have been only Rudi, but he hoped it was Kurt Olsen too.

The cache contained tents and sleeping bags and food, but no clothing. Poulsen was very cold already. A tent was of no use to him, because he had no sledge and the tents were too heavy to carry; so he cut one up into pieces with his knife. He wrapped a large piece round him like a cloak, with a flap of it over his head, and he tied it in place with some bits of the guy ropes. He took two smaller pieces and wrapped his hands in them, tying them round his wrists with difficulty because his hands were already getting numb. He put some food in a sleeping bag and rolled it up and hoisted it on his back. Before daylight Poulsen began to stumble away toward the west.

His first objective was Henry Rudi's hut at Revet. A portable radio transmitter had been left there in the autumn, and if it was still in working order, he might be able to send a signal to the settlement of Scoresby Sound, 350 air miles to the south. Secondly, the three members of his patrol who had been up north—Peter Nielsen, Eli Knudsen and Marius Jensen—had been told to come back that way. If he was very lucky, he might meet them, but in any case he had to leave them a warning not to go on to Eskimoness. Thirdly, he hoped he would find some cast-off clothes there.

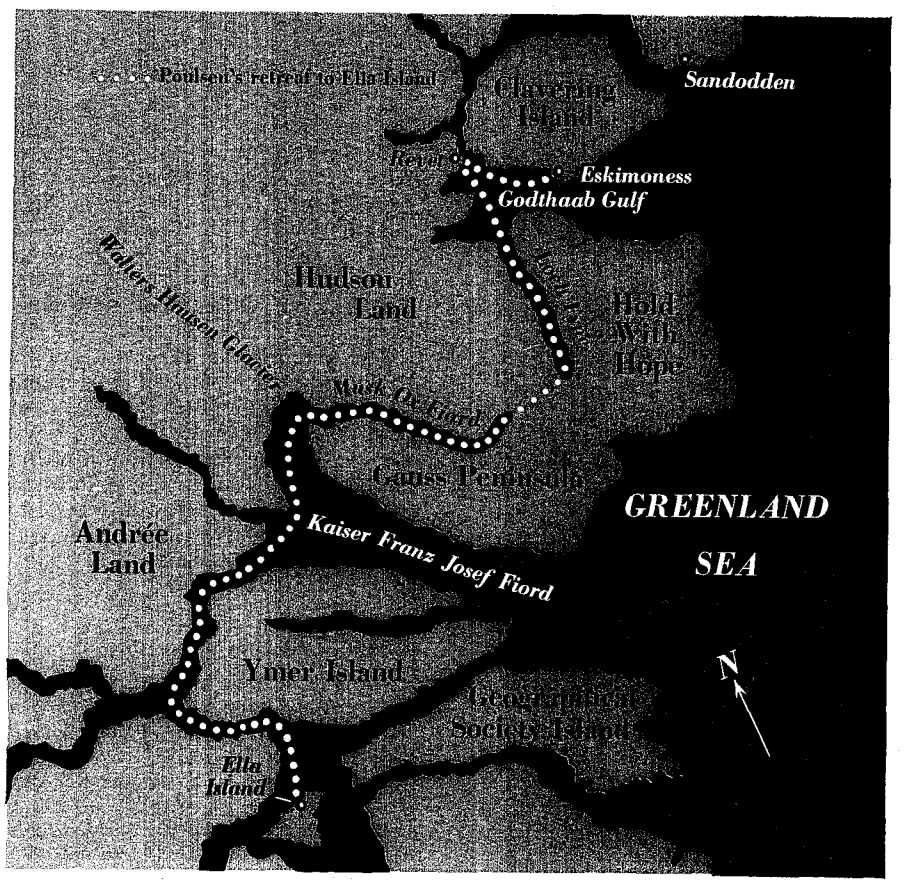
It was thirty-five miles to Revet. Of course, Poulsen could have walked that far without stopping, but along the shore of Clavering Island he would have been visible for a long way in the daylight, and he expected the Germans to make a sortie with their sledges to round up prisoners. So in the early dawn he stopped at a hunting hut and had some food, and then, in case they found the hut, he climbed a little way up the mountains and got wearily into his sleeping bag.

The second night's walk can have been only agony. Sharp edges of ice and rocks along the shore cut the soles of Poulsen's feet through the soft thin skin of his shoes. The first stages of frostbite showed in his hands and face and ears and feet. He had a feeling of unnatural lassitude and could hardly keep himself awake. Luckily, it was only twenty-three miles more to Revet from the place where he had slept. That night, when at last he reached the hut, Poulsen was so exhausted and his hands were so bad that he could not move his fingers to turn the door knob. He went down on his knees in the end, and got hold of the knob between his wrists and at long last he turned it and crawled inside.

The stove was warm. Somebody had been there, and only gone that night. In the dark, Poulsen held his frozen hands against the stove and felt the searing pain come into them as they thawed. As soon as he could move them, he fumbled round for matches, and lit the fire which was laid, and the paraffin lamp; and then he saw a scribbled note which was lying on the table:

Don't go to Eskimoness. Germans have captured it. Think Poulsen was killed. We others all right.

OLSEN. RUDI.



Dotted line shows route that Poulsen—hungry and ill—took in his heart-breaking trek across 230 miles of merciless arctic terrain.

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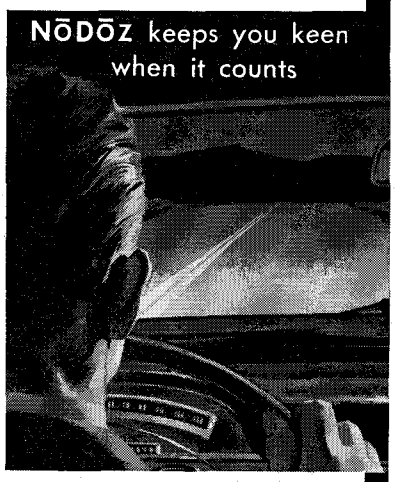

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That took a weight off his mind. It even made him smile, and before he left the hut, he crossed out the words, "Think Poulsen was killed," and wrote at the bottom: "Am O.K."

Actually, he was in poor shape. He had patches of first-degree frostbite all over him, but in the first degree, before the tissues are damaged, frostbite heals itself after the extremely painful process of thawing is over. He was also very tired and his feet were very sore. But the worst of it was that Poulsen knew quite well that his difficulties had only just begun.

The words "We others" in Olsen and Rudi's note made him think that Olsen and Rudi and the two Eskimos were together, and if they were, they presumably had the Eskimos' sledge. But he was simply unable to go out again to try to track them in the darkness. So Poulsen ate, and thawed himself, and tried the portable radio; its batteries were flat. He found a few dirty, worn-out clothes, including an *anorak*—a hooded jacket—and a pair of boots; and then, because Revet was one of the most likely places for the Germans to look for him, he took the sleeping bag up into the hills and slept in the snow again.

That evening Poulsen felt a lot better, and he was able to look squarely at the fact that he had no option: he would have to try to walk the 200 miles to Ella Island just as he was, alone and without any equipment at all. The most urgent thing was to send a radio report to Eske Brun, and then to collect his scattered forces into a unit again.

Shortly before it was dark on March twenty-fifth, Poulsen went down again to Henry Rudi's hut. The boots he had found were much too big for him, and he still had no socks. He cut up some old sacks and made them into stockings as well as he could, tying the loose ends round his legs. He found an old pair of skis and took some matches and an empty meat tin so that he would be sure to have something to melt snow in in the huts on the way. He wrapped the tin and the food in the sleeping bag and lashed it on the skis so that he could tow the whole lot behind him like a sledge; he had nothing to carry except his rifle. Then he went out and shut the door. On the door he drew three circles, which was a private sign to the northern party which meant: "I have gone south." He fastened a string to the front of the pair of skis and tied it round his waist, and then went down onto the ice and turned southward.

Poulsen knew the way to Ella Island well, because he had traveled it several times by sledge. To begin with, it led across the bay called Godthaabs Gulf, which is twenty-five miles long and about the same in breadth; and the second stage was up the narrow fiord which is called Loch Fyne—another twenty-five miles to the head of it.

When it was daylight and he got to the mouth of Loch Fyne, he began to see old tracks here and there. He tried to identify a recent track among them which might be the Eskimos' sledge, but all he found was the footmarks of two men walking south. These puzzled him, because they suggested that all four of his men were not traveling together, but it was easy enough to think of explanations. Two of them might have gone on with the sledge, perhaps to gain time in taking a message through. Here and there, during the rest of his journey, Poulsen saw the tracks, but he never did catch up with the men who made them.

There were hunting huts in the fiord, one at the mouth and one halfway and one at the head. It was twelve miles from hut to hut. He walked on right to the head of the fiord, with only short rests in the huts on the way. At the end of a night and a day and half of another night, the first fifty miles of the journey were behind Poulsen.

In the third of the huts there was another portable transmitter. He decided to stop there and make a determined attempt to signal Scoresby Sound. It was a forlorn hope, because the set was only a small affair which was meant to reach Eskimoness or Ella Island, and Scoresby Sound was a long way beyond its normal range.

Besides lack of food, the thing that was troubling Poulsen most by that final stage up Loch Fyne was the state of his feet. The sacks they were wrapped in were hard and coarse, and the oversize boots rubbed up and down at every step. When at last he came to the hut, he unwrapped his feet and found a disgusting mess, the toes and heels raw and bleeding, and dirt and fibers from the sacks ground into the open sores. He melted some snow in the tin and washed his feet in it. After that, he assembled the radio and waited for the time when Scoresby Sound was scheduled.

That transmitter was a most exasperating piece of machinery. It had really been designed to be operated by two people—one to crank the generator and the other to work the Morse key. Singlehanded, the receiver would work all right, but the transmitter was almost impossible. At midnight, Poulsen cranked it up and heard Scoresby Sound vainly calling him at Eskimoness. When Scoresby Sound sent "Over," Poulsen tried to crank with one hand and send Morse with the other. But it was no good. The operator went on calling Eskimoness over and over again, and took no notice of Poulsen's frantic attempts to cut in on the wave length. When this was added to his loneliness and weariness and pain, he could have burst out crying.

Poulsen would have been even more discouraged if he had known how completely the Germans were in control of the tactical situation just then. Before Lieutenant Ritter burned the sledge patrol's headquarters at Eskimoness, he had had a chance to study Kurt Olsen's logbook. He did not fear any immediate counterattack from the men he had routed from Eskimoness. Also, he now knew that Jensen and Olsen had gone north after Peter Nielsen and had not returned. So he gave orders for strict precautions against surprise. If the three Danes showed up, the Germans would be ready for them.

Poulsen persevered with the transmitter for two nights and a day, but all this time was wasted. During the second night, he gave up hope and carried the radio up into the hills and buried it, so that the Germans would not destroy it if they ever came that way. At dawn, he got ready to start on his journey again, with more than 150 miles still to go.

From the head of Loch Fyne, Poulsen went west to the head of Musk Ox Fiord, and then through the inner fiords and sounds. As soon as he left Loch Fyne, he got into difficult going. There is a stretch of ten miles between the heads of the two fiords, and it is a notorious place for deep, loose snow. The whole of Musk Ox Fiord is sometimes just as bad.

Poulsen put on his skis and carried his sleeping bag. But the ski bindings did not fit his boots and were always on the verge of coming off. The skis sank ankle-deep in the powdery surface. The reindeer-skin sleeping bag made such a bulky, awkward bundle that he gave up carrying it, and tried hauling it behind him on the snow. The ten miles over land seemed endless. Small obstacles loomed large, and he was surprised to find how difficult it was to overcome them. It was some time later before he realized why: It was five days since he had had anything that could be called a decent meal. That afternoon he reached the first hut in Musk Ox Fiord. He had gone only fifteen miles, but he could not go any farther.

Sometimes a man has a stroke of luck which he remembers all his life, and Poulsen never forgot that hut. It was as small and bare and sparsely furnished as any kind of human lair could be, but on a shelf in it, forgotten, he found a packet of beans. It might be too much to say that those beans saved Poulsen's life, but at least they made him feel well-fed that evening, and there were enough to take him the forty long, tedious miles down Musk Ox Fiord in the next two days.

At the mouth of the fiord he got back into better country, with hard ice underfoot, among the headwaters of Kaiser Franz Joseph Fiord. There he had to pass the foot of a glacier which is seven miles wide. On the far side of the fiord, and ten miles or so below the glacier there is a hut, and it had been well stocked with food when Poulsen had last been down that way. It was still the same, and when Poulsen got there, he had no more fear of going hungry. He sat down to an orgy of tinned meat and oatmeal and coffee.

Beyond that hut his walk took a better turn. He was still getting weaker day by day, and the sores on his feet were deeper every evening when he washed them. But beyond a certain degree, the pain of raw feet cannot get very much worse. The whole of the rest of the way was along the tremendous fiords of Andree's Land. Each day Poulsen traveled two stages, about twenty miles.

On April fourth, in the evening, he came within sight of the Bastion of Ella Island, a vast rock which rises behind the station there. He had walked 230 miles in eleven days, including the trip to Revet and the day and a half which he had wasted in Loch Fyne.

When he was still some miles away, still dragging his bleeding, suppurating feet across the ice, he saw a sledge approaching. But the driver was not one of the four men whose tracks he thought he had been following; it was the Eskimo, Mikael, whom he had sent south with Aparte before the trouble at Eskimoness had started; and from Mikael's astonishment at seeing him, Poulsen slowly and unwillingly understood that nobody had come through from Eskimoness, and the people at Ella had not heard what had happened.

Mikael and Aparte fed Poulsen, and doctored him in their own rough and friendly way, and the scraps of the story which he told them grew in their imaginations to a tale of irretrievable disaster. If Poulsen had been able to think at all, he would have reassured them, but the only idea which he still had in his head was the idea which had urged him on so long: to get a signal off. He had no cipher, but he had decided to send the signal in Eskimo, which would be just as good as a cipher, because no German would understand it. He could speak Eskimo, but he could not write it; so during that evening he told the two Eskimos what he wanted to say and got them to write it down, and at midnight he raised Scoresby Sound and sent a brief situation report.

As soon as Scoresby Sound had acknowledged it, they replied that they knew about the attack on Eskimoness. Kurt Olsen had got through a short signal ten days before, on the emergency transmitter in Rudi's hut at Revet. Since then, there had been silence. On hearing this, Poulsen told Scoresby Sound to cancel the signal he had just sent—the signal which he had walked so many miles to send—and he closed the transmitter down.

After midnight he slept, but not for very long. By six o'clock in the morning he had recovered enough to try to think ahead. He had reasoned that there was really no harm in sending an unciphered message about something the Germans had already done; and he called Scoresby Sound again in his own language and got off a more complete signal:

0625. April 5th

From Ella Island
To Brun Godthaab via Scoresbysound

After difficult fluid situation got number two emergency transmitter going and informed of Olsen's report of 26th March. Green code number 27 with March code word and weather code number 920 captured. Suspect that green code was already known to opposition. Believe everyone present March 23rd uninjured, but have lost touch with the others. Regard situation as very critical for our divided team and for the

(*Continued on Page 98*)

"How soon will he be well enough to spank?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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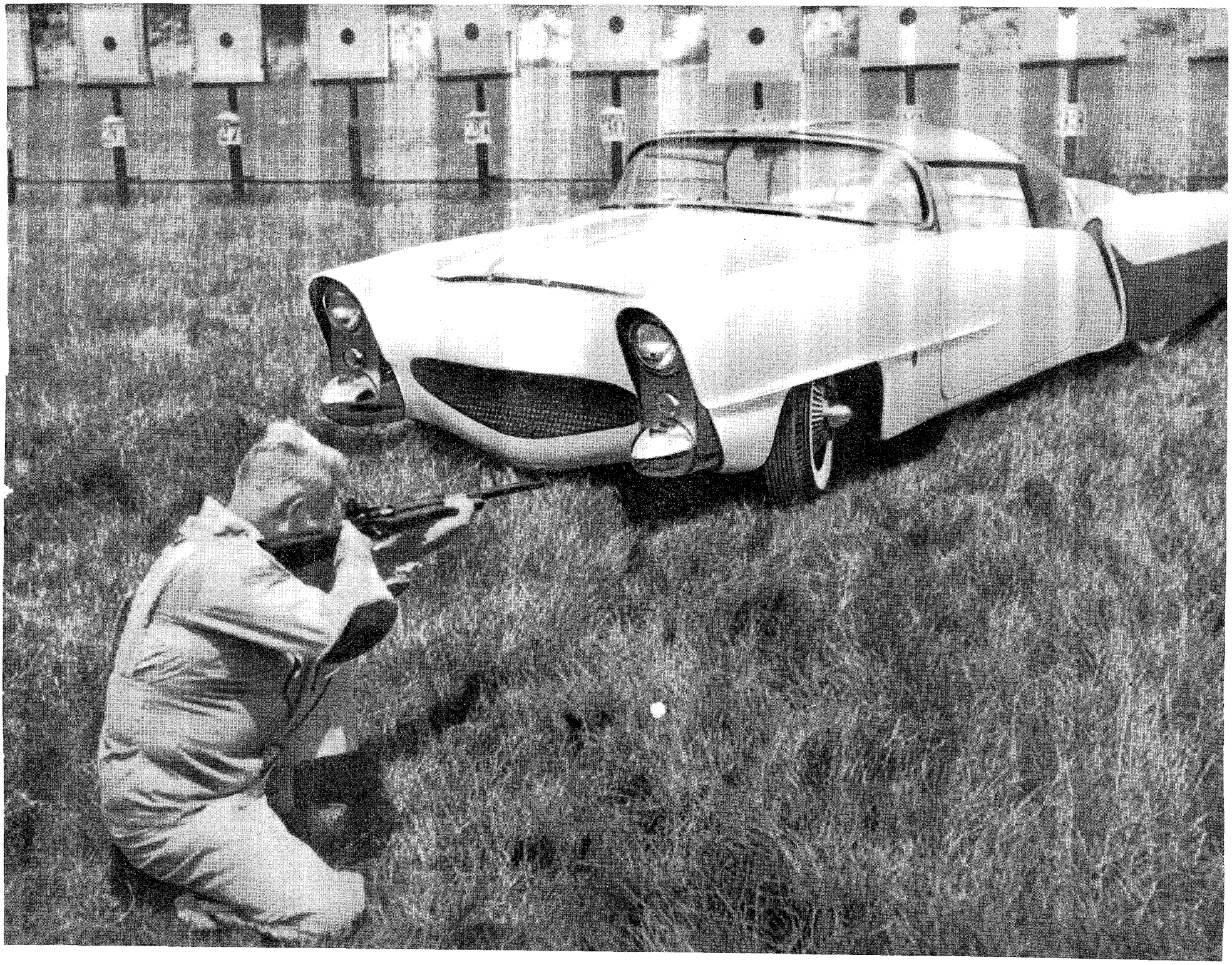

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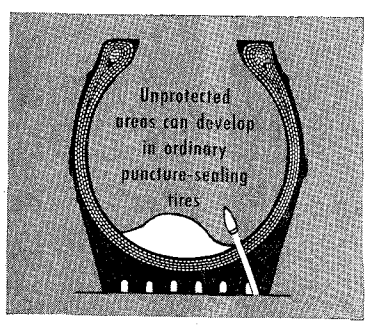

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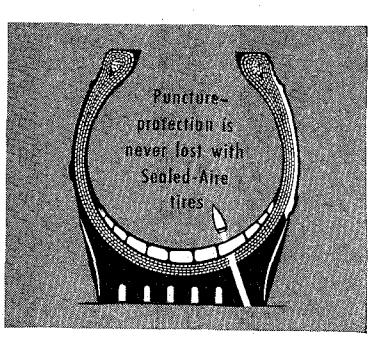

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(*Continued from Page 96*)
stations and supplies in the whole district. Can information be given in clear either Danish or Eskimo whether help may be expected and whether I may send further information in clear? Forced to move from present position, but can probably keep regular radio contact.

POULSEN.

He had added this last sentence because as soon as he had heard that his men had not arrived, he had made up his mind to turn round at once and go north to look for them. He could not walk any more, but he thought he could take a lightly loaded sledge and ride on it. While he was waiting for an answer from Eske Brun, the Eskimos sighted another solitary figure on the ice.

It was Evald, the Eskimo who had been at Eskimoness when the shooting started. When he and William had seen the tracer bullets soaring over their heads at Eskimoness, they had run away without their sledge. Their only impulse had been to go home to Scoresby Sound, 400 miles away. They had had two days' start over Poulsen, because of his walk to Revet, and they had had the advantages of being properly dressed, of having their own skis and of getting the first pick of the food in the huts on the way, and yet he had nearly caught them up. On the previous day, they had by-passed Ella Island, because they were afraid the Germans might have got there, but during the night, Evald had felt ashamed of himself and decided to take the risk of going back there, so that if the Germans had not arrived he could warn the people there that they might be coming. William had gone straight on, to carry the warning, as he thought, to Scoresby Sound.

This story at least cleared up the puzzle of the footprints, but it made Poulsen even more concerned for Kurt Olsen and Henry Rudi. Now it was clear that he had passed them somewhere right at the beginning of the walk, near Revet. The two Eskimos, as he knew to his cost, had not left much food in the huts when they had passed them, and he had finished what little there had been. He reached new depths of self-accusation, imagining his old companion of two winters exhausted and starving amid the deep snow of Musk Ox Fiord or the empty huts of Loch Fyne.

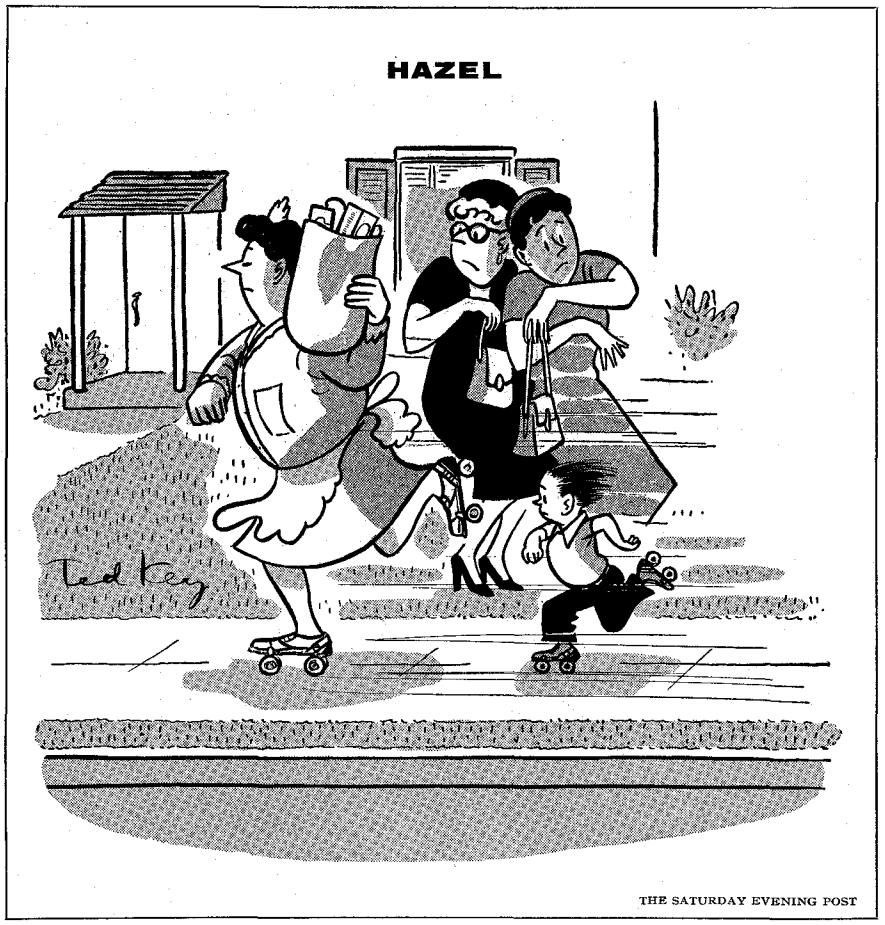
In the fight at Eskimoness, Henry Rudi had fired a few aimless shots; Kurt Olsen had fired none because he had not seen anyone to fire at. They were soon convinced that it was useless to resist. They had set off independently to Revet, but had met in a narrow gorge among the hills, and they had gone on there together to try to make the transmitter work, and to leave a warning for the three men who were still up north.

On the day when Poulsen got to Revet and slept in the hills behind the hut, Rudi and Olsen were also sleeping, not more than a mile away. That evening, as darkness fell, they began to walk south along the hillside above the fiord. It was then that they saw a man walking far below them on the ice, and also going south; there was no one it could have been but Poulsen. They thought he was making for a hut in a small fiord which opens off the head of Godthaabs Gulf, and they went there themselves in the hope of meeting him. But in the darkness he had gone straight on across the gulf, and they never managed to catch him up again. It was by this small margin that he failed to hear that Olsen had sent his signal to Scoresby Sound.

Rudi and Olsen had escaped with all their clothes. In that respect, they were better off than Poulsen; and they were also not obsessed, like him, by any desperate need to hurry. In fact, they could not have hurried. Henry Rudi was willing and as tough as a man of fifty-five can be, but at that age, with the best will in the world, one cannot march as far or as fast on an empty stomach as a man of thirty can.

All the way round Godthaabs Gulf and along Loch Fyne, Henry Rudi had fretted that he was holding his young companion back. He did his best to persuade Kurt Olsen to go on ahead and leave him, but, naturally, Kurt would never have thought of leaving him to his fate, whatever happened.

Because there was nothing left to eat in the huts, they had to waste days in hunting. Kurt went out with his rifle, while Henry rested and kept the fire going. They kept themselves going on hares and musk-ox steak, and so, in the course of ten days, they covered some ninety miles, and got to the second hut in Musk Ox Fiord.



Rudi and Olsen had a shock that night: they heard dogs outside. They listened while Olsen covered the doorway with his gun.

The door opened and a tired voice said, "Kurt? Don't you start shooting," and the man came into the room—Peter Nielsen, the man that Marius Jensen and Eli Knudsen had gone to look for.

"Peter!" Kurt Olsen said. "Are Marius and Eli with you?"

"No, they're not here," he said. "I'll tell you what happened. Eli Knudsen's dead."

When Marius Jensen and Eli Knudsen had parted from Poulsen at the hunting station at Sandodden, and gone northward over the Kuppel Pass to look for Peter Nielsen, they had started to have trouble with their dogs. Eli Knudsen was driving his own team, but Marius had only eight assorted dogs which he had borrowed at Eskimoness. The animals fought more than usual among themselves, and drove Marius to exasperation and Eli Knudsen was always miles ahead.

It took them three days to reach Hochstetter Forland, and then they had to push on for another twenty miles before they came on Peter's tracks and ran him to earth in another hunting hut. They stayed there one night. Poulsen had told them to come back by the route past Revet, but that way was probably two days longer than the way they had come. The right thing to do, they all agreed, was to take a chance on Sandodden and the Kuppel Pass; and so, in spite of Poulsen's orders, they started back in that direction.

This journey also became something of a procession, with Eli Knudsen ahead and Marius and Peter lagging far behind. On the third night, they had agreed to camp on the northern side of the Kuppel Pass, so that the next day they could pass Sandodden without going too near it, and reach Eskimoness the next evening.

However, when Marius and Peter arrived at the pass, Eli Knudsen was not waiting there. Sandodden had been his own hunting station before the war, and they guessed he had gone there. They were tired and hungry, and so were their dogs. They were very annoyed with Eli for not sticking to the plan they had agreed on, and because all their food had been packed on his sledge. All the same, they decided to camp. They found a secluded place between two steep moraines and pitched their tent there, and spent a hungry night.

This, as it happened, was the evening of the twenty-fifth of March—the day on which Eskimoness had been reduced to ruins.

When the fire had burnt itself out, Ritter and his six men had started a fairly leisurely journey back toward Hansa Bay. For the first night stop of the journey to Hansa Bay he chose the most convenient place: Sandodden.

The evening when they arrived there, he and his men picketed their dogs, of which they now had over fifty, out of sight among the high drifts of snow which surrounded the station. They had hardly settled down in the hut when the sentry shouted that a sledge was coming. The Germans seized their automatic arms and hurried out, and took up positions hidden behind the house and below the snowdrifts.

When the sledge was a hundred yards away, Ritter stepped out into view and shouted, "Halt!" He saw the driver give him a startled glance and heard him shout to his dogs and crack his whip. The dogs swerved to the right and came on faster, heading for a bank of stones and snow which would have hidden the sledge if it could reach it.

"Shoot the dogs!" Ritter shouted, and as the sledge swept past the station the machine gun opened fire. Some of the dogs in full gallop rolled over and over. The machine gun fired again, and the driver fell off the sledge face downward in the snow and did not move. The sledge careered on, dragging dead and wounded dogs in their tangled traces.

They carried Knudsen into the hut. Doctor Sensse was in the party, and he stripped off Knudsen's *anorak* and plugged the bullet wound high up in his chest, but he was unconscious, and in half an hour he died—the first man in all the recorded history of the northeast Greenland coast who had died there at the hand of a fellow man.

This sudden, violent, unnecessary tragedy was a shock which haunted Ritter's memory for months. The other Germans also felt more or less ashamed that seven well-armed men should have had to slaughter an enemy who was almost defenseless, and the machine gunner kept repeating his excuses that his gun had jammed when he fired his first burst at the dogs. When he had cleared the jam, it had fired again before he had aimed it; one of the magazines of the gun was defective.

The defective magazine had been reported to Ritter some time before, and he had given orders that it should be thrown away, but he had never bothered to see that the order was carried out; and so, he told himself, his own carelessness had been an additional cause of this useless waste of life, for which, in any case, he, as commander of the party, was to blame.

But there was immediate action to be taken before Ritter could be alone to listen to his conscience. It was an easy guess that where one man had come down from the north, two others were likely to follow very soon. He sent some men out to drag in Knudsen's sledge and dispatch the wounded dogs and clear up the mess, and he doubled the guard and set up an ambush. One cannot dig a grave in frozen soil, so they put Knudsen's body in a tiny sod shack which was close by. They were unaware of the rather ironical fact that Knudsen had built the shack himself, as a store for frozen meat, when he had lived there as a hunter.

Ritter was not the only one of the German party whose human feelings were offended by Knudsen's death. One of them, that night or the following morning, made a wooden cross and put it on the shack, and inscribed it with Knudsen's name, which he had found from the papers in his pocket, and the words: "He died for his country." Ritter never saw this emblem. If he had, the inscription might have struck him as sententious, but he could hardly have failed to see that at least one of his party, Nazi or not, had some instinct in sympathy with his own.

The next morning, Marius Jensen came driving down from Kuppel Pass. Knudsen's sledge tracks led him on, and it never crossed his mind that if Knudsen had gone there the night before it might not be safe to follow him. He was within a few yards of the house when German soldiers rose up from the drifts of snow all round him and a warning burst of fire went over his head. There was nothing he could do but stop his dogs and put his hands up. The Germans searched him and took him inside the hut, and in exactly the same manner, an hour later, Peter Nielsen drove into the simple trap.

Editors' note: This is the third of five articles. The fourth will appear next week.

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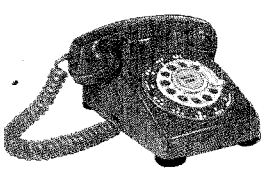
Benchmates: John Oparil, 30-year veteran at Western Electric's Hawthorne Works in Chicago, passes along some of his know-how to new employee Ronald MacFarlane, an apprentice in our 4-year Toolmaker's school.

This way, son



An old hand takes a young man in tow . . . and a future Western Electric veteran has started his life-long career.

The recruit may be an aspiring toolmaker, as we see here. Or a young engineer bursting with ideas. Or a trainee machinist, installer, or assembler. All stand on the threshold of a Western Electric country-wide classroom that never lets out.

"Classroom that never lets out" . . . now that's a thing about Western Electric our employees know well; we're trying all the time to learn and to grow. Our older people coach the younger folks; training classes bloom constantly here and there throughout our shops; a familiar face is missed because its owner is off to take part in a management seminar; a graduate engineering training program is now in full swing where, in a year, 2,000 Western Electric students at three centers are to learn more about the engineering side of the business. Some 2,200 of our people at last count, young and old, were studying after-hours at colleges under the Company-paid tuition refund plan.

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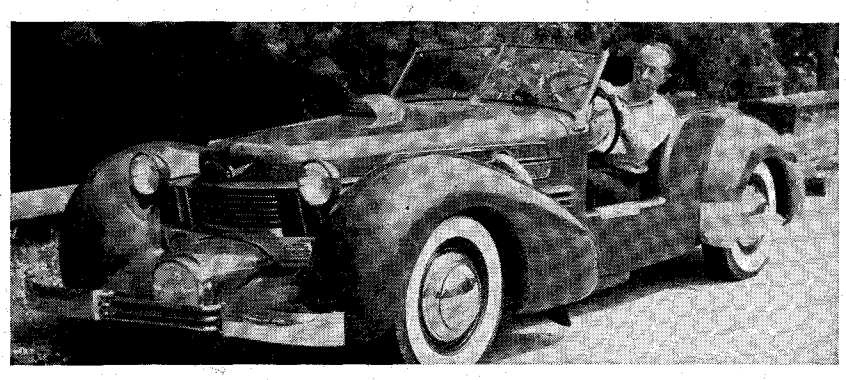
Keeping Posted

Gardner Becomes a Rock Hound

Erle Stanley Gardner, page 38, admonishes, "Don't show this picture to the other editors. They think I'm working on another serial." Gardner not only writes so well but so prolifically that a friend once jested, "He must turn out books with some sort of a secret machine"—but that isn't what the world-famous mystery novelist is doing in the photo. Gardner recently came down with mineral-collecting fever and installed gem-cutting machinery in his Paradise, California, camp. "This," he mourns, "poses a grave problem." If he doesn't go out rock hunting, his machinery stands idle and gems don't get cut for costume jewelry; if he does go out, his secretaries remain idle, stories don't get written, and he can't pay his income tax. It's a mystery how he will get out of this jam, but did Gardner ever fail to clear up a mystery?

Erle Stanley Gardner.

Author Gives Up and Succeeds



Stanley Kramer, sports-car addict, once built this Special from miscellaneous parts.

Just twenty years ago, when **Stanley Kramer** was twenty-six, he quit short-story writing forever—"The grim tally of 158 rejections and four sales convinced me that what I was writing and what magazines were buying were quite unrelated." He found success in advertising writing, became very hobbyish about sports-car building, and suddenly he dashed off and sold the automotive story on page 22. "Guess I'm just a literary slow starter," reflects the author. "From now on, watch me go!" In Rockville Center, New York, live Mr. and Mrs. Kramer, son John, ten, daughter Nancy, "fourteen going on twenty," and Fannie, "the best mother-in-law on earth." . . . From illustrator **Pete Helck,** also a sports-car man, this memo: "I've painted the spectators well off the race course, a safety measure which has been enforced since a bad accident at Watkins Glen a few years ago. I was Honorary Starter that day. I've never attended since."

Cake for a Contributor

Audrey Lee, of the Post's manuscript-receiving room, recently was given by her colleagues a delectable cake whose frosting bore the legend, "Mr. Hibbs said Yes!" The occasion: her first Post sale, the poem on page 90, which was accepted without knowledge that it was an inside-the-shop production.

A novelist is what Miss Lee aspires to be, but first she seeks more education, college at night. She's a Philadelphian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lee, and an alumna of West Philadelphia High. To Audrey the most interesting things in life are the English language, people, and the natural beauties of the earth. And she confesses, "Two of my worst faults are: I ask too many questions about the mysteries that sometimes surround us; and I try to probe people's minds (secretly), wondering what they are thinking, trying to gather answers by searching their faces." Would that these were the worst faults of everyone!

From the left: Sue Stureman, Marian Plerhoples, Audrey Lee, Claire Essig, Claudia McClyment.

Man With Two Professions

Mal Mallette didn't know whether he was a newspaperman or a baseball pitcher. While he was studying journalism at Syracuse University, in his home town, some diamond scouts scouted him, and presently he put a *magna cum laude* degree on a shelf and went in for southpaw twirling. He was just breaking in with the Dodgers in 1950 when he had to have his left shoulder operated on for calcium. Although for two more years he successfully eliminated batters at Montreal, his fast ball just didn't have the old zipperoo—so he dusted off the journalism diploma. Now he is sports director for the Winston-Salem Journal and Twin City Sentinel. And now his topic on page 31 is skipper Alston of the Dodgers because Alston was his manager at Montreal, "to me, one of baseball's nicest and most capable guys."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Buckskin and Blanket Days"

The Post presents a major literary find, a great true adventure story from a manuscript that, for 52 years, gathered dust, unnoticed and unpublished.

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